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REAL DOGS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY

CHARLES WRIGHT GRAY

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FOREWORD

THIS companion volume to "Dawgs!" is offered with the hope that it finds its way to all those people who were so kind to its predecessor. The stories which compose it were chosen with the object of presenting studies of dogs themselves, rather than—as in the first collection—in their relationship to man.

Perhaps stories have been omitted that some may feel should be present if this book is to pretend toward the designation "best." But those stories, if you consider a moment, are already familiar to you, and with other splendid material upon which to draw it seemed hardly justifiable to disturb their rest. Thus, the little-known story, if it merited the selection, was given first consideration. Too, the choice of a dog story as to bestness is apt to be rather variable, that being just another of those things for which most of us hold differing preferences. Still, most of us do realize, I think to our immense credit, that those differing favorites are perfectly allowable, considering the great variation in the

> ". . . . . many dogs there be
> Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree."

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ALLEGHENY

BY

JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Among John Taintor Foote's dog stories are some of the greatest of the decade. His creations are far more than mere symbols in paper and ink. They are characters distinguished both for their gallantry and their charm, bright examples of the ever-fresh lessons of good conduct. And each is drawn with that sincerity which only a genuine sympathy lends.

ALLEGHENY[1]

HENDERSON'S Thunder and Jake Lavan's White Rose first met at sea. It was a secret meeting, as far as the police were concerned, but two hundred gentlemen of the sporting and underworld managed to be present. They withdrew quietly from the lights and babble of Manhattan, proceeded singly or in small groups through the dark and odorous warehouse district of the East River, and arrived at the steamer "Lucy Hammond," made fast to Pier 19.

Each one who boarded the "Lucy Hammond" that night gave up the sum of ten dollars freely and without regret. For the comparatively small sum mentioned they were to have the privilege of observing whether or not the female bull-terrier was more deadly than the male. Henderson's Thunder had destroyed the pit dogs of Greater New York and suburbs like a devouring flame. Ten or more canine warriors of the Pittsburgh district had died hard in the iron jaws of White Rose.

At the stroke of ten the "Lucy Hammond" slipped from her pier, dropped silently down the river and drew safely away from Manhattan Island and its minions of the law. Out to sea she stole, down the Jersey coast she crept, and presently Thunder and White Rose faced each other for a bristling instant upon her moon-bathed deck.

There were voices, suppressed voices, all about them.

"Two hundred on the Rose."

[1] Copyright by John Taintor Foote.

"You're on."

"A hundred more you've made a bad bet."

"Nope. I got enough."

"I'll bet five hundred to a thousand the dog stops her in thirty minutes."

"I've got that, pal. This guy can hold it."

"Back, gents! Everybody back! A match between Henderson's Thunder, champion of New York, and Lavan's White Rose, of Pittsburgh, at forty-five pounds, give or take three pounds—the dog gives a pound and a quarter. Back, gents, if you please, well back from the pit. Ready, Thunder? Ready, Rose? *Let 'em go!*"

An hour and forty minutes later the referee crossed the pit to where Jake Lavan was crouching, white-lipped and silent. For ten minutes or more Jake had ceased to whisper as though in prayer, "Come on, you Rose, come on."

"She's through," said the referee. "Don't you want to save her?"

Jake closed and unclosed his hands, and gave a last despairing look at the feeble efforts of White Rose to free herself from the abiding brindle jaws which held and shook her. He rose suddenly to his full height and flung up his hand at Tom Henderson. "Come on—break his hold!" he said hoarsely. "We quit!"

So ended the first encounter between Thunder and White Rose. In addition to disproving Mr. Kipling's poem, it led to a second and more amicable meeting.

As Jake Lavan stepped from the pit with White Rose, white no longer, in his arms, Tom Henderson called after him: "She's as game as they ever come. I'd like a pup from her and him. What do you say?"

Jake glanced down at the crimson head of White

Rose, resting limp across his forearm, then at Thunder, still on his feet but swaying drunkenly.

"If she lives—you're on," he said.

The indomitable White Rose was pitted with Death that night, and won. She arrived at health and strength a month later, and the six greedy atoms which ultimately squirmed at her side were splotched with brindle on pinky white. Also, in an astonishingly short time a bone must not be thrown among them. Little and soft and helpless they seemed, but each had a set of sharp puppy teeth, with which, over a bone, they would do instant, joyous, and bloody execution.

It was not the snarling scuffle of other breeds, undertaken and ended lightly; it was the quiet and deadly warfare of the fighting bull-terrier, which goes, barring interference, to the finish.

White Rose, of course, adored them. Her remaining eye lost something of its bold assurance when she realized that six feet of steel chain limited the protection she could assure her offspring. Whenever one of them waddled beyond this safety zone, she became, for the first time in her heroic life, a prey to anxious fears.

She was confirmed in her anxiety one morning, when the puppies decided to investigate an ancient alley cat that chose a sunny spot at the corner of the house in which to brood upon his wrongs. The puppies advanced toward the dour and forbidding feline in column formation, the boldest at their head. The leader halted at a respectful distance from the cat and ventured an unimpressive puppy bark.

Its effect was negligible, and he decided to assume a more intimate attitude. Drawing closer, he invited

the silent stranger to a romp by executing a number of clumsy advances and retreats.

The tip of a long gray tail, lying moveless in the sunshine, began to twitch. It attracted the puppy's attention. It was a fascinating thing—so long and still and furry, with just the end moving slightly. He felt a keen desire to pick it up and shake it with mock ferocity. Better not venture this at first, perhaps. Why not dab it lightly with his paw? The idea grew in his mind. It finally possessed him utterly and at last moved him to action.

He drew closer to that fascinating tail. An instant later he was on his back, his round pink stomach exposed to two lightning claw strokes. When he regained his feet the cat was gone and his co-investigators had fled. He returned dazedly to his frenzied mother, who, from then on, would launch herself from the kennel like a bolt of destruction at the slightest sound or shadow.

This proved an effective method of securing the privacy she desired. Few visitors cared to remain in the vicinity of White Rose, silent, open-mouthed, lunging on the chain. It was a good, stout chain, to be sure, but chains have been known to break. The thought destroyed the morale of milkmen, icemen, children, dogs and cats, impartially. The neighborhood learned that just to the rear of the Lavan house was a small kingdom ruled over by a white fury, entirely devoted to maternity, which they would do well to avoid.

Sol Litchenstein, however, was not of the neighborhood. He was not of any neighborhood. His goings and comings were bounded by the number of miles per day he could whack out of the forlorn thing of hide

and bones which pulled his junk-piled wagon. He knew nothing of the hair-raising terror that was to be found in the Lavans' back yard.

White Rose was dozing in the kennel one afternoon. She had waived the responsibilities of motherhood for the moment, and was allowing herself the luxury of a dream. She was dreaming of the pit. She had broken the hold of her opponent, had wrestled him off his feet, and was about to fasten herself enduringly at the base of his neck, when she was rudely awakened.

"Ra-a-gs! Ra-a-gs! Papeer, Ra-a-gs!"

White Rose was up and out with one convulsive leap, scattering puppies in all directions. Sol Litchenstein missed his doom by a scant inch. He lost only a greasy corduroy cap and one trousers leg. As he fled blindly toward the alley and his wagon, as white as the whitest of the rags which it contained, there was a small wail of agony from the kennel. It did not continue long. It came from the leader in the cat investigation, who still bore two red scratches along his plump mid-section, and such as he are silent under pain.

When Jake Lavan returned from the rolling mill that evening he found White Rose licking a woebegone puppy which floundered and sprawled when she nosed him to his feet. When his mother had flung herself at the intruding Sol the chain had looped about one of the puppy's legs and crushed it, so Jake discovered, beyond repair.

Jake, although he could watch a pit dog take its punishment in a fair fight, was tender as a woman where animals were concerned. The puppy must be destroyed—that was evident. Jake examined the damaged leg again and, holding the puppy under his coat

to shield it from the winter wind, moved reluctantly toward the Allegheny River, two blocks away. As he emerged from the alley which paralleled his domain, he encountered Mose Trimble shuffling disconsolately down Humboldt Street.

"Want to earn a dime smoke?" asked Jake abruptly, as it came to him that another might relieve him of his dreaded business with the Allegheny.

Mose ceased his shuffle and rolled a yellowish eyeball at his questioner.

"What way?"

"Take this pup to the river and drown him."

"Whuffor?"

"He's through," explained Jake. "Broke his leg somehow."

Now Mose had looked upon bad gin when it is white until the early morning hours of the night before. He had slept all day and was just emerging in search of a drink with which to quench slightly the raging fires within him. He extended a shaking hand.

"Slip him to me, man," he said.

Jake placed the puppy in a huge chocolate-colored palm, produced a thin dime, parted with it, and retraced his steps up the alley. Mose, with more purpose in his shuffle than heretofore, moved on down Humboldt Street toward the river.

It had been snowing intermittently that afternoon; small flakes were falling even now; they showed white for an instant on Mose's face and neck before turning to moisture on his glistening black skin. The snow disturbed him not at all. He was anticipating the gulp of liquid consolation which he would presently tilt into his burning soul. As his small burden stirred uneasily he tightened his fingers about its body.

'Ain' no use gettin' fidgety, dawg," he told the ppy. "Come on 'long wid Mose."

The puppy stirred again and began to shake. In dition to the pain of its broken leg it missed the soft straw of the kennel, the huddling bodies of its brothers and sisters, the soothing presence of White Rose. Its tremors increased until they distracted Mose.

"Whuffor you shake?" he inquired. "You ain' gonna shake long. That ol' river stop your shakin'. Allegheny git you soon, my frien'; no use to shake."

But the puppy continued to shiver, and presently it emitted a low cry of loneliness and despair.

"Wha's wrong wid you?" Mose demanded, lifting the puppy up for inspection. It was white except for a brindle splotch over one eye and a brindle saddle on its back. The tip of its muzzle and its nose were pink. Its eyes were the vague blue of the very young; but its head, as he moved it restlessly from side to side, expressed the qualities of its race. Unswerving tenacity, indomitable fortitude were stamped indelibly on that blocky little head. Here was purpose, determination, character. Mose, helpless drifter that he was, could see it. "Howdy, mistuh?" he said with a shade of uneasy respect. Still staring at the puppy, he arrived at the end of a small wharf and found dark water at his feet.

The Allegheny, inky-black between its snow-covered banks, was broken here and there by floating cakes of ice. Mose shivered and felt cold for the first time that day. The fingers of his right hand were growing numb, he noticed, but his left hand, which held the puppy, was quite confortable.

"Ain't you warm in the hand," said Mose; then

added, after a pause, "Well, here we is." He looked at the river again. Lights were beginning to spring up on the farther shore. They sent yellow reflections along the surface, which wavered on the black water and glittered on the floating cakes of ice. They made the river seem more ominous, more forbidding if possible, than before. Mose regarded the expanse of water and ice gloomily for a moment. He advanced to the edge of the wharf, stooped and dipped a finger in the river, clutching the puppy against the breast of his thin coat as he did so. Withdrawing the finger with some haste and a grunt of disapproval, he turned and climbed the bank.

"Too cold," he said.

Christmas was coming. It was to be a wonderful Christmas that year. As evidence of the fact the drawers of the desk in the consulting-room of Herbert Bruce, M.D., contained many things which were not essential to the practice of medicine. Also, down in the darkest corner of the cellar stood an infant fir tree. Its hope of pointing majestically to the stars for a century or more was gone. It was to have a shorter and more brilliant career. It would assume an effulgent splendor for a day in accepting the principal part in the first Christmas of Herbert Lansmere Bruce, Jr.

Strictly speaking, this would not be his first Christmas. It was, as a matter of fact, his second Christmas. But his hands had refused to close over a celluloid rattle the year before and a shiny silver mug had been completely ignored. Surely it was safe to assume that such a Christmas was no Christmas at all.

Arriving at the above conclusion, Herbert Bruce,

M.D., looked at his watch and discovered that it was five minutes past office hours. He closed the consulting-room door, returned to the desk and opened a lower drawer. As a miser gloats over his gold he hung above the contents of the drawer, seeing in his mind's eye the treasures which each box or package contained.

That knobby-looking thing in the blue paper was the fire engine with its iron-gray team. That flat box was the fish pond. You fished with magnets for hooks. Each fish having a metal mouth, it was astonishing with what avidity they took the bait. Ah, what a pleasant world it would be if livelier fishes rose as promptly to the lure! The long package was an engine and the cars it pulled triumphantly around a circular track. That bit of roadbed would be the scene of many a calamitous wreck, no doubt. Soldiers were in the big flat box, both prancing cavalry and plodding troops afoot.

What was in the oblong box of gray cardboard? Bruce tried to remember, failed, and took the box from the drawer. Removing the cover, he discovered a white rabbit with pink glass eyes and long pink-lined ears. Now, where did that come from? He hadn't bought it. "One of Julia's things," he thought, as he remembered that she had shopped with him one morning.

He lifted the rabbit from the box and examined it. From its furry stomach a key protruded unobtrusively. This key he proceeded to wind.

The effect on the white rabbit was electrical. It kicked madly until he set it on the desk and released it, whereupon it hopped briskly across the blotting pad, banged into a paper weight and caromed against the ink well.

"Hey, look out!" yelled Bruce. His warning was unheeded. The white rabbit plunged its head into the ink well, and kicked frantically.

Bruce rescued the rabbit and held it at arm's length until its kicking became a faint twitching of the limbs and at last ceased altogether. Then he bore it to a wash basin and let a water faucet remove the signs of its unfortunate experience. He dried the rabbit's head and whiskers with absorbent cotton and was replacing it in its box when some one knocked at the side door of the consulting-room, which led directly to the street. Bruce put the box on the desk, went to the door and opened it.

Mose shuffled into the room. He removed his hat with one hand; the other hand he held within his half-opened coat.

"Evenin', Doctuh," said he.

"Good evening," said Bruce. "What's the matter; hurt your arm?"

"No, suh," said Mose, "nuthin' wrong wid me." He shuffled his feet and coughed uneasily.

"Well, what is it? What do you want?"

"Doctuh, please, suh. Is you a animal doctuh?"

"You mean a veterinary. No, I'm not a veterinary."

"You don't nevah tend animals?"

"No; I never attend animals."

Mose blinked thoughtfully over this statement, moved toward the door, halted and turned. "I looked thoo the window when I'm passin'," he said significantly. "That's how I happen in."

The look of accusation which accompanied the words could not be ignored. "What are you trying to get at, anyway?" asked the now puzzled Bruce.

Mose advanced a firm step. "If you ain' tendin' a

rabbit when I look thoo that window jus' now, what is you doin'?"

The light of understanding broke upon Bruce. The corners of his mouth twitched, but the earnestness of his questioner restrained him from unseemly hilarity. "I see," he said gravely. "Well, here's your rabbit." He took the white rabbit from its box and held it out for inspection. "It's a toy for my little son—Christmas, you know."

Mose blinked at the rabbit for a moment. "Sure fooled me," he admitted finally. "Thought I seen him a-kickin' and a-squirmin'. . . ."

"You did," said Bruce, and gave the key a half turn.

At the first convulsive movement of the rabbit, there shot from Mose's coat a round little, fierce little head, its pink mouth wide, its eyes flaming, its forehead wrinkled with rage. It was apparent that the son of Thunder and White Rose disapproved of rabbits and would do battle with this one.

"Good Lord!" said Bruce. "How old is he?"

"Can't rightly say. I ain' had him long," Mose confessed. "Look like he's mighty young. If you be so kin' and lay dat rabbit away, Doctuh, please."

Bruce put the rabbit on the desk. The puppy grew quieter. The white furry thing was undoubtedly another of those creatures which scratch one on the stomach and then disappear. He watched it with smoldering eyes, growling softly, while Mose, holding him cupped in his hands, explained.

"I've heard of Lavan's dogs," said Bruce when Mose had finished. "He wouldn't tell you to drown a puppy, if there was a chance for it."

"It's jus' his laig, tha's all. Jus' his hin' laig."

"But I'm not a veterinary, I've told you once. Why didn't you drown him, as you were told?"

Mose looked down at the puppy, then raised his eyes and met Bruce's half-amused, half-impatient glance.

"He was so warm in the han'," he explained simply.

There was a moment's silence.

"I see," said Bruce at last. "Well, let's have a look at him."

"Thank you, Doctuh."

"H'mm, double fracture—poor little cuss. Just one thing to do for him."

"Yessuh," said Mose, brightening.

Bruce laid the puppy gently on the desk blotter, strode to a wall cabinet and returned with a small sponge and a glass-stoppered bottle filled with a colorless liquid. "This is the best thing for him," he said.

"Yessuh." Mose's face was alight with the supreme confidence of his race in the medicine man. "Shall I rub it on the laig, Doctuh? Or give it internal?"

"Neither. I'll hold it to his nose."

"Nose! What you got?"

"Chloroform," said Bruce briskly, saturating the sponge.

Mose's face fell from the heights of expectancy to the depths of gloom. "Ain' nuthin' you can do, Doctuh?"

"Not a thing. You see, he—" The sentence remained unfinished as Bruce turned toward the sound of a thudding clatter on the desk and stared dumfounded at what he saw.

The son of Thunder and White Rose had never for an instant taken his eyes from the furry thing that scratched and disappeared. Suddenly he had found

himself on the desk facing the creature. One leg refusing to aid him, he had found it hard to cross that broad expanse of green blotter, very hard; but he had finally succeeded in doing so. He was now, with the silent intensity of his breed, shaking the life out of his enemy.

Bruce hastened to the rescue of the white rabbit for the second time. It was saved with difficulty and the loss of a tuft of fur, to which two small jaws were steadfastly attached. When it was safe in the drawer once more, the eyes of Bruce and Mose met.

"He's hell on wheels, ain't he, Doctuh?"

Bruce nodded. There followed a silence, in which the white man and the black stared at a small puppy with a broken leg, ridding its mouth of a tuft of fur. In the eyes of both was the same shining look. Civilize him as you please, make his color what you like, man still will worship the born fighter.

Bruce spoke first. "I'll see what I can do with a splint and plaster of Paris."

Mose beamed, then sobered suddenly. "One thing mo', Doctuh. I jus' don't happen to be financial right now."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bruce.

Two hours later Mose was again facing the snow-laden winter wind. His thirst, forgotten while he was absorbed in the wonders of surgery, was now raging once more. He felt for the reassuring dime in his pocket, located it, and headed for One-Eyed Johnson's place, an emporium devoted to serving members of his own race with food and drink. He was still a block from its warmth and hospitality when there came a whimper of distress from beneath his coat.

"Less noise from you," said Mose. "Ain' the doctuh fix you up all nice and good?"

But the whimper grew.

"Say, lay off me, dawg," Mose advised.

A sudden alarming thought left him so limp that his shuffle became a drag. "My Gawd—he's hungry!"

Grumbling, threatening, cursing the ever-growing whimper in his ears, Mose reached the haven that he sought. In he shuffled. He gave one look of supreme longing toward the bar, then slouched to the lunch counter. "Gimme some hambu'ger steak and a nickel's wuth of milk," was his order.

The patrons of One-Eyed Johnson's place crowded about him a moment later and watched interestedly as the whimper changed to a violent lapping and gobbling.

"Whose dawg?"

"Mine."

"Whar you git him?"

"Neveh min'."

"What's dat on his laig?"

"Plastuh Paris—he jus' been tended by a doctuh."

"Huh—look like a good one. Wha's his name?"

Mose hesitated for an instant, then straightened up and swept the attentive circle with an important eye. "I calls him Allegheny," he said.

A year slipped by, as years do. It made no noticeable improvement in Mose or his fortunes. He was occupied with what he described as odd jobs, while looking for "reguluh wuck with good people," and remained the same impecunious drifter as before.

The change in Allegheny, however, was startling. He grew into a forty-eight-pound, steel-muscled song

of war, which ran, unmindful, from a heavy chest and head to a neatly tapered tail.

That a slight swelling on his left hind leg did not trouble him was proved by the agility he displayed in treeing cats, or in romps and mock battles with playfully inclined dogs.

The latter amusement was frowned upon by Mose, after an interview with Jake Lavan, whom they met on the street one day.

"What'll you take for him?" asked Jake, when he had been told how Allegheny had escaped a watery grave.

"He ain' for sale," said Mose promptly.

Jake's appraising eye lingered on Allegheny a moment longer. "I tell you what I'll do," he decided at last. "I'll train him and pit him, and see how good he is. It looks to me like it would take an awful dog to stop him. He might win some coin for us."

"When do I git him back?" Mose inquired.

"Oh, I dunno. If he's good we'll keep him workin'."

"Kin I have him when he ain't fightin'?"

"Why, sure, if you'll feed him right. What do you want with him?"

"Jus' comp'ny. Jus' to ramble aroun' wid me."

Jake gave way to ironical laughter. "Do you think you can pit him, and then let him sashay around town? Listen, nigger—that's a fightin' dog. He's by Thunder out of White Rose."

"Shuh," exclaimed Mose. "He don't bother nothin' 'cep' cats. He's a good-natured dawg."

"Oh, he is, eh!" said Jake grimly. "Well, I'll tell you what he'd do—after he learns what he's for—he'd kill every kioodle in Pittsburgh, as fast as he got to 'em."

"Huh," said Mose uneasily, as he visioned the unpleasant consequences which would follow the sudden taking off of white folks' dogs by Allegheny. "I'll keep my eye on that gen'leman."

"Well, lemme give him a whirl," urged Jake. "What do you say?"

"I don' say nuthin'," said Mose, getting abruptly under way. "Come on, dawg."

At the next street corner Allegheny was advised to sing small and watch his step. "If you git uppity," he was warned, "bad times goin' to ketch you by the short hairs." From then on he was heaped with reproaches if he so much as looked in the direction of a canine that assumed a belligerent attitude, and even polite exchanges with friendly strangers were discouraged. "Jus' ten' to your own business, and take no chances wid nobody," he was told. "Min' your p's and q's, an' some day you git a home."

The home referred to was the stately mansion of the "good people" of Mose's dreams, who would furnish ease and comfort to a handy man and a "splendid watch dawg," in exchange for a leisurely performance of light duties.

Good people, however, who desired to add a handy man and a watch dog to their establishment were rare. Mose was bitterly aware of this fact as he plodded homeward one evening, after four hours with a post-hole digger under a beating sun. As he passed a brick and stucco dwelling with a sweep of lawn in front, he halted suddenly. His listless eye had taken in some gold letters on a black name plate. "Herbert Bruce, M.D.," he read. He repeated the name aloud and addressed Allegheny. "Come here, dawg." Allegheny

reluctantly gave up sniffing a telephone post and approached.

"Look at dat sign," said Mose. "Look at it good. Dat's de vehy doctuh dat fix your laig. He move on away from whar he was and I ain't neveh seen him since. Now, here he is. You come on in along wid me and 'spress your thanks."

Allegheny, impressed, followed Mose sedately up the walk to the door beside the black and gold name plate. A maid informed them that the doctor was in the back yard, but could be called.

"Thank you kindly," said Mose; "I'll jus' go roun' and speak to him."

When Allegheny realized that their business lay in the rear of the premises, his dignity fled. He had never forgotten a certain humiliating experience of puppyhood, and cats are found more frequently in back yards than anywhere else. He shot around the house like a brindle and white flash, his pads rasping crisply on the cement walk.

There was no cat in the back yard, he discovered. There were three people—a man, a woman, and a child. It was a boy child, with earnest blue eyes, pouting cherry lips, and tousled red-gold hair. He was digging a hole in a pile of sand with a very small shovel. The man and woman were standing with an arm about each other, watching.

Allegheny was interested at once. He knew something about digging holes himself. He promptly jumped the boards that confined the sand pile and confronted the child.

Several things happened in quick succession. The man sprang forward with a shout, the woman gasped

and grew pale, the child stared round-eyed into Allegheny's wide red mouth for an instant, then—

"Oo-oo, doggie!" said he, and flung himself promiscuously on Allegheny's neck.

Allegheny decided to greet a brother hole-digger with proper cordiality. He turned his head and spread a wet tongue across the small face that had been pressed against his rolling jaw muscles.

" 'At's all right, Doctuh," called Mose. "He won' hurt him."

"I see he won't," said Bruce huskily. "It's all right, Julia. It's all right, my dear." He turned in suppressed fury on Mose. "Why do you let a dog like that run into people's yards? You frightened us—you frightened my wife. What do you mean by it?"

" 'Scuse me, Doctuh," said Mose, abashed. "I was jus' bringin' him in to 'spress his thanks."

"To what?"

"I see your name as I wuz passin'. Don't you 'membah me? 'Membah how he shake the rabbit? 'Membah how you fix his laig?"

"Well, well!" said Bruce, his anger vanishing. "I wondered how that job turned out. And this is that puppy?"

"Dat's him. I take off de splint in fo' weeks, like you say, an' he's good as new."

"Well, well!" Bruce repeated, as he eyed the mighty Allegheny with a touch of professional pride. "Let's see, which leg was it?"

"The left, Doctuh. Got a little swellin' on it, dat's all."

Bruce bent over Allegheny and attempted to examine the leg. "Let go of the doggie, little son. Daddy wants to see him."

"Doggie mine," said Herbert Bruce, Junior, firmly, and tightened his arms about Allegheny's neck.

"No, no. Let Daddy see him. That's a good boy."

"Do away! Doggie mine."

"Let Daddy have him, do you hear me?"

"Doggie mine! Doggie mine! Doggie mi-i-ne!"

"Julia."

Mrs. Bruce moved quietly forward, and presently Allegheny was freed; but the son and heir of the house of Bruce was dancing up and down on his sand pile emitting sounds of utter woe.

"Bad Mudder—doggie mine."

"Baby! Baby dear! You mustn't! This isn't my great big boy. This isn't mother's man. Aren't you ashamed?"

"I want 'at doggie."

Allegheny saved the situation. He had kept his eye on the hole in the sand pile from the first. He now approached it, gave it a brief examination, and went to work with such enthusiasm that a cataract of sand shot from between his hind legs as his head and flying forepaws rapidly sank from view.

Herbert Bruce, Junior, grew suddenly quiet. His mouth closed as his eyes grew wide. So swift was his transition from rage to joy that huge tears were still rolling to the sand below via his cheeks and chin as he rewarded Allegheny's efforts with a shriek of appreciation.

"See a doggie! Oo, see a doggie!"

"Yes, darling, he's helping Junior. Isn't that nice of him?" And so the skies were cleared.

It developed a few moments later that the ordered contentment of the Bruce establishment was threatened by a dreaded and inevitable general housecleaning.

Mose, having mentioned the names of a multitude of housewives to whom he had proved a solace upon like occasions, was engaged to appear the following Monday morning and become a staff and comforter.

"I kin help you out all nex' week, Miz Bruce," he confided. "Afteh that, I can't say. I'm lookin' foh a reguluh place wid good people. Jus' how much wuck could a handy man do 'roun' here, Doctuh?"

"Oh, we haven't enough for all of a man's time, Mose. Some grass to cut, furnace looked after—that's about all."

"You got a shoffuh?"

The average human being is reasonably healthy; there are many young doctors in the world, and bills for their services are paid last of all.

"No," said Bruce, with something like a sigh. "I drive myself."

"I wash and polish in ga'age three weeks once," suggested Mose dreamily. "Well, I'll be gettin' on. I wuck on a B. & O. diner one time, when I relieve a sick frien', Miz Bruce. Yessum, I'll be here at eight o'clock, Monday mawnin', yessum."

He was as good as his word and, being a new broom, swept clean. But Allegheny, early in the day, committed an indiscretion. A heavy rug was hoisted to a clothes-line and smitten thunderously despite its writhings. Convinced that the rug was alive, Allegheny rushed to Mose's aid and fastened himself to a corner of the thick Bokhara. Mose promptly turned the beater upon his assistant, who withdrew crestfallen and assumed the rôle of interested spectator. Mose addressed him through a cloud of dust.

"Wha's got into you?" he inquired. "If Miz Bruce ketch you a-shakin' her dinin'-room rug, you'll hit

trouble. Look like you lef' your senses home to-day. I seen you walkin' stiff-legged by dat loud-mouth coal-yard dog when we come pass. You betta look out, mistuh; if you start fightin', you know where you'll lan'? On de end of a chain, dat's what you will."

The coal-yard dog Mose referred to was Tiger, a huge striped and sullen Great Dane owned by the yard boss of the Pocahontas Coal Company.

It was Tiger's custom to lie in the doorway of the company's stables and indulge in watchful waiting. A dog might pass unchallenged if he kept steadfastly on his way, but if he lingered to investigate a tree or the fence, Tiger would gallop forth with a heart-shaking bellow that sent most loiterers flying down the street. Allegheny had not fled when he heard the foghorn voice of Tiger for the first time. He had waited motionless with raised head until the lumbering giant was upon him, looked him in the eyes for an instant, exchanged sniffs with him, and trotted calmly on. Mose and he had passed the coal company's stables many times since then. Tiger's challenge and Allegheny's reception of it had always been the same. That morning there had been a change. At sight of Allegheny Tiger had appeared, as usual, but with this difference: he was growling, not barking, as he came. Then, as he drew near, Allegheny saw his eyes, and in those bloodshot eyes was an unknown something that Allegheny loathed and feared.

Ten feet away Tiger halted. He glared at Allegheny for a moment, then slouched past him to the horse trough at the curb. Plunging his muzzle deep in the water, he lapped and gulped noisily, leaving streaks of slaver on the surface. Allegheny turned and left the spot, as though walking on eggs.

Mose had observed the formality of Allegheny's withdrawal. He now dwelt on the episode at such length that Allegheny, after scratching an ear thoughtfully for a time, yawned and laid down.

"You chase that wearisome look off your face," said Mose severely, "an' listen good. I carry some knick-knacks up in the attic a while ago. You know what I fin' up there? Lot of ole fuhniture. Bed, washstan', chairs—jus' layin' there ketchin' dus', ain' doin' no good for itself or nobody. You know what's up oveh de ga'age? Nice big room, nothin' in it but a wuck-bench." Mose took the rug from the line, hoisted it to his shoulder, and started for the house. "You min' your p's and q's like I tell you," was his parting advice. "Can't neveh tell what's gonna happen."

Allegheny, left to his own devices, found them stale and unprofitable. He had resigned himself to complete boredom when a screen door banged and a small figure in blue rompers appeared with a pail and shovel.

"Oo-oo, doggie!"

Allegheny's pensive attitude vanished. There was a meeting which involved a passionate embrace and a wildly wagging tail. There were shrieks of rapture and deep barks of delight. There was a rush to the sand pile, where marvels of excavation were accomplished, under the command of a chief engineer who breathed hard and indicated with sandy fingers the spot where Allegheny was to dig "anozzer one."

The mother of the chief engineer was also fully occupied. Her problem was the removal of dirt, not its excavation; but she managed to glance out the window every moment or so at the scene of her son's endeavors.

Two busy hours fled by. Allegheny unearthed a

piece of rubber hose half buried in the sand. It served as an excellent instrument for tug-of-war, and brought such shrieks of rapture from the chief engineer that his mother flew to a window. Her face cleared at what she saw.

"Careful, Junior!" she called. "Let go if he pulls too hard." She was turning from the window when she paused, listening.

From so far away that she had barely heard it had come a pistol shot. Others followed in rapid succession, until six shots were fired. She wondered vaguely what they meant, and again would have turned from the window, but now she heard, from somewhere down the street, faint shouts and screams, and as she listened they drew nearer.

Two painters were passing carrying buckets, brushes and a ladder. One of them looked back over his shoulder and did a curious thing. He dropped his bucket and brush, jerked the ladder from the other painter and set it against a tree. Then both painters climbed the ladder hastily just as a dog appeared, a huge dog, running in the middle of the street.

There was a horse hitched to a delivery wagon standing before the house next door. The dog sprang at the horse, snapping his great jaws. The horse reared, shook the dog off and ran away, with the wagon bouncing along behind him. A wheel of the wagon struck the dog and knocked him down. He got to his feet again and broke into a heavy, lurching run. The mother of the chief engineer screamed as only mothers scream, for the dog turned at the Bruces' drive and came into the yard.

Allegheny heard the scream. He dropped his end of the piece of rubber hose, looked inquiringly toward

the house, and suddenly became a statue. . . . Tiger was lumbering up the drive, his mouth dripping slaver, his head swaying from side to side.

"Oo-oo," said the chief engineer. "Anozzer doggie."

But the hair on Allegheny's back lifted into a stiff ridge, for the eyes of Tiger, far worse than in the morning, were the eyes of a dog no longer; they belonged in a devil from hell.

"Nice doggie," cooed the chief engineer, with outstretched dimpled arms. The distance between those arms and Tiger lessened, lessened!—then something shot between. It was a forty-eight-pound fighting machine that was going into action at last. . . . Tiger went down, with Allegheny fastened to his throat.

There followed a battle which seemed one-sided. In noise and weight Allegheny was outclassed. He appeared to have no chance against the huge demented beast that roared like a lion as he struggled; but Jake Lavan, or Bill Henderson, or any of the gentlemen who had spent an interesting evening on the "Lucy Hammond" two years before, would not have wagered on the Great Dane had they been present. Having noticed that the bull-terrier had a throat hold, they would have bet their money on the silent-fighting son of Thunder and White Rose.

And Allegheny proved true to the blood that was in him, by holding on. He was flung against the fence, and held on. He was beaten like a flail on the cement walk, and held on. He was ground into the sand of the sand pile, and held on.

The weeping chief engineer was snatched to safety by his wild-eyed mother. Men gathered timidly in the street before the house. Mose came running, and Her-

bert Bruce, M.D., and at last a sweating policeman, while Allegheny held on.

The policeman had fired six shots at Tiger some little time before. He now fired a seventh from a two-inch range and did not miss. He might have saved his powder had he cared to. Tiger's roars had sunk to a choking rattle when the bullet entered his brain. For, under his great carcass, half buried in the sand, was Allegheny—still holding on.

"There's no danger," Bruce told the policeman a few moments later. "There isn't a tooth mark on him. He hasn't the smallest scratch. Here, look for yourself."

"He's been fightin' wid a mad dog," insisted the policeman, flourishing his gun.

Bruce caught the weapon in his hand and forced the muzzle to the ground. "Put it up, Tim," he urged. "I'll send him to a veterinary hospital for thirty days. If he doesn't show hydrophobia in that time, he never will."

But the policeman shook his head. "Let go the gun, sohrr. I'm sorry, but it's got to be done."

Then Herbert Bruce, M.D., played his trump card. Having brought a small Irishman into the world the summer before, he now looked the proud father steadily in the eye.

"Tim," said he, "he saved my boy. He saved my little son—"

The policeman shifted his glance. He took in the panting Allegheny, caught the pleading eyes of Mose, and looked down at the revolver in his hand.

"If ye could get a permit from the boord av health—" he began. And so a second battle was won.

As a result of it, Allegheny was taken to the hospi-

tal that afternoon, but seemed likely to return, for Mose spent the evening moving furniture from the attic to the room over the garage, and when the chief engineer wailed for his "doggie" at bedtime his mother took him in her arms and held him very close.

"He's gone away for just a little while," said she. "When he comes back, you'll have him every day."

BILLY, THE DOG THAT MADE GOOD

BY

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

It is doubtful if many men have done more to create an interest in the out-of-doors than has Ernest Thompson Seton. Artist and executive—he was at one time government naturalist of Manitoba—as well as author, his writings are in themselves a complete library of woodland lore. Authoritative as his books may be, however, they are never lacking of literary charm—a combination that has served to make him known as the greatest woodsman in the world.

BILLY, THE DOG THAT MADE GOOD[1]

He was the biggest fool pup I ever saw, chuck full of life and spirits, always going at racing speed, generally into mischief; breaking his neck nearly over some small matter; breaking his heart if his master did not notice him, chewing up clothing, hats, and boots, digging up garden stuff that he could not eat, mistaking every leg of every chair and table for a lamp-post, going direct from wallow in the pigsty to frolic in the baby's cradle, getting kicked in the ribs by horses and tossed by cows, but still the same hilarious, rollicking, endlessly good-natured, energetic fool pup, and given by common consent the fit and lasting name of "Silly Billy."

It was maddening to find on the first cold morning that he had chewed up one's leather glove, but it was disarming to have that irrepressible, good-natured little idiot come wagging his whole latter end south of the short ribs, offering the remaining glove as much as to say that "one size was enough for any one." You *had* to forgive him, and it did not matter much whether you did or not, for the children adored him. Their baby arms were round his neck as much of the time as he could spare from his more engrossing duties, and, in a figurative sense, those protecting arms were around him all the time. As their father found out, when one day the puppy pulled down a piece of sacking that hung on the smokehouse pipe, upsetting the stove and

[1] From "Wild Animal Ways." Copyright, 1916, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company.

burning up the smokehouse and all the dry meat in it. Bob Yancy was furious, his whole winter's meat stock gone. He took his shotgun and went forth determined to put that fool dog forever out of mischief. But he met the unexpected. He found his victim with two baby arms about his fuzzy neck: little Ann Yancy was hugging her "doggie," and what could *he* do? "It's my Billy! You shan't touch him! Go 'way, you naughty Daddy!" And the matter ended in a disastrous defeat for daddy.

Every member of the family loved Silly Billy, but they wished from the bottom of their hearts that he might somehow, soon, develop at least a glimmer of common dog sense, for he was already past the time when with most bull terriers the irresponsible exuberance of puppyhood is ended. And though destined to a place among his master's hunting dogs, he, it was judged, was not yet ripe enough.

Bob Yancy was a hunter, a professional—there are a few left—and his special line was killing Bears, Mountain Lions, Lynxes, Wolves, and other such things classed as "varmints" and for whose destruction the state pays a bounty, and he was ever ready to increase the returns by "taking out" amateur hunters who paid him well for the privilege of being present.

Much of this hunting was done on the high level of "the chase." The morning rally, the far cast for a trail, the warming hunt, the hot pursuit, and the finish with a more or less thrilling fight. That was ideal. But it was seldom fully realized. The mountains were too rough. The game either ran off altogether, or, by crossing some impossible barrier, got rid of the hunters and then turned on the dogs to scatter them in flight.

That was the reason for the huge Bear traps that

were hanging in Yancy's barn. Those dreadful things would not actually hold the Bear a prisoner, but when with a convenient log they were gripped on his paw, they held him back so that the hunters, even on foot, could overtake the victim.

The dogs, however, were the interesting part of the pursuit. Three kinds were needed: exquisite trailers whose noses could follow with sureness the oldest, coldest trail; swift runners for swift game, and intelligent fighters. The fighters had, of course, to be brave, but intelligence was more important, for the dogs are expected to nip at the bayed quarry from behind and spring back from his counter blow rather than to close at final grips.

Thus there were bloodhounds and greyhounds as ell as bulldog in the Yancy pack, and of course, as ways happens in a community of diverse bloods, ere were some half-castes whose personal worth had ven them social prestige, and was accepted as an fset to doubtful pedigree. Most of the pack had arked personality. There was Croaker, a small lady und with an exquisite nose and a miserable little oak for a bay. You could not hear her fifty feet way, but fortunately Big Ben was madly in love with r; he followed her everywhere and had a voice like e bell for which he was named. He always stuck se to Croaker and translated her feeble whispers into nes that all the world within a mile or two could derstand.

Then there was Old Thunder, a very old, very brave g, with a fine nose. He was a combination of all od gifts and had been through many fights, escaping struction only thanks to the admirable sagacity that npered his battle rage. Though slow and feeble now,

he was the acknowledged leader of the pack, respected by dogs and men.

THE PROFESSIONAL ROUGH

The bulldog is more conspicuous for courage than discretion, so that the post of "bulldog to the pack" was often open. The last bulldog had been buried with the bones of their last Grizzly. But Yancy had secured a new one, a wonder. He was the final, finished, and perfect product of a long line of fighting bulldogs kept by a famous breeder in another state. And when the new incumbent of the office arrived it was a large event to all the hunters. He was no disappointment: broad of head and chest, massive in the upper arm and hard in the flank, a little undershot perhaps, but a perfect beast of the largest size. Surly and savage beyond his kind, the hunters at Yancy's knew at once that they had a fighting treasure in the Terrible Turk.

It was with some misgiving that he was turned loose on the ranch. He was so unpleasant in his manner. There was a distinct lack of dogginess about him in the gentle sense, and never did one of his race display a greater arrogance. He made no pretense of hiding his sense of contemptuous superiority, and the pack seemed to accept him at his own value. Clearly they were afraid of him. He was given the right of way, avoided indeed by his future comrades. Only Silly Billy went bounding in hilarious friendliness to meet the great one; and a moment later flew howling with pain to hide and whimper in the arms of his little mistress. Of course, in a world of brawn, the hunters had to accept this from their prizefighter, and see in

it a promise of mighty deeds to come in his own domain.

In the two weeks that passed about the ranch the Terrible Turk had quarreled with nearly every hound in the pack. There was only one indeed that he had not actually injured: that was Old Thunder. Once or twice they confronted each other, as when Thunder was gnawing a bone that the Turk seemed to want, but each time Thunder stood his ground and showed his teeth. There was a certain dignity about Thunder that even a dog would feel, and in this case, without any actual conflict, the Terrible Turk retired, and the onlookers hoped that this argued for a kindly spirit they had not hitherto seen in him.

October was glowing on the hills, and long unwonted peeps of distant snowpeaks were showing themselves through thinning treetops when word came that Old Reelfoot, a famous cattle-killing Grizzly, had reappeared in the Arrow-bell Cattle Range, and was up to his old tricks, destroying live stock in a perfect mania for destruction. There was a big reward offered for the destruction of Reelfoot, several times that held out for an ordinary Bear. Besides, there was really a measure of glory attached to it, for every hunter in the country for several years back had tried to run Reelfoot down, and tried in vain.

Bob Yancy was ablaze with hunter's fire when he heard the news. His only dread was that some rival might forestall him. It was a spirited procession that left the Yancy Claim that morning, headed for the Arrow-bell Ranch, the motley pack straggling along or forging ahead till ordered back in line by the huntsman. There was the venerable Thunder staidly trotting by the heels of his old friend Midnight, Yancy's

coal-black mare; and just before was the Terrible Turk with his red-rimmed eyes upturned at times to measure his nearness to the powerful black mare's hoofs. Big Ben was fast by Croaker, of course, and the usual social lines of the pack were all well drawn. Next was a packhorse laden with a huge steel Bear trap on each side, then followed packhorses with the camping outfit and other hunters, the cook, and the writer of this story.

Everything was in fine shape for the hunt. Everything was fitly ordered and we were well away when a disconcerting element was tumbled in among us. With many a yap of glee, there, bounding, came that fool bull terrier, Silly Billy. Like a June-bug among honeybees, like a crazy schoolboy in a council room, he rollicked and yapped, eager to be first, to be last, to take liberties with Thunder, to chase the Rabbits, to bay the Squirrels, ready for anything but what was wanted of him: to stay home and mind his own business.

Bob might yell "Go home!" till he was hoarse. Silly Billy would only go off a little way and look hurt, then make up his mind that the boss was "only fooling" and didn't mean a word of it, and start in louder than ever. He steered clear of the Turk but otherwise occupied a place in all parts of the procession practically all the time.

No one wished him to come, no one was willing to carry him back, there was no way of stopping him that little Ann would have sanctioned, so Silly Billy came, self-appointed, to a place on the first Bear hunt of the season.

That afternoon they arrived at the Arrow-bell Ranch and the expert Bear-man was shown the latest kill, a

fine heifer barely touched. The Grizzly would surely come back for his next meal. Yes, an ordinary Grizzly would, but Reelfoot was an extraordinary animal. Just because it was the Bear fashion to come again soon, he might not return for a week. Yancy set a huge trap by this "kill" but he also sought out the kill of a week gone by, five miles away, and set by that another gaping pair of grinning cast steel jaws.

Then all retired to the hospitable ranch house, where Turk succeeded in mangling a light-weight sheep-dog and Silly Billy had to be rescued from a milky drowning in the churn.

Who knows the Grizzly will be surprised to hear that that night brought the hunters nothing, and the next was blank? But the third morning showed that the huge brute had come in craftiness to his older kill.

I shall not forget the thrills of the time. We had passed the recent carcass near the ranch. It lay untouched and little changed. We rode on the five miles to the next. And before we were near we felt there was something doing, the dogs seemed pricked up, there was some sensation in the air. I could see nothing, but, while yet a hundred yards away, Bob was exulting, "A catch this time sure enough."

Dogs and horses all were inspired. The Terrible Turk, realizing his importance, breasted his way to the front, and the rumbling in his chest was grand as an organ. Ahead, behind, and all around him, was Silly Billy yapping and tumbling.

There was the carcass, rather "high" now but untouched. The place of the trap was vacant, log and all were gone; and all around were signs of an upset, many large tracks, so many that scarcely any were clear, but farther on we got the sign most sought, the

thirteen-inch track of a monster Grizzly, and the bunch on the right paw stamped it as Reelfoot's trail.

I had seen the joy blaze in Yancy's eye before, but never like now; he glowed with the hunter's heat, and let the dogs run free, and urged them on with whoops and yells of "Sic him, boys!" "Ho, boys!" "Sic him!" Not that much urging was needed; the dogs were possessed of the spirit of the day. This way and that they circled, each for himself. For the Bear had thrashed around a while before at length going off. It was Croaker that first had the real trail. Big Ben was there to let the whole world know, then Thunder indorsed the statement. Had it been Plunger that spoke the rest would have paid no heed, but all the pack knew Thunder's voice, and his judgment was not open to question. They left their devious different tracks, and flocked behind the leader, baying deep and strong at every bound, while Turk came hurrying after and Silly Billy tried to make amends in noise for all he lacked in judgment.

Intoxicating moments those for all the hunt. However civilized a man may be, such sounds and thoughts will tear to tatters all his cultured ways and show him up again a hunting beast.

Away we went, the bawling pack our guides. Many a long detour we had to make to find a horseman's road, for the country was a wilderness of rocky gullies, impenetrable thickets, and down timber, where fire and storm had joined to pile the mountain slope with one dead forest on another. But we kept on, and before an hour the dinning of the pack in a labyrinth of fallen trees announced the Bear at bay.

No one who has not seen it can understand the feelings of that hour. The quick dismount, the tying of

the nerve-tense horses, the dragging forth of guns, the swift creep forward, the vital questions, "How is he caught?" "By one toe that will give, and set him free the moment he charges, or firmly by one leg?" "Is he free to charge as far as he can hurl the log? or is he stalled in trees and helpless?"

Creeping from trunk to trunk we went, and once the thought flashed up, "Which of us will come back alive?" Oh, what a din those dogs were making! Every one of them was in that chorus. Yapping and baying, high and low, swaying this way and that, which meant the Bear was charging back and forth, had still some measure of freedom.

"Look out now! Don't get too close!" said Yancy. "Log and all, he can cover fifty feet while you make ten, and I tell you he won't bother about the dogs if he gets a chance at the men. He knows his game."

THE FIERY FURNACE AND THE GOLD

There were more thrills in the woods than the mere sounds or expectations accounted for. My hand trembled as I scrambled over the down timber. It was a moment of fierce excitement as I lifted the last limbs, and got my first peep. But it was a disappointment. There was the pack, bounding, seething, yelling, and back of some brush was some brown fur, that was all. But suddenly the brushwood swayed and forth rushed a shaggy mountain of flesh, a tremendous Grizzly—I never knew one could look so big—and charged at his tormentors: they scattered like flies when one strikes at a gathered swarm.

But the log on the trap caught on a stump and held

him, the dogs surged around, and now my view was clear.

This is the moment of all in the hunt. This is the time when you gauge your hounds. This is the fiery furnace in which all the metals are tried. There was Old Thunder baying, tempting the Bear to charge, but ever with an eye to the safe retreat; there was Croaker doing her duty in a mere announcement; there were the greyhounds yapping and nipping at his rear; there in the background wisely waiting, reserving his power for the exact proper time, was the Terrible Turk, and here and there, bounding, yapping, insanely busy, was Silly Billy, dashing into the very jaws of death again and again, but saved by his ever-restless activity, and proud of the bunch of Bear's wool in his teeth.

Round and round they went, as Reelfoot made his short, furious charges, and ever Turk kept back, baying hoarsely, gloriously, but biding his time for the very moment. And whatever side Old Thunder took, there Turk went, too, and Yancy rejoiced, for that meant that the fighting dog had also good judgment and was not over-rash.

The fighting and baying swung behind a little bush. I wanted to see it all and tried to get near, but Yancy shouted out, "Keep back!" He knew the habits of the Bear, and the danger of coming into range. But shouting to me attracted the notice of the Bear, and straight for Bob he charged.

Many a time before had Yancy faced a Bear, and now he had his gun, but perched on a small and shaky rotten log he had no chance to shoot, and swinging for a clearer view, upraised his rifle with a jerk—an ill-starred jerk—for under it the rotten trunk cracked,

went down, and Bob fell sprawling, helpless, the tumbled logs, and now the Grizzly had his power. "Thud," "crash," as the trap-log smote the trees that chanced between; and we were horror-held. We had no power to stop certain death: we dared not fire, the dogs, the man himself, were right in line. The pack closed in. Their din was deafening; they sprang on the huge haired flanks, they nipped the soggy heels, they hauled and held, and did their best, but they were as flies on a badger or as rats on a landslide. They held him not a heart-beat, delayed him not a whit. The brushwood switched, the small logs cracked, as he rushed, and Bob would in a moment more be smashed with that fell paw, for now no human help was possible, when good old Thunder saw the only way—it meant sure death for him—but the only way. Ceased he all halfway dashing at the flank or heel and leaped at the great Bear's throat. But one swift sweep of that great paw, and he went reeling back, bruised and shaken. Still he rallied, rushed as though he knew it all must turn on him, and would have closed once more, when Turk, the mighty warrior Turk, the hope and valor of the pack, long holding back, sprang forward now and fastened, gripped with all his strength—on the Bear? *No,* shame of shames—how shall I say the truth? *On poor old Thunder,* wounded, battered, winded, downed, seeking to save his master. On him the bull dog fastened with a grip of hate. This was what he waited for, this was the time of times that he took to vent his pent-up jealous rage—sprang from behind, dragged Thunder down to hold him gasping in the brushwood. The Bear had freedom now to wreak revenge; his only doughty foeman gone, what could prevent him? But from the

reeling, spieling, yapping pack there sprung a small white dog, not for the monster's heel, not for his flank, not even for his massive shoulder forging on, but for his face, the only place where dog could count in such a sudden stound, gripped with an iron grip above the monster's eye, and the huge head jerking back made that small dog go flapping like a rag; but the dog hung on. The Bear reared up to claw, and now we saw that desperate small white dog was Silly Billy, none else, hanging on with all his might and weight.

Bob scrambled to his feet, escaped!

The huge brute seized the small white body in paws like stumps of trees, as a cat might seize a mouse he seized, and wrenched him quivering, yes, tore his own flesh wrenching, and hurled him like a bundle far aside, and wheeling for a moment paused to seek the bigger foe, the man. The pack recoiled. Four rifles rang, a long, deep, grating snort, and Reelfoot's elephantine bulk sank limp on the storm-tossed logs. Then Turk, the dastard traitor Turk, with chesty gurgle as a war-cry, closed bravely on the dead brute's haunch and fearlessly tore out the hair, as the pack sat lolling back, the battle done.

Bob Yancy's face was set. He had seen it nearly all, and we supplied the rest. Billy was wagging his whole latter end, shaking and shivering with excitement, in spite of some red-stained slashes on his ribs. Bob greeted him affectionately: "You dandy. It's the finish that shows up the stuff a Bear-dog is made of, an' I tell you there ain't anything too good in Yancy's Ranch for you. Good old Thunder has saved my life before, but this is a new one. I never thought you'd show up this way."

"And you," he said to the Turk, "I've just two

words for you: 'Come here!'" He took off his belt, put it through the collar of the Terrible Turk, led him to one side. I turned my head away. A rifle cracked, and when at length I looked Yancy was kicking leaves and rubbish over some carrion that one time was a big strong bulldog. Tried in the fire and found wanting, a bully, a coward, a thing not fit to live.

But heading all on the front of Yancy's saddle in the triumphal procession homeward was Billy, the hero of the day, his white coat stained with red. His body was stiff and sore, but his exuberant spirits were little abated. He probably did not fully understand the feelings he had aroused in others, but he did know that he was having a glorious time, and that at last the world was responding to the love he had so bounteously squandered on it.

Riding in a panier on a packhorse was Old Thunder. It was weeks before he got over the combined mauling he got from the Bear and the bulldog, and he was soon afterward put in honorable retirement, for he was full of years.

Billy was all right again in a month, and when half a year later he shed his puppy ways, his good sense came forth in strength. Brave as a lion he had proved himself, full of life and energy, affectionate, true as steel, and within two years he was leader of the Yancy pack. They do not call him "Silly" now, but "Billy, the pup that made good."

THE COMING OF LOCHINVAR BOBBY

BY

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

To many, the denomination "dog-story" brings the association "Payson Terhune," and the presence of one of his tales is required of a collection that would be other than a fragmentary thing. The best-known spinner of yarns about dogs, he has chosen to be represented by a character familiar to thousands as "Lochinvar Bobby"—Champion Alstead Aeroplane.

THE COMING OF LOCHINVAR BOBBY[1]

When the first Angus Mackellar left his ancestral Balbreggie moors he brought to America the big, shaggy, broad-headed collie dog he loved—the dog that had helped him herd his employer's sheep for the past five years. Man and dog landed at Castle Garden a half century ago. From that time on, as for hundreds of years earlier, no member of the Mackellar family was without a collie, the best and wisest to be found.

Evolution narrowed the head and lightened the stocky frame of collies as the decades crawled past.

Evolution changed the successive generations of Mackellars not at all, except to rub smooth their Highland burr and to make them serve America as ardently as ever their forefathers had served Scotland. But not one of them lost his hereditary love for the dog of the moors.

Which brings us by degrees to Jamie Mackellar, grandson of the emigrating Angus. Jamie was twenty-eight. He lived in the cheapest suburb of Midwestburg, and in one of the suburb's cheapest houses. But the house had a yard. And the yard harbored a glorious old collie, a rare prize winner in his day. The house in front of the yard, by the way, harbored Jamie's Yorkshire wife and their two children, Elspeth and Donald. Jamie divided his own home time between the house and the open. So—after true Highland fashion—did the collie.

[1] From "Lochinvar Luck," by Albert Payson Terhune. Copyright, 1923, by George H. Doran Company.

There were long rambles in the forests and wild half-cleared land beyond the suburb: walks that meant as much to Jamie as to the dog, after the Scot had been driving a contractor's truck six days of the week for a monthly wage of seventy-five dollars.

Now on seventy-five dollars a month many a family lives in comfort. But the sum leaves scant margin for the less practical luxuries of life. And in a sheepless and law-abiding region a high-quality collie is a non-practical luxury. Yet Jamie would almost as soon have thought of selling one of his thick-legged children as of accepting any of the several good offers made him for the beautiful dog which had been his chum for so many years, the dog whose prize ribbons and cups from a score of local shows made gay the trophy corner of the Mackellar kitchen-parlor.

Then, on a late afternoon when the grand old dog was galloping delightedly across the street to meet his home-returning master, a delivery motor car, driven by a speed-drunk boy, whizzed around the corner on the wrong side of the way.

The big dog died as he had lived—gallantly and without a whine. Gathering himself up from the muck of the road, he walked steadfastly forward to meet the fast-running Mackellar. As Jamie bent down to search the mired body for injuries the collie licked his master's dear hand, shivered slightly and fell limp across the man's feet.

When the magistrate next morning heard that a mouth-foaming little Scot had sprung upon the running board of a delivery car and had hauled therefrom a youth of twice his size and had hammered the said youth into 100 per cent eligibility for a hospital cot

he listened gravely to the other side of the story and merely fined Jamie one dollar.

The released prisoner returned with bent head and barked knuckles to a house which all at once had been left unto him desolate. For the first time in centuries a Mackellar was without a collie.

During the next week the Midwestburg Kennel Association's annual dog show was held at the Fourth Regiment Armory. This show was one of the banner events of the year throughout Western dog circles. Its rich cash specials and its prestige even drew breeders from the Atlantic States to exhibit thereat the best their kennels afforded.

Thither, still hot and sore of heart, fared Jamie Mackellar. Always during the three days of the Midwestburg dog show Jamie took a triple holiday and haunted the collie section and the ringside. Here more than once his dead chum had won blue ribbon and cash over the exhibits from larger and richer kennels. And at such times Jamie Mackellar had rejoiced with a joy that was too big for words, and which could express itself only in a furtive hug of his collie's shaggy ruff.

To-day, as usual, Jamie entered the barnlike armory among the very first handful of spectators. To his ears the reverberant clangor of a thousand barks was as battle music as it echoed from the girdered roof and hammered incessantly on the eardrums. As ever, he made his way at once to the collie section. A famous New York judge was to pass upon this breed. And there was a turnout of nearly sixty collies, including no less than five from the East.

It was Jamie's rule to stroll through the whole section for a casual glance over the collies before stopping at any of the benches for a closer appraisal. But

to-day he came to a halt before he had traversed the first row of stalls. His pale-blue eyes were riveted on a single dog.

Lying at lazily majestic ease on the straw of a double-size bench was a huge dark-sable collie. Full twenty-six inches high at the shoulder and weighing perhaps seventy-five pounds, this dog gave no hint of coarseness or of oversize. He was molded as by a super-sculptor. His well-sprung ribs and mighty chest and leonine shoulders were fit complements to the classically exquisite yet splendidly strong head.

His tawny coat was as heavy as a bison's mane. The outer coat—save where it turned to spun silk, on the head—was harsh and wavy. The under coat was as impenetrably soft as the breast of an eider duck. From the gladiator shoulders the gracefully powerful body sloped back to hips which spoke of lightning speed and endurance. The tulip ears had never known weights or pincers. The head was a true wedge from every viewpoint. The deep-set dark eyes were unbelievably perfect in expression and placement.

Here was a collie! Here was a dog whose sheer perfection made Jamie Mackellar catch his breath for wonder, and then begin pawing frantically at his show catalogue. He read, half aloud:

729: Lochinvar Kennels. Champion Lochinvar King. Lochinvar Peerless-Lochinvar Queen.

Followed the birth date and the words "Breeder owner."

Jamie Mackellar's pale eyes opened yet wider and he stared on the collie with tenfold interest; an interest which held in it a splash of reverence. Jamie was a faithful reader of the dog press. And for the past

two years Champion Lochinvar King's many pictures and infinitely more victories had stirred his admiration. He knew the dog as a million Americans know Man-o'-War.

Now eagerly he scanned the wonder collie. Every detail—from the level mouth and chiseled, wedge-shaped head and stern eyes with their true look of eagles, to the fox brush tail with its sidewise swirl at the tip—Jamie scanned with the delight of an artist who comes for the first time on a Velásquez of which he has read and dreamed. Never in his dog-starred life had the little man beheld so perfect a collie. It was an education to him to study such a marvel.

Two more men came up to the bench. One was wearing a linen duster and fell to grooming King's incredibly mighty coat with expert hands. The other —a plump giant in exaggeratedly vivid clothes— chirped to the dog and ran careless fingers over the silken head. The collie waved his plumed tail in response to the caress. Recalling how coldly King had ignored his own friendly advances, Jamie Mackellar addressed the plump man in deep respect.

"Excuse me, sir," said he humbly, "but might you be Mr. Frayne—Mr. Lucius Frayne?"

The man turned with insolent laziness, eyed the shabby little figure from head to foot, and nodded. Then he went back to his inspection of King.

Not to be rebuffed, Mackellar continued: "I remember reading about you when you started the Lochinvar Kennels, sir. That'll be—let's see—that'll be the best part of eight years ago. And three years back you showed Lochinvar Peerless out here—this great feller's sire. I'm proud to meet you, sir."

Frayne acknowledged this tribute by another nod,

this time not even bothering to turn toward his admirer.

Mackellar pattered on: "Peerless got Americanbred and Limit, that year; and he went to Reserve Winners. If I'd 'a' been judging, I'd of give him Winners, over Rivers Pride, that topped him. Pride was a good inch and a half too short in the brush. And the sable grew away too far from his eyes. Gave 'em a roundish, big look. He was just a wee peckle overshot, too. And your Peerless outshowed him, besides. But, good as Peerless was, he wasn't a patch on this son of his you've got here to-day. It looks like you was due to make a killing, Mr. Frayne."

And now the Eastern breeder deigned to face the man whose words were pattering so meekly into his heedless ears. Frayne realized this little chap was not one of the ignorant bores who pester exhibitors at every big show, but that he spoke, and spoke well, the language of the initiate. No breeder is above catering to intelligent praise of his dog. And Frayne warmed mildly toward the devotee.

"Like him, do you?" he asked indulgently.

"Like him?" echoed Mackellar. "Like him? Man, he's 50 per cent the best I've set eyes on. And I've seen a few."

"Take him down, Roke," Frayne bade his linen-dustered kennel man. "Let him move about a bit. You can get a real idea of him when you see his action," he continued to the dazzled Mackellar. "How about that? Hey?"

At the unfastening of his chain Lochinvar King stepped majestically to the floor and for an instant stood gazing up at his master. He stood as might an idealized statue of a collie. Mackellar caught his

breath and stared. Then with expert eyes he watched the dog's perfect action as the kennel man led him up and down for half a dozen steps.

"He's—he's better even than I thought he could be," sighed Jamie. "He looked too good to be true. Lord, but it does tickle a man to see such a dog! I—I lost a mighty fine collie a few days back," he went on confidingly. "Not in King's class, of course, sir. But a grand old dog. And—and he was my chum, too. It kind of crumples a feller, don't it, to lose a chum collie? One reason I wanted to come here early to-day was to look around and see were any of the for-sale ones inside my means. I've never been without a collie before. And I want to get me one—a reg'lar first-rater, like the old dog—as quick as I can. It's lonesome not to have a collie laying at my feet, evening times; or running out to meet me."

Lucius Frayne listened now with real interest to the little man's timid plaint.

As Mackellar paused, shamefaced at his own non-Scottish show of feeling, the owner of the Lochinvar Kennels asked suavely, "What were you counting on paying for a new dog? Or hadn't you made up your mind?"

"Once in a blue moon," replied Mackellar, "a pretty good one is for sale cheap. Either before the judging or if the judge don't happen to fancy his type. I—well, if I had to I was willing to spend a hundred—if I could get the right dog. But I hoped maybe I could get one for less."

Still more interestedly did Frayne beam down on the earnest little Mackellar.

"It's a pity you can't go higher," said he with elaborate nonconcern. "Especially since King here has

caught your fancy. You see, I've got a four-month pup of King's back home. Out of my winning Lochinvar Lassie, at that. I sold all the other six in the litter. Sold 'em at gilt-edge prices on account of their breeding. This little four-monther I'm speaking about—he was so much the best of the lot that I was planning to keep him. He's the dead image of what King was at his age. He's got 'future champion' written all over him. But—well, since you've lost your chum dog and since you know enough of collies to treat him right—well, if you were back East where you could look him over I'd—well, I'd listen to your offer for him."

He turned toward his kennel man as if ending the talk. Like a well-oiled phonograph the linen-dustered functionary spoke up.

"Oh, Mr. Frayne!" he blithered, ceasing to groom King's wondrous coat and clasping both dirty hands together. "You wouldn't ever go and sell the little 'un? Not Lochinvar Bobby, sir? Not the best pup we ever bred? Why, he's 20 per cent better than what King, here, was at his age. You'll make a champion of him by the time he's ten months old. Just like Doc Burrows did with his Queen Betty. You sure wouldn't go selling him? Not Bobby?"

"There'll be other Lochinvar King pups along in a few weeks, Roke," argued Frayne conciliatingly. "And this man has just lost his only dog. If—What a pair of fools we are!" he broke off, laughing loudly. "Here we go gabbling about selling Bobby, and our friend, here, isn't willing to go above a hundred dollars for a dog!"

The kennel man, visibly relieved, resumed operations on King with dandy brush and cloth. But Mackellar stood looking up at Frayne as a hungry pup

might plead dumbly with some human who had just taken from him his dinner bone.

"If—if he's due to be a second Lochinvar King," faltered Jamie, "I—I s'pose he'd be way beyond me. I'm a truck driver, you see, sir. And I've got a wife and a couple of kids. So I wouldn't have any right to spend too much, just for a dog—even if I had the cash. But—gee, but it's a chance!"

Sighing softly in renunciation, he took another long and admiring gaze at the glorious Lochinvar King, and then made as though to move away. But Lucius Frayne's dog-loving heart evidently was touched by Jamie's admiration for the champion and by the hinted tale of his chum dog's death. He stopped the sadly departing Mackellar.

"Tell me more about that collie you lost," he urged. "How'd he die? What was his breeding? Ever show him?"

Now perhaps there breathes some collie man who can resist one of those three questions about his favorite dog. Assuredly none lives who can resist all three. Mackellar in a brace of seconds found himself prattling eagerly to this sympathetic giant; telling of his dog's points and wisdom and lovableness, and of the prizes he had won; and, last of all, the tale of his ending. Frayne listened avidly, nodding his head and grunting consolation from time to time.

At last he burst forth on impluse: "Look here! You know dogs. You know collies. I see that. I'd rather have a Lochinvar pup go to a man who can appreciate him, as you would, and who'd give him the sort of home you'd give him, than to sell him for three times as much to some mucker. I'm in this game for love of the breed, not to skin my neighbors. Lochinvar

Bobby is yours, friend, for a hundred and fifty dollars. I hope you'll say no," he added with his loud laugh, "because I'd rather part with one of my back teeth. But anyhow I feel decenter for making the offer."

Pop-eyed and scarlet and breathing fast, Jamie Mackellar did some mental arithmetic. One hundred and fifty dollars was a breath-taking sum. Nobody knew that better than did he. But—oh, there stood Lochinvar King! And King's best pup could be Jamie's for that sum.

Then Mackellar bethought him of an extra job that was afloat just now in Midwestburg—a job at trucking explosives by night from the tesladite factory, over on the heights, to the railroad. It was a job few people cared for. The roads were joggly. And tesladite was a ticklish explosive. Even the company's offer of fifty dollars a week at short hours had not brought forth many volunteer chauffeurs. Yet Jamie was a careful driver. He knew he could minimize the risk. And by working three hours a night for three weeks he could clean up the price of the wonderful pup without going down into the family's slim funds.

"You're—you're on!" he babbled, shaking all over with pure happiness. "In three weeks I'll send you a money order. Here's—here's—let's see—here's twenty-seven dollars to bind the bargain."

"Roke," said Frayne, ignoring his kennel man's almost weeping protests, "scribble out a bill of sale for Lochinvar Bobby. And see he's shipped here the day we get this gentleman's money order for the balance of $150. And don't forget to send him Bobby's papers at the same time. I suppose I'm a wall-eyed fool, but —say! Hasn't a man got to do a generous action once in a while? Besides, it's all for the good of the breed."

Ten minutes later Mackellar tore away his ardent eyes from inspection of the grand dog whose best pup he was so soon to earn, and pattered on down the collie section.

Then and then only did Lucius Frayne and Roke look at each other. Long and earnestly they looked. And Frayne reached out his thick hand and shook his kennel man's soiled fingers. He shook them with much heartiness. He was a democratic sportsman, this owner of the famed Lochinvar Kennels. He did not disdain to grasp the toil-hardened hand of his honest servitor, especially at a time like this.

Lochinvar King that day clove his path straight through Open, Sable-and-White and Open, Any Color, to Winners, in a division of fifty-eight collies. Then he annexed the cup and the forty dollars in cash awards for Best of Breed; also four other cash specials. And in the classic special for Best Dog in Show he came as near to winning as ever a present-day collie can hope to. Jamie Mackellar, with a vibrating pride and sense of personal importance, watched and applauded every win of his pup's matchless sire.

"In another year," he mused raptly, "I'll be scooping up them same specials with King's gorgeous little son. This man Frayne is sure one of the fellers that God made."

Four weeks and two days later, a past-worthy slatted crate labeled Lochinvar Collie Kennels was delivered at Jamie's door. It arrived a bare ten minutes after Mackellar came home from work. All the family gathered around it in the kitchen while, with hands that would not stay steady, the head of the house proceeded to unfasten the clamps which held down its top.

It was Jamie Mackellar's great moment, and his

wife and children were infected almost to hysteria by his long-sustained excitement.

Back went the crate lid. Out onto the kitchen floor shambled a dog.

For a long minute as the new-arrived collie stood blinking and trembling in the light, everybody peered at him without word or motion. Jamie's jaw had gone slack at first sight of him. And it still hung supine, making the man's mouth look like a frog penny bank's.

The puppy was undersized; he was scrawny and angular and all but shapeless. At a glance he might have belonged to any breed or to many breeds or to none. His coat was sparse and short and kinky; and through it glared patches of lately healed eczema. The coat's color was indeterminate, what there was of it. Nor had four days in a tight crate improved its looks. The chest was pitifully narrow. The sprawly legs were out at elbow and cow-hocked. The shoulders were noteworthy by the absence of any visible sign of them. The brush was an almost hairless rat-tail. The spine was sagged and slightly awry.

But the head was the most direful part of the newcomer. Its expressionless eyes were sore and dull. Its ears hung limp as a setter's. The nose and foreface were as snubbily broad as a Saint Bernard's. The slack jaw was badly overshot. The jowls showed a marked tendency to cheekiness and the skull seemed to be developing an apple-shaped dome in place of the semi-platform which the top of a collie's head ought to present.

Breed collies or any other dogs as carefully and as scientifically as you will, once in a way some such specimen will be born into even the most blue-blooded litter—a specimen whose looks defy all laws of clean

heredity, a specimen which it would be gross flattery to call a mutt. One of three courses at such times can be followed by the luckless breeder: To kill the unfortunate misfit; to give it away to some child who may or may not maul it to death; or to swindle a buyer into paying a respectable price for it.

Thriftily, Lucius Frayne had chosen the third course. And no law could touch him for the deal.

Mackellar had bought the dog, sight unseen. Frayne had guaranteed nothing save the pedigree, which was flawless. He had said the creature was the image of King at the same age. But he had said it in the presence of no witness save his own kennel man. And the statement in any event was hard of refutal by law. No; Frayne, like many another shrewd professional dog breeder, had played safe. And he had annexed one hundred and fifty dollars, in peril-earned hoardings, for a beast whose true cash value was less than eight cents to any one. He had not even bothered to give the cur a high-sounding pedigree name.

There stood, or crouched, the trembling and whimpering wisp of worthlessness while the Mackellar family looked on in dumb horror. To add to the pup's ludicrous aspect an enormous collar hung dangling from his neck. Frayne had been thrifty in even this minor detail. Following the letter of the transportation rules, he had "equipped the dog with suitable collar and chain." But the chain which Jamie had unclasped in releasing the pup from the crate had been a thing of rust and flimsiness. The collar had been outworn by some grown dog. To keep it from slipping off over the puppy's head Roke had fastened to it a twist of wire, whose other end was enmeshed in the scattering short hairs of the youngster's neck. From this collar's

ring still swung the last year's license tag of its former wearer.

It was little Elspeth who broke the awful spell of silence.

"Looks—looks kind of—of measly, don't he?" she volunteered.

"Jamie Mackellar!" shrilled her mother, finding voice and wrath in one swift gasp. "You—you went and gambled with your life on them explosion trucks—and never told me a word about it till it was over—just to earn money to buy—to buy—*that?*"

Then Jamie spoke. And at his first luridly sputtered sentence his wife shooed the children out of the room in scandalized haste. But from the cottage's farthest end she could hear her spouse's light voice still raised to shrill falsetto. He seemed to be in earnest converse with his Maker, and the absence of his wife and children from the room lent luster and scope to his vocabulary.

Outside, the night was settling down bitterly chill. A drifting snow was sifting over the frozen earth. The winter's worst cold spell was beginning. But in the firelit kitchen a hope-blasted and swindled man was gripped by a boiling rage that all the frigid outer world could not have cooled.

Presently through his sputtering soliloquy Mackellar found time and justice to note that Lochinvar Bobby was still shaking with the cold of his long wagon ride through the snow from the station. And sullenly the man went out to the refrigerator in the back areaway for milk to warm for the sufferer. He left the door open behind him. Into the kitchen seeped the deadly chill of night. It struck the miserable Bobby

and roused him from the apathy of fright into which his advent to the bright room had immersed him.

The fright remained, but the impotence to move was gone. Fear born of the harsh treatment meted out to him in the place of his birth by kennel men who scoffed at his worthlessness, and increased fiftyfold by his long and clangorous journey across half the continent, came to a climax.

He had cowered in helpless terror before these strangers here in the closed room. He had sensed their hostility. But now for an instant the strangers had left him. Yes, and the back door was standing ajar—the door to possible escape from the unknown dangers which beset him on all sides.

Tucking his ratlike tail between his cow-hocks, Bobby put down his head and bolted. Through the doorway he scurried, dodging behind the legs of Jamie Mackellar as he fled through the refrigerator-blocked areaway. Jamie heard the scrambling foot-falls and turned in time to make a belated grab for the fleeing dog.

He missed Bobby by an inch; and the man's gesture seemed to the pup a new menace. Thus had Roke and the other kennel men struck at him in early days or had seized him by tail or hind leg as he fled in terror from their beatings.

Out into the unfenced yard galloped the panic-driven Bobby and through the pitch blackness Mackellar stumbled in utterly futile pursuit. The sound of Jamie's following feet lent new speed to the cowed youngster. Instead of stopping after a few moments, he galloped on with his ridiculous wavering and sidewise gait.

Mackellar lived on the outskirts of the suburb,

which, in turn, was on the outskirts of the city. And by chance or by instinct Bobby struck ahead for the rocky ridge which divided denser civilization from the uncleared wilderness and the patches of farm country to the north. Nor did the puppy cease to run until he had topped, puffingly, the ridge's summit. There he came to a shambling halt and peered fearfully around him.

On the ridge crest the wind was blowing with razor sharpness; and it cut like a billion waxed whiplashes through the sparse coat and against the sagging ribs of the pup. It drove the snow needles into his watering eyes, and stung the blown-back insides of his sensitive ears. He cowered under its pitiless might as under a thrashing; and again he began to whimper and to sob.

Below him, from the direction whence he had wormed his slippery way up the ridge, lay the squalidly flat bit of plain with its sprinkle of mean houses; behind it, the straggling suburb whence he had escaped; and behind that, the far-reaching tangle of glare and blackness which was Midwestburg, with a mile of lurid light reflection on the low-hanging clouds.

Turning, the puppy looked down the farther slope of his ridge to the rolling miles of forest and clearing, with wide-scattered farmsteads and cottages. The wilds seemed less actively and noisily terrifying than the glare and muffled roar of the city behind him. And as anything was better than to cower freezing there in the wind's full path Bobby slunk down the ridge's northern flank and toward the naked black woodlands beyond its base.

The rock edges and the ice cut his uncalloused splay feet. Even out of the wind the chill gnawed through coat and skin. The world was a miserable place to do

one's living in. Moreover, Bobby had not eaten in more than twenty-four hours, although a pup of his age is supposed to be fed not less than three or four times a day.

The rock-strewn ridge having been passed, the going became easier. Here, on the more level ground, a snow carpet made it softer, if colder. No longer running, but at a loose-jointed wolf trot, Bobby entered the woods. A quarter mile farther on he stopped again at sight of something which loomed up at a height of perhaps three feet above the half acre of cleared ground about it.

He had strayed into the once-popular Blake's Woods Picnic Grove, and the thing which arrested his sick glance was the dancing platform which had been erected at the grove's painfully geometrical center.

Years agone Blake's Woods had been a favorite outing ground for Midwestburg's workers. The coming of the interurban trolley, which brought Boone Lake Beach within half an hour of the city, had turned these woods into a dead loss as far as local pleasure seekers were concerned. The benches had been split up or stolen or had rotted. The trim central patch of greensward had been left to grow successive unmown harvests of ragweed. The dancing platform, with its once-smooth floor and the bright-painted lattice which ran around its base, was sharing the fate of the rest of the grove. The floor was sunken and holey. The laths of the lattice had fallen away in one or two places, and everywhere they had been washed free of their former gay paint.

Bobby's aimless course took him past one end of the platform as soon as he discovered it was harmless and deserted. A furtive sidelong glance, midway of the

latticed stretch, showed him a weed-masked hole some two feet square where the laths had been ripped away or had been kicked in. The sight awoke vague sub-memories, centuries old, in the artificially reared pup. Thus had his wolf forbears seen, and explored for den purposes, gaps between rocks or under windfalls. Bobby, moving with scared caution, crept up to the opening, sniffed its musty interior, and step by step ventured in under the platform.

Here it was still bitter cold; yet it was sensibly warmer than in the open. And year after year dead leaves had been wind-drifted through the gap. Riffles of them lay ankle deep near the entrance. Down into the thickest of the riffles the wretched puppy wiggled his shivering way. There he lay, still shaking, but gaining what scant comfort he might from the warmth of the leaves beneath and around him.

Presently from sheer nervous fatigue he snoozed.

It was past midnight when Bobby awoke. He was awakened less by cold than by ravening hunger. His was not the normal increase of appetite that had come upon him at such times as the Lochinvar kennel men had been an hour or so late with his dinner. This was the first phase of famine.

Fear and discomfort had robbed him of hunger throughout the train journey, but now he was safe away from the strangers who had seemed to menace his every move and he had had a few hours of sleep to knit his frayed nerves. He was more than hungry. He was famished. All his nature cried out for food.

Now, never in his brief life had Lochinvar Bobby found his own meals. Never had he so much as caught a mouse or rifled a garbage pail. In sanitary man-made kennel run and hutch had he passed all his time.

Not his had been the human companionship which sharpens a collie's brain as much as does stark need. And he had no experience of food save that which had been served him in a tin dish. He did not know that food grows in any other form or place.

But here was no tin dish heaped with scientifically balanced, if uninspiring, rations. Here was no manner of food at all. Bobby nosed about among the dead leaves and the mold of his new-found den. Nothing was there which his sense of smell recognized as edible. And goaded by the scourge of hunger he ventured out again into the night. The wind had dropped, but the cold had only intensified and a light snow was still sifting down.

Bobby stood and sniffed. Far off, his sensitive nostrils told him, was human habitation. Presumably that meant food was there too. Humans and food in Bobby's experience always went together. The pup followed the command of his scent and trotted dubiously toward the distant man reek.

In another quarter hour the starving pup was sniffing about the locked kitchen door of a farmhouse. Within, he could smell milk and meat and bread. But that was all the good it did him. Timidly he skirted the house for ingress. Almost had he completed the round when a stronger odor smote his senses. It was a smell which of old he would have disregarded. But with the primal impulse of famine other atavistic traits were stirring in the back of his necessity-sharpened brain.

This new scent was not of prepared food, but of hot and living prey. Bobby paused by the unlatched door of the farm chicken coop. Tentatively he scratched at the whitewashed panel. Under the pressure the

door swung inward. Out gushed a pleasant warmth and a monstrously augmented repetition of the whiff which had drawn him to the henhouse.

Just above him, well within reach, perched fifteen or twenty feathery balls of varicolored fluff. And famine did the rest. Acting on some impulse wholly beyond his ken Bobby sprang aloft and drove his white milk teeth deep into the breast of a Plymouth Rock hen.

Instantly his ears were assailed by a most ungodly racket. The quiet hencoop was hideous with eldritch squawks and was alive with feathers. All Bobby's natural fear urged him to drop this flapping and squawking hen and to run for his life, but something infinitely more potent than fear had taken hold upon him. Through his fright surged a sensation of mad rapture. He had set teeth in live prey. Blood was hot in his nostrils. Quivering flesh was twisting and struggling between his tense jaws. For the moment he was a primitive forest beast.

Still gripping his noisy five-pound burden, he galloped out of the hencoop and across the barnyard, heading instinctively for the lair in which he had found a soft bed and safety from human intruders. As he fled he heard a man's bellowing voice. A light showed in an upper window of the house. Bobby ran the faster.

The hen was heavy for so spindling a killer. But Bobby's overshot jaws held firm. He dared not pause to eat his kill until he should be safe away from the shouting man.

Stumbling into his platform den, half dead with hunger and fatigue, the dog sought his bed of leaves. And there he feasted. He feasted, rather than ate,

for never before had he known such a meal. And when the last edible morsel of it was gorged he snuggled happily down in his nest and slept.

Poultry bones are the worst and most dangerous fare for any domesticated dog. Their slivers tear murderously at throat and stomach and intestines, and have claimed their slain victims by the hundred. Yet since the beginning of time wild animals, as foxes and wolves, have fed with impunity on such bones. No naturalist knows just why. And for some reason Bobby was no more the worse for his orgy of crunched chicken bones than a coyote would have been.

He awoke late in the morning. Some newborn sense, in addition to his normal fear, warned him to stay in his den throughout the daylight hours. And he did so, sleeping part of the time and part of the time nosing about amid the flurry of feathers in vain search for some overlooked bone or fragment of meat.

Dusk and hunger drove him forth again. And, as before, he sought the farmstead which had furnished him with so delicious a meal. But as he drew near, the sound of voices from indoors and the passing of an occasional silhouette across the bright window shades of the kitchen warned him of danger. When, as the kitchen light was blown out, he ventured to the chicken coop he found the door too fast-barred to yield to his hardest scratch. And miserably hungry and disappointed he slunk away.

Three farms did Bobby visit that night before he found another with an unlatched henhouse door. There the tragedy of the preceding evening was repeated. And lugging an eight-pound Dominick rooster, Bobby made scramblingly for his mile-distant lair. Behind him again raged sound and fury. The eight-pound

bird with its dangling legs and tail feathers kept tripping up the fleeing dog until, acting again on instinct, Bobby slung the swaying body over his shoulder, fox-fashion, and thus made his way with less discomfort.

By the third night the collie had taken another long step in his journey backward to the wild. When a dog kills a chicken every one within a half mile is likely to be drawn by the sound. When a fox or wolf or coyote kills a chicken the deed is done in dexterous silence, with no squawks or flurry of feathers to tell the story. Nature teaches the killer this secret. And Nature taught it to Bobby; as she has taught it to other gone-wild dogs.

As a result his depredations thereafter left no uproar behind them. Also he learned presently the vulpine art of hoarding—in other words, when safety permitted, to stay on the ground until he had not only slain but eaten one chicken, and then to carry another bird back to his lair for future use. It cut down the peril of over-many trips to neighboring coops.

In time he learned to rely less and less on the close-guarded chickens in the vicinity of his den, and to quarter the farm country for a radius of ten or more miles in search of food. The same queer new instinct taught him infinite craft in keeping away from humans and in covering his tracks. He was doing no more than are thousands of foxes throughout the world. There was no miracle in his new-found deftness as a forager. Nature was merely telling her ancient and simple secrets to a wise little brain no longer too clogged by association with mankind to learn them.

There was a profitable side line to Bobby's chicken hunts. The wilder woods back of Midwestburg abounded in rabbits for such as had the wit to find

them. And Bobby acquired the wit. Incredibly soon he learned the wolf's art of tracking a cottontail and of stalking the prey until such moment as a lightning dash and a blood-streaked swirl in the snow marked the end of the chase. Squirrels, too, and an occasional unwary partridge or smaller bird, were added to the collie's menu. And more than once as he grew older Bobby lugged homeward over his shoulder a twenty-pound lamb from some distant sheepfold.

Nature had played a vilely cruel trick on Lochinvar Bobby by bringing him into the world as the puny and defective runt of a royal litter. She had threatened his life by casting him loose in the winter woods. But at that point Nature seemed to repent of her unkindness to the poor helpless atom of colliehood, for she taught him the closest-guarded secrets of her awful live-on-one-another ritual.

As winter grew soggy at the far approach of spring Bobby found less and less trouble in making a nightly run of thirty miles in search of meals or in carrying back to his lair the heaviest of burdens.

Feasting on raw meat—and plenty of it—living in the open, with the icy cold for his bedfellow, he was taking one of the only two courses left to those who must forage or die. Readily enough he might have dwindled and starved. The chill weather might have snuffed out his gangling life. Instead, the cold and the exposure, and the needful exercise, and the life according to forest nature, and the rich supply of meat that was his for the catching—all these had worked wonders on the spindling runt.

His narrow chest had filled out from much lung work. His shoulders, from the same cause and from incessant night running, had taken on a splendid

breadth. His gawkily shambling body grew rapidly. The overshot puppy jaw was leveling. And as his frame grew it shaped itself along lines of powerful grace, such as Nature gives to the leopard and to the stag. Incessant exposure to the cold had changed his sparse covering of hair to a coat whose thickness and length and texture would have been the wonder of the dog-show world. In brief, his mode of life was achieving for him what all the kennel experts and vets unhung could not have accomplished. It had been a case of kill or cure. Bobby was cured.

After the departure of the snows and the zero nights, and before the leafage made secret progress safe through forest and meadow, Bobby knew a period of leanness. True, he foraged as before, but he did it at far greater risk and with less certainty of results.

For—he could not guess why—the countryside was infested nowadays with armed men; men who carried rifle or shotgun and who not only scoured hill and valley by daylight but lurked outside chicken coops and sheepfolds by night. Of course by day Bobby could avoid them—and he did—by lying close in his den. And at night his amazingly keen sense of smell enabled him to skirt them, out of gun-shot range, as they waited at barn door or at fold gate. But such necessity for caution played havoc with his chances for easily acquired food. And for the most part he had to fall back on rabbit catching or to traveling far afield. This, until the thickening of foliage made his hunting excursions safer from detection by human eye.

There was sufficient reason for all this patrolling of the district. During the past few months word had seeped through the farm country that a wolf was at large in the long-wolfless region; and that he was

slaughtering all manner of livestock, from pullets to newborn calves. No dog, it was argued, could be the killer, for no known dog could slay so silently and cover his tracks with such consummate skill. Nor could a fox carry away a lamb of double its own weight. The marauder must be a wolf. And old-timers raked up yarns of the superhumanly clever exploits of lone wolves, in the days when populous Midwestburg was a trading post.

The county Grange took up the matter and offered a bounty of fifty dollars for the wolf's scalp and ears. It was a slack time on the farms—the period between wood-cutting and early planting. It was a slack time in Midwestburg, too, several mills having shut down for a couple of months.

Thus, farmers and operatives amused themselves by making a try for the fifty dollars and for the honor of potting the superwolf. It was pleasant if profitless sport for the hunters. But it cut down Bobby's rations until farm work and reopening mills called off the quest. Then life went on as before; after a buckshot graze on the hip had taught the collie to beware of spring guns and to know their scent.

So the fat summer drowsed along. And so autumn brought again to the northern air the tang which reddened and then killed the leaves; a tang which started afresh the splendid luxuriance of the tawny coat which Bobby had shed during the first weeks of spring.

Late in December the dog had a narrow escape from death. A farmer, furious at the demise of his best Jersey calf, went gunning afresh for the mysterious wolf. With him he took along a German police dog—this being before the days when that breed was de-Germanized into the title of shepherd dog. This dog

he had borrowed for the hunt, lured by its master's tales of his pet's invincible ferocity.

Man and dog had searched the woods in vain all day, some five miles to north of Bobby's cave. At early dusk they were heading homeward through a rock gulch.

The wind was setting strong from the north. And midway through the gulch the police dog halted, back abristle, growling far down in his throat. The man looked up.

As he did so Bobby topped the cliff which formed the gulch's northerly side. The collie was on his way to a farm in the valley beyond, which he had not visited for so long a time that its occupants might reasonably be supposed to have relaxed some of their unneighborly vigilance. The wind from the north kept him from smelling or seeing the two in the gulley a hundred feet to south of him.

Yet, reaching the summit, Bobby paused, his wonted caution bidding him search the lower grounds for sign of danger before traveling farther by fading daylight in such an exposed position.

It was then that the farmer saw him clearly, for the best part of two seconds, silhouetted against the dying sunset. The man knew little enough of collies, and less of wolves. And his mental vision was set for a wolf. Thus, to the best of his belief a wolf was what he saw. But he saw also something he had not expected to see.

The last rays of the sun glinted on a bit of metal that swung beneath Bobby's shaggy throat, metal that had been worn bright by constant friction with the dog's ruff.

Thanks to the twist of wire which had been fastened

into his hair Bobby had not slipped the leathern collar wherewith Frayne had equipped him. And later his swellingly muscular neck had been large enough to hold it on. From its ring the old license tag still dangled.

Up went the farmer's gun. He fired both barrels. As he pressed the two triggers at once the police dog made a rush for the collie. The farmer chanced to be just in front of his canine companion, and the police dog sought a short cut to reach his foe by diving between the marksman's slightly spread legs. The two gun barrels were fired straight upward into the sky; and the tripped-up hunter sat down with extreme suddenness on a pointed jut of rock.

By the time he could focus his maddened gaze on the hillock again Bobby had vanished. The police dog was charging over the summit at express-train speed. The farmer shook an impotent fist after the disappearing spoiler of his aim.

"I hope he licks the life out of you if you ever catch up with him, you bunglin' fool!" he bellowed.

His wish came true. Next day, in a hollow a mile farther on, the body of the police dog was found, a score of slashes on his grayish hide and one through his jugular. No police dog ever lived who could catch up with a galloping collie that did not want to be caught. Bobby had varied a career of profit with a moment or two of real pleasure.

Two days later, in the Midwestburg *Herald,* Jamie Mackellar read the account of this fragmentary drama. He scanned it with no deep interest. Tales of the wolf had grown stale to *Herald* readers. But suddenly his attention focused itself on the line: "Mr. Gierson de-

clares that a disk of metal was suspended from the throat of the brute."

Jamie laid down the paper and went into executive session with his own inner consciousness. A disk of metal suspended from the throat of an animal means but one thing: It is a license tag. Never has such a tag been fastened to a wolf. Back into Mackellar's memory came the picture of a poor shivering waif from whose meager and almost naked throat hung a huge collar; a collar affixed by wire which was wound into such sparse strands of hair as could be made to support it.

On the morning after the next snowfall Jamie took a day off. Carrying only a collar and chain and a muzzle, he fared forth into the woods. All day he hunted. He found nothing.

A week later came another snowfall in the night. Next morning Mackellar set forth again, this time letting his little son Donald come along, for he had told his family the far-fetched suspicion that had dawned upon him, and Donald had clamored to join the hunt.

On his first search Jamie had quartered the country to west of the ridge. To-day he climbed the rocks and made his way into the rolling land below. Skirting Blake's Woods he was moving on toward the farms when in the fresh snow he came upon the tracks he sought. For an hour he followed them. Apparently they led nowhere. At least they doubled twice upon themselves and then vanished on a long outcrop of snowless rock which stretched back into Blake's Woods.

Tiring of this fruitless way of spending the morning Donald strayed from his father. Into the woods he wandered. And presently he sighted the dancing plat-

form amid its tangle of dead weeds. Running over to it, the boy climbed thereon. Then striking an attitude, he began to harangue an invisible audience from the platform edge, after the manner of a cart-tail political orator he had observed with emulous delight.

"My friends!" he shrilled, from memory, "our anc'st'rs fit fer the lib'ty we enjoy! Are we goin' to— Ouch! Hey, Daddy!"

One rhetorically stamping little foot had smashed through the rotten boarding. Nor could Donald draw it out. At the yell of fright Jamie came running. But a few yards from his son Mackellar slid to a stop. His eyes were fixed on an opening just below the boy's imprisoned foot, an opening from which the passage of Donald's advancing body had cleared aside some of the tangled weeds. From the tip of a ragged lath at the edge of this aperture fluttered a tuft of tawny hair.

Pulling Donald free Mackellar got down on all fours and peeped into the space beneath the platform. For a few seconds he could see nothing, then as his eyes accustomed themselves to the dimness he descried two greenish points of light turned toward him from the farthest corner of the lair.

"Bobby?" called the man doubtfully.

The cornered dog heard the name. It roused vague half memories. The memories were not pleasant, though the voice had in it a friendliness that stirred the dog strangely. Bobby crouched the closer to earth and his lips writhed back from murderous white teeth. The man called again in the same friendly, coaxing voice. Then he began to crawl forward a foot or so. Behind him the excited boy was blocking the only way out of the den.

The Lochinvar Bobby of ten months ago would have

cowered whimperingly in his corner, waiting for capture. He might even have pleaded for mercy by rolling over on his back. The Lochinvar Bobby of to-day was quite another creature. He laid out his plan of campaign, and then in the wink of an eye he carried it into effect.

With a rabid snarl he charged the advancing man. As Jamie braced himself to fend off the ravening jaws the dog veered sharply to one side and dashed for the opening. Instinct told him the boy would be easier to break past than the man.

But it was not Jamie Mackellar's first experience with fighting or playing dogs. As Bobby veered, Jamie slewed his own prostrate body to the same side and made a grab for the fast-moving collie. His fingers closed and tightened around Bobby's left hind leg just below the hock.

With a snarl Bobby wheeled and drove his jaws at the captor's wrist in a slash which might well have severed an artery. But expecting just such a move, Jamie was ready with his free hand. Its fingers buried themselves in the avalanche of fur to one side of Bobby's throat. The slashing eyeteeth barely grazed the pinioning wrist. And Bobby thrashed furiously from side to side to free himself and to rend his enemy. Mackellar's expert hands found grips to either side of the whirling jaws, and he held on. Bit by bit, bracing himself with all his wiry strength, he backed out, dragging the frantic beast behind him.

Five minutes later, at the expense of a few half-averted bites, he had the muzzle tight bound in place and was leading the exhausted and foaming collie toward Midwestburg. Bobby held back, he flung him-

self against the chain, he fought with futile madness against the gentle skill of his master.

Then shuddering all over he gave up the fight. Head and tail adroop, he suffered himself to be led to prison.

"It's Lochinvar Bobby, all right!" the wondering Jamie was saying to his son in intervals of lavishing kindly talk and pats on the luckless dog. "The collar and tag prove that. But if it wasn't for them I'd swear it couldn't be the same. It's—it's enough to take a body's breath away, Don! I've followed the dog game from the time I was born, but I never set eyes on such a collie in all my days. Just run your hand through that coat! Was there ever another like it? And did you ever see such bone and head? He's— Lord, to think how he looked when that Frayne crook sawed him off on me! It's a miracle he lived through the winter. I never heard of but one other case like this. And that happened up in Toronto if I remember right.

"Now, listen, sonny: I'm not honing to be sued for damages by every farmer in the county. So let 'em keep on looking for their wolf. This is a dog I bought last year. He's been away in the country till now. That's the truth. And the rest is nobody's business. But—but if it keeps me awake for a week to figger it out I'm going to hit on some way to let Mr. Lucius Frayne, Esquire, see he hasn't stung me so hard as he thought he did!"

For two days Bobby refused to eat or drink. In the stout inclosure built for him in Mackellar's back yard he stood, head and tail adroop, every now and then shivering as if with ague. Then, little by little, Jamie's skilled attentions did their work. The wondrous lure of human kindness and of human fellowship, the joy of cooked food, and the sense of security against harm,

and, above all, a collie's ancestral love for the one man he chooses to be his god—these wrought their work.

In less than a fortnight Bobby was once more a collie. The spirit of the wild beast had departed from him and he took his rightful place as the chum of the soft-voiced little Scot he was learning to worship. Yes, and he was happy, happier than ever before; happy with a new and strangely sweet contentment. He had come into a collie's rightful heritage.

The Westminster Kennel Club's annual dog show at Madison Square Garden, in New York, is the foremost canine classic of America and, in late years, of the whole world. A month before that year's Westminster Show, Lucius Frayne received a letter which made the wontedly saturnine sportsman laugh till the tears spattered down his nose. The joke was too good to keep to himself. So he shouted for Roke, and bade the kennel man share the bliss of it with him.

He read aloud, cracklingly, to the listening Roke:

MR. LUCIUS FRAYNE,

My dear Sir: Last year, out to the Midwestburg show, here, you sold me a fine puppy of your Champion Lochinvar King. And as soon as I could raise the price you sent him on here to me. I would of written to you when I got him, to thank you and to say how pleased I was with him and how all my friends praised him. But I figured you're a busy man and you haven't got any waste time to spend in reading letters about how good your dogs are, because you know it already; and so I didn't write to you. But I am writing to you now, because this is business.

You know what a grand pup Bobby was when you sent him to me? Well, to my way of thinking, he has developed even better than he gave promise to. And some of my friends say the same. To my way of thinking, he is the

grandest collie in North America or anywhere else to-day. He is sure one grand dog. He turned out every bit as good as you said he would. He's better now than he was at five months.

I want to thank you for letting me have such a dog, Mr. Frayne. Just as you said, he is champion timber. Now this brings me to the business I spoke about.

Granther used to tell me how the gentry on the other side would bet with each other on their dogs at the shows. Six months ago my Aunt Marjorie died and she willed me $900. It is in bank waiting for a good investment for it. Now here is an investment that seems to me a mighty safe one, knowing Bobby as I do. A fine sporting investment. And I hope it may please you as well. I am entering Bobby for Westminster. I read in Dog News that you are expecting to enter Champion Lochinvar King there, with others of your string. So here is my proposition:

I propose you enter King for Open, Sable-and-White and Open, Any Color, these being the only regular classes a sable champion is eligible for. I will enter Bobby in the same classes, instead of Novice as I was going to. And I will wager you $600, even, that the judge will place Bobby above King. I am making this offer, knowing how fine King is, but thinking my dog is even better. For Bobby has really improved since a pup. My wife thinks so too.

If this offer pleases you, will you deposit a certified check for $600 with the editor of Dog News? He is a square man, as every one knows; and he will see fair play; he has promised me he will hold the stakes. I am ready to deposit my check for $600 at once. I would like to bet the whole $900, knowing it a safe investment, knowing Bobby like I do. But my wife doesn't want me to bet it at all, and so we are compromising on it.

Please let me hear from you on this, Mr. Frayne. And I thank you again for how you treated me as regards Bobby. I hope to repay you, at Westminster, by letting you see him for yourself.

Your ob't servant,

JAMES A. MACKELLAR.

Yes, it was a long letter. Yet Frayne skipped no word of it. And Roke listened as to heavenly music.

"Talk about Lochinvar luck!" chortled Frayne as he finished. "The worst pup we ever bred; and we sold him for one-fifty. And now he is due to fetch us another six hundred in dividends. He—"

"You're going to cover his bet?" queried Roke. "Good! I was afraid maybe you'd feel kind of sorry for the poor cuss, and—"

"Unless I break both wrists in the next hour," announced Frayne, "that certified check will start for the *Dog News* office by noon. It's the same old wheeze: A dub has picked up a smattering of dog talk; he thinks he knows it all. He buys a bum pup with a thundering pedigree. The pedigree makes him think the pup is a humdinger. He brags about it to his folks. They think anything that costs so much must be the best ever, no matter how it looks. And he gets to believing he's got a world beater. Then—"

"But, boss," put in Roke with happy unction, "just shut your eyes and try to remember how the poor mutt looked! And the boob says he's 'even better than he gave promise to be.' Do you get that? Yet you hear a lot about Scotchmen being shrewd! Gee, but I wish you'd let me have a slice of that $600 bet! I'd—"

"No," said Frayne judicially. "That's my own meat. It was caught in my trap. But I tell you what you can do: Wait till I send my check and till it's covered, and then write to Mackellar and ask him if he's willing to bet another $150, on the side, with you. From the way he sounds, you ought to have it easy in getting him to make the side bet. He needn't tell his wife. Try it anyhow, if you like."

Roke tried it. And after ridiculously small objection

on Jamie's part the side bet was recorded and its checks were posted with the editor of *Dog News*. Once more Lucius Frayne and his faithful kennel man shook hands in perfect happiness.

To the topmost steel rafters, where the gray February shadows hung, old Madison Square Garden echoed and reverberated with the multikeyed barks of some two thousand dogs. The four-day show had been opened at ten o'clock of a slushy Wednesday morning. And as usual the collies were to be judged on the first day.

Promptly at eleven o'clock the clean-cut little collie judge followed his steward into the ring, and the leather-lunged runner passed down the double ranks of collie benches, bawling the numbers for the Male Puppy Class.

The judge had a reputation for quickness as well as for accuracy and honesty in judging. The Open classes, thus, were certain to come up for verdict within an hour at most.

Seven benches had been thrown into one for the Frayne dogs. At its back ran a strip of red silk, lettered in silver: LOCHINVAR COLLIE KENNELS. Seven high-quality dogs lay or sat in this space de luxe. In the center—his name on a bronze plate above his head—reclined Lochinvar King.

In full majesty of conscious perfection he lay there, magnificent as a Numidian lion, the target for all eyes. Conditioned and groomed to the minute, he stood out from his high-class kennel mates like a swan among cygnets.

Frayne more than once in the show's first hour or so left his much-admired benches for a glance at a near-by

unoccupied space, numbered 568. Here, according to the catalogue, should be benched Lochinvar Bobby. But Bobby was nowhere to be seen.

Congratulating himself on his own craft in having inserted a forfeit clause in the bet agreement, Frayne was none the less disappointed that the fifth-rate mutt had not shown up.

He longed for a chance to hear the titter of the rail-birds when the out-at-elbow, gangling, semihairless little nondescript should shamble into the ring. And Bobby's presence would add zest to his own oft-told tale of the wager.

According to American Kennel Club rules a dog must be on its bench from the moment the exhibition opens until the close, excepting only when it is in the ring or at stated exercise periods. That rule until recently has been most flagrantly disregarded by many exhibitors. In view of this Frayne made a trip to the exercise room and then through the dim-lit stalls under the main floor.

As he came back from a fruitless search for Bobby or for Mackellar he passed the collie ring. Limit; Dogs, was chalked on the blackboard. Two classes more—Open, Merle, and Open, Tricolor—and King must enter the ring for Open, Sable, and Sable-and-White. Frayne hurried to the Lochinvar benches, where Roke and another kennel man were fast at work putting finishing touches to King's toilet.

The great dog was on his feet, tense and eager for the coming clash. Close behind the unseeing Roke, and studying King with grave admiration, stood Jamie Mackellar.

"Hello there!" boomed Frayne with loud cordiality, bearing down upon the little man. "Get cold feet?

I see your dog's absent. Remember, you forfeit by absence."

"Yes, sir," said Jamie with meekness, taking off his hat to the renowned sportsman, and too confused in fumbling with its wabbly brim to see the hand which Frayne held out to him. "Yes, sir. I remember the forfeit clause, sir. I'm not forfeiting. Bobby is here."

"Here? Where? I looked all over the—"

"I hired one of the cubby-hole rooms upstairs, sir, to keep him in nights while he's here. And I haven't brought him down to his bench yet. You see, he—he ain't seen many strangers. And you remember, maybe, that he used to be just a little shy. So I'm keeping him there till it is time to show him. My boy, Don, is up, now, getting him ready. They'll be down presently, sir. I think you'll be real pleased with how Bobby looks."

"I'm counting on a heap of pleasure," was Frayne's cryptic reply as he turned away to mask a grin of utter joy.

Five gray dogs were coming down the aisle to their benches. The Merle Class had been judged and the Tricolors were in the ring. There were but four of these.

In another handful of minutes the Open, Sable, Class was called. It was the strongest class of the day, and it contained no less than three champions in addition to four less famous dogs, like Bobby; seven entries in all.

Six of these dogs were marched into the ring. The judge looked at the steward for the all-here signal. As he did so the seventh entrant made his way past the gate crowd and was piloted into the ring by a small and cheaply clad man.

While the attendant was slipping the number board on Mackellar's arm Lucius Frayne's eyes fell upon Lochinvar Bobby. So did those of the impatient judge and of ninety out of every hundred of the railbirds.

Through the close-packed ranks of on-lookers ran a queer little wordless mutter—the most instinctive and therefore the highest praise that can be accorded.

Alertly calm of nerve, heedless of his surroundings so long as his worshiped god was crooning reassurances to him, Bobby stood at Mackellar's side. His incredible coat was burnished like old bronze. His head was calmly erect, his mighty frame steady. His eyes, with their true eagle look, surveyed the staring throng.

Never before in all the Westminster Club's forty-odd shows had such a collie been led into the ring. Eugenic breeding, wise rationing and tireless human care had gone to the perfecting of other dogs. But Mother Nature herself had made Lochinvar Bobby what he was. She had fed him bountifully upon the all-strengthening ration of the primal beast; and she had given him the exercise-born appetite to eat and profit by it. Her pitiless winter winds had combed and winnowed his coat as could no mortal hand, giving it thickness and length and richness beyond belief. And she had molded his growing young body into the peerless model of the wild.

Then, because he had the loyal heart of a collie and not the incurable savagery of the wolf, she had awakened his soul and made him bask rapturously in the friendship of a true dog man. The combination was unmatchable.

"Walk your dogs, please," mumbled the judge, coming out of his daze.

Before the end of the first turn of the ring he had

motioned Frayne and Mackellar to take their dogs into one corner. Then he proceeded to study the five others, awarding to two of them the yellow third-prize ribbon and the white reserve, and then ordering the quintet from the ring. After which he beckoned Bobby and King to the judging block.

In the interim Frayne had been staring goggle-eyed at the Midwestburg collie. He tried to speak but he could not. A hundred thoughts were racing dumbly in his bemused brain. He stood agape, foolish of face. Jamie Mackellar was pleasantly talkative.

"A grand class, this," he confided to his voiceless comrade. "But, first crack, the judge had the eye to single out our two as so much the best that he won't size 'em up with the others. How do you like Bobby, sir? Is he very bad? Don't you think, maybe, he's picked up just a trifle since you shipped him to me? He's no worse, anyhow, than he was then.

"This is the last time I'll ever show him. The first time and the last, Mr. Frayne," he continued, a rasping note coming into his timid voice. "The cash I'm due to collect from you and Mr. Roke will make enough, with the legacy and what I've saved, to start me in business with a truck of my own. Bobby and I are going into partnership. And we're going to clean up. Bobby is putting seven hundred and fifty dollars and to-day's cash prizes into the firm. He and I are getting out of the show end of collie breeding. The more we see of some of you professionals the better we like cesspools. If dogs weren't the grandest animals the good Lord ever put on earth, a few of the folks who exploit them would have killed the dog game long ago. It— The judge is beckoning for us!"

Side by side the two glorious collies advanced to the

judging block. Side by side at their handlers' gestures they mounted it. And again from the railbirds arose that queer wordless hum. Sire and son, shoulder to shoulder, faced the judge.

And for the first time in his unbroken career of conquest Lochinvar King looked almost shabby beside the wondrous young giant he had sired. His every good point—and he had no others—was bettered by Bobby.

As a matter of form the judge went over both dogs with meticulous care; testing coat texture, spring of ribs, soundness of bone, carriage, facial expression, and the myriad other details which go into the judging of a show dog. Long he faced them, crouching low and staring into their deep-set eyes; marking the set and carriage of the tulip ears; comparing point with point; as becomes a man who is about to give victory to an unknown over a hitherto invincible.

Then with a jerk of his head he summoned the steward with the judging book and ribbons. And amid a spontaneous rattle of applause Jamie Mackellar led his splendid dog to the far end of the ring with one hand while in the fingers of the other fluttered a strip of dark-blue ribbon.

Back came both collies for the Open, Any Color Class, and the verdict was repeated; as in the supreme Winners' Class which followed. Winners' Class carried with its rosette a guerdon of five points toward Bobby's championship.

Then followed the rich harvest of cash specials in the collie division, and for the next three days the even fatter gleanings from among the scores of variety classes. These last awards ranged from five dollars to twenty-five dollars apiece; apart from a valiseful

of silver cups and like trophies which are more beautiful than pawnable.

On Saturday, Jamie Mackellar and Bobby took the midnight train for Midwestburg, richer by almost nine hundred dollars for their New York sojourn.

Rolling sweetly around in Jamie's memory was a brief talk he had had with Roke an hour before the close of the show. Sent as emissary by Frayne the kennel man had offered Mackellar a flat two thousand dollars for the sensational young prize winner.

"We're not parting company, Bobby and I," Jamie had made civil answer. "Thanking you and your boss just as much. But tell Mr. Frayne if ever I breed a pup as good as Bobby was when he came to me he can have it for an even hundred and fifty. I wouldn't want such a fine chap to think I'm not just as clean a sportsman as what he is!"

DAMSEL

BY

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

THE influences that shaped the earlier years of Will Comfort's life are detailed in the first part of his autobiography, "Midstream." When the volume dealing with his later years is published, those pages which relate to a charming little pup, Merv, will be of marked interest. It was Merv who caused "Damsel."

DAMSEL [1]

THERE was a lateral mark of white scurf across the stones at the mouth of the cave, but the she-wolf didn't get a sign of warning from that. Her den was in the bank, just above an Indian stream-bed, which was dry for the most part of the year. The line of white was the high-water mark of a season long past, but the she-wolf had safely delivered three litters, and now a fourth in this place, and the water had not risen alarmingly high in her time.

Seven little bullet-headed whelps—different from any others ever born, in the beginning—but their difference had faded out of her eyes since. The dull anger of the weaning time had begun. All a hot and feverish rush for weeks—feeding herself to feed them; little bodies driving at her continually in the lair; thirst like a hot wind, hunger with its haunting pictures that lifted her to her haunches, even in moments of sleep; the needs of the litter pressing upon her like a steady glare of eyes night and day. No wonder the difference faded out, like everything else in the fight to live.

Her red, angry heart knew little else than fear and hunger and rage. Everything was heightened to a madness when the whelps were in the lair. In the drive she felt behind her from their need, she could whip back a tiger or charge an elephant.

At certain times of drought there were only a few active springs in her hunting ground, but there was

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always water in the land at the time of year when the mother business was at its height. Lucky for other thirsty creatures, for the she-wolf would have killed even man, when the pups were calling and thirst raged high. Fierce, lank, an ugly fighter, she ran her ways alone, a nameless curse upon her in the sight of all pack-wolves.

It was raining now. It had rained all night; all of yesterday. The she-wolf approached the lair in the dawn, even the oil of her inner coat washed out by the pouring showers. A rush of high-water was in the river-beds. She leaped across to the lair-mouth from stone to stone, with a torn.quarter of goat's flesh in her jaws. Her fangs showed as she looked in. A muffled whine woke the seven—then the scramble. She felt huge in the din as they banged and whacked about her legs—seven screaming little pipes finding their way.

She watched them now through a sort of dim, red haze. Soiled, starved, sharp-toothed spawn—she watched and cleaned them as they drank.

Two of the seven, she always saw more clearly—one under her shoulder now, like a part of herself, the first cry of the litter; the second, a dog-pup that drove at her the hardest. She felt more alive in these two than in the others, as she felt more alive in the paws and muzzle than elsewhere. She flopped them over with her nose to comb them better, and watched their hind legs—where they showed their growth best—so scrawny, like wilted leaves at first.

The rain kept thundering down. Always as she napped that day, the dash of water by the cave-mouth throbbed in the stones under her ear. The scent of the goat of last night's kill hung on in her muzzle, but her sides were gaunt again at midday. She arose and

went to the remains of the quarter, nipping the whelps back. She had to draw blood on the second dog-pup to teach him the new manners of weaning-time. Now the lot was fighting it out among the bones and tendons; First Cry, as usual, making her way to the best meat. Part of herself, that gray, short-haired piece.

At nightfall she let the whelps drink her dry, for the sake of her own light running. Only a few of the bigger stones showed in the river-bed. Across these she leaped to the far bank, gliding into the tangle; then she dropped to her haunches to listen. Nothing to hear at first but the sluicing downpour, and this was the third full day. But gradually, as if a set of finer senses opened, the joy came up through her pads out of the drinking earth. Under the pounding of the rain, she could hear the soft avid roar of the jungle itself, and another tone from the myriad leaves, the stir of juice in every stem and twig and swelling bud. Only once a year was this heard, and then only in a dense thicket, when she sat quite still, for it took a myriad leaves to make the most plaintive note.

Her head and neck lifted to one vertical line; her muzzle opened to form a rim for a tube that stretched straight to the base of her throat—but the howl was checked. It would start the stomachs of the pups across the stream; she would have to go back to silence them. Yet in the stillness, she was glad with the earth.

And this was the night she killed the sambar fawn—rich feed of warm, young meat, salty sweet.

The next day she napped again in the maddening drum of the torrent at the cave's mouth, and that night looked out upon a fleeing river, flecked with [illegible] Still it rained. Bending down, she touched the

brown water with her nose. She hated the white spots, like eyes growing blind. In the cavern, hours afterward, through the roar of the waters, her ears pricked at a low different sound—the sound of trickling—here in the very den. She ran to the cave-mouth hissing at the invader, a tiny overflow from the risen stream, now pouring in.

The whelps had followed. They were staggering sleepily around her legs. They caught her fear, of course, but here was a novelty, too, and they began to lap and puddle on the stones.

Their play angered the she-wolf. With the sound of a stinging spank, her cutting jaws snapped in their midst. No two ways about that sound. It curled in their tails like bent irons; their hind toes stepped on their front heels as they hunted the dark, and all the world was grief.

Dilemma. The she-wolf studied the in-pouring stream. It thickened as she watched. The night outside could not cover the torrent from her eyes. She turned to the dark of the cave and saw the little low row of eyes studding the extreme back wall of the den.

The red went out of her own eyes—the muddy red of rage and fear, paling to a greenish-yellow. Now she knew the drive of that force which wrought for them! As clearly as if she had seen the seven already stretched white and strangled by the water, she knew that her way was to get them out—across—now.

Her body lowered, a curious whimper pressing out from the pit of her throat. They started, stopped. She sounded the call again. First Cry came on; the others followed. She nosed them one by one to the very edge of the stone ledge, the whimper in her throat incessant. There she massed the seven, flattened out

like so many frogs, their thin legs clawing at the wet stone—then with a sweep of her muzzle, she butted the whole litter off into the torrent and followed in.

An awesome stillness about that daybreak, for the rains had ceased; the drip of leaves and rocks only a restless undertone. Sprawled and shivering, two of the whelps lay in a dense thicket on the far side of the bank from the cave-mouth. This pair had made the crossing easily—the current pressing them against the flanks of the she-wolf as she swam. The two waited now, keeping quiet as they could, for the mother was away. She had been back and forth all night. Her spell of silence was upon them, but a whimper broke from one or the other occasionally—everything cold and changed, a wet windy fearsome largeness and coldness over everything.

They heard her signal from far down stream; finally she appeared, nosing forward a draggled gasping little dog-pup that could only walk a few steps, then had to be pushed.

Three out of seven.

The she-wolf sat upon her haunches. She was gaunt and spent, but she let them feed. Three out of seven. She did not work with numbers, but there was a dark pit of need and want in her, beside the need of food—an unfulfillment.

The sun came out; the three yelped with the brimming-in of life and warmth once more in the fragrant steam, but the she-wolf whimpered still in the ache of darkness. First Cry was not here. A part of herself—that gray, short-haired piece.

Young Mr. Peter Bushmills was valuable to his family, to judge by the size of his income which came from

Bristol, England. The value, however, hinged on the point that Mr. Peter remain in central India. His income was collectable, in fact, at but one bank in all this habitable globe; at the Asiatic Trades Bank, namely, in the big Burphalese town of Palazar, on the seventeenth day of each month—not otherwise, nor elsewhere.

If Mr. Peter were not present in person in the halls of the Asiatic Trades before noon, there was nothing to be had from the establishment but a series of sorry smiles, for that month at least. It was irksome, but Mr. Peter tried to keep this appointment, and all Palazar, on both sides of the river, made it a point to help him keep it, since the young gentleman's *chits*, which are small signed papers signifying purchase or credit, were scattered like confetti over the riper parts of the town at the end of each thirty days. It was generously whispered that Mr. Peter was trying to kill himself, but he did not cherish the gossip.

There was a night of thundering rain in which the remittance man tarried at the Ramadan Club on the south side of the river, insisting that there be light, before he set out for his lodgings on the north side; and Gundappa, his priceless native manservant, tarried for many hours, ranging anywhere between the boat on the river bank and the club piazza, until his master came forth feelingly among the pillars, saying:

"And lo, there was light—"

"True, Sahib," said Gundappa, conducting him to the swollen and complaining river.

"Let there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to embark," observed Mr. Bushmills at the edge.

"None whatever, Sahib," said Gundappa gently, as

he directed one of the young man's groping legs over the gunwale.

Gundappa rowed while Mr. Bushmills, in the cushioned aft, mourned that there was no privacy in his life, whatsoever; but in midstream, he raised his hand for the rowing to cease, exclaiming suddenly that he heard the voices of angels calling.

"Not angels, but a small animal, Sahib," said Gundappa, his eye directed toward a clump of branches floating down. From this clump came feeble yelps and cries. Deftly the manservant turned the boat, so that the branches would brush by, and presently drew forth a wriggling mass of fur, dropping it hastily at his feet.

"See, what the monsoon has washed down from the Dongre Hills! A wolf cub, Sahib, and see—we were none too soon, for he did not come alone!"

It was like a bit of ancient cedar bark that Mr. Bushmills spied, following his servant's hand over side—only the bark jerked under, with a flick and a gleam of whitish-brown beneath.

"The mugger was following, Sahib—"

"Not so fast, I say, old mate, not so fast! Let a chap have a better look, wouldn't you?" young Mr. Peter's words directed at the spot where the crocodile sank.

Now Gundappa warned: "I would not stand up in the boat, Sahib. The wolf cub would have been but a mouthful."

Mr. Peter continued not only to stand but to rock, complaining that the whole thing might have been staged better—"not so fast, you know." Finally he sank down, turning his attention to the whelp at Gun-

dappa's feet, taking out his glasses and putting them on. The cub was quiet now, having ceased to gasp and sputter, its nose pressed against the planking. Even as they watched, the thick little head lopped to the side in that curiously familiar way of birds and beasts as the starch goes out of the spine.

"Short hair, square head—and this a wolf-cub, you say, Gundappa?" the young Englishman inquired in absorbed tone.

"Little it matters, Sahib. Such as it is, the creature is dying—"

Mr. Peter squirmed forward out of the cushions, an altogether new gleam in his eyes.

"Untoward word—dying! Wouldn't use it, y'know—no sense, y'know." He pulled the cub to him by the tail, plucked it up in his hands.

"Full of water—that's all the matter. Ugly word—dying, no such thing, Gundappa. And mugger—such an expression! Tell me, is it American?"

Meanwhile Mr. Peter began to knead and stretch, as if the strangling whelp were an accordion come to hand.

"Full of water, the little beggar," Mr. Peter mused on. "Insides flooded—a bit at sea, y'know. Can't function, that's all the matter—"

At the same time, he stretched and wrung and kneaded, focalizing his gaze more intently.

"Little damsel, too," he muttered presently. "Wolf or dog, whatever—but a little damsel, anyway. Good Lord, I wish Brother Harry were here!"

"Your brother, the rector of England, Sahib?" with great respect.

"Rector, but fancier, too, Gundappa—in holy orders, but doggy, very doggy, Brother Harry. Beastly tem-

per, like all the Bushmills, but good to consult, y'know."

"See, Sahib, he is coming to life!"

"Not he—a *damsel*, Gundappa! Part wolf, perhaps, but a piece of Dane dog, or I never saw myself in the eye of a Dane—"

"*Dam-sel* is coming to life, Sahib!"

"Of course—little sluicing, that's all—little warming in the hand. Ha, ha—quite good 'a damsel came to Peter'—very good, indeed—"

"Is that not a quotation from your Holy Scriptures, Sahib?" Gundappa was mission-trained.

"Bless me, now, p'raps it is, but I thought it Lord Byron!"

In his lodgings that day, young Mr. Peter Bushmills thrust his hand from time to time into a deep wicker chest covered with white cloths, soft and warm. He did not care to look, gaining adequate intelligence, apparently, from the touch of his hand. And Gundappa, priceless manservant, had unearthed a story, almost a tradition, in fact, to fit the coming of the half-drowned whelp of doubtful lineage.

"Never with these eyes, Sahib, have I seen the great dog called the 'Pariah,' as I walked among the Hookinala Bazaars—"

"What's this talk, Gundappa?" Mr. Bushmills questioned idly, one hand in the basket.

"A great blue-gray dog, Sahib—a hunting dog, lost in the tree jungle while engaged in the pursuit of the chase, and forsaken at last by his master—"

"A great Dane dog, Gundappa?" Peter Bushmills asked his manservant.

"Yes, Sahib—a hunting Dane, running wild as the wolves and foxes of the tree jungle, holding his own in

the midst of them, not running with the packs, but by his lordly self alone—"

"Leaving the mark of his line in the jungle, no doubt," Mr. Peter remarked.

"Even upon this little one, for it is common talk no less, among the charcoal burners, that a stray she-wolf with the blood of the 'Pariah' in her veins, is often seen in the tree jungle within a day's journey of Palazar—an outcast, this she-wolf, from the packs of the Dongre Hills, running alone and bringing forth her kind among the rocks—"

Mr. Peter shivered. "'Outcast,'" he repeated, "a somber word, Gundappa. 'Outcast,' 'pariah' and the like—no such things, really, my good man. No one is really cast out by his kind, y'know—"

"Ah, yes, Sahib, for to the pack-wolves a curse is upon the lone she-wolf, as it would be upon this little one, for the pack tolerate none but its own kind."

Mr. Peter laughingly jerked his hand from under the white cloths of the wicker chest, and Gundappa ran for lint and antiseptic, since the thumb of his master was bleeding.

"Yes, she is going to live. And I say, Gundappa, little Damsel shall have her place in the closet adjoining the library, a hole cut out in the door, for her to come in and out. But the wicker chest will do for the nonce, my man."

It had seemed to little First Cry that whirling in cold water had begun to go on forever, but that was not so incredible a thing as that she was alone. No help—none to answer the call. Sleep and blackness, but she was not allowed to stay in that. She had to be stretched and pounded and torn out of the easy black sleep a thousand times. After that she was covered in

folds as hot and stifling as the water was cold, and there were no smooth cool rocks, and the one that never failed before did not come, but a frightful hairless thing burrowed in to her, closed upon her, gave off everything she was afraid of in one breath.

Then there was a dry stick in her mouth and by pulling to get away, a drop of sickening food came; there was other food, all dry and changed, with acrid smoke in it—and no cool rocks, and no entrance of her who smelled of the fresh night. . . .

The dull-voiced black man who droned and droned in one tone, brought water and food; he changed around her bed, so she had to fix it over every day. He was not important to hate or otherwise, but the *one* who would not keep his distance, who poked at her at all times, plucked her to his arms, his real eyes showing enlarged and fearsome, behind outer eyes which could be put on and off—he stirred her as nothing else.

The hand would never learn its lesson. She had bitten it more than once at first, and lay for hours afterward expecting death in most awful forms. Death did not come; but the hand came again. She would lock her jaws, rise and draw back at its approach, frantically whimpering for it not to come too near, for she could not be sure of herself; but the hand would come. There was that in her which wanted to tear it to pieces, and that beside which could never get enough. After the first moment, it grew easier and easier to let the hand stay—then the fear began all over again. This fear, however, was not of its coming, but that it would go.

It was very difficult to know what she would be punished for, and what she would not; experiment was

required and much practice. She stripped the bare heel of the *kitmutgar's* helper, when he came upon her suddenly and without ceremony, and no whipping for that, but for singing in the night, blows fell.

Sometimes at night she would listen for his coming, every tendon stretched. Life seemed to go out of her, as the steps would pass in the road, and dwindle away. One could not be sure of his step, for it was not twice the same. Nor his sound. And once he was brought in as fresh meat is carried in the arms of Gundappa and another. From the end of her leash by the door, she saw his mouth move, and the whole house was sweetish with that smell which was full of the stuff of fears.

"Damsel," she heard the word, sleeping and waking. . . .

"Dam-sel—" the black man said it also, looking at her.

She would walk at her master's heels with ever-increasing hatred for the crowded smells of the man-town, to the very edge, where all things of men ended and trees and leafy tangles began. The wind blowing down with fresh earth and light changed her all over—a myriad prickles racing along her spine—a new creature, with windy-slitted eyes. She longed for the freshness, for the open, like a deep and intolerable thirst, but she would hear the shaky sounds of his laughter then, and feel his hand close tighter upon the leather butt of the leash.

It wasn't that she couldn't have escaped. At times she was free entirely when they changed collars to take her out; it was the *hand* and the way he said "Damsel"—the word that had meant her all the time. She grew to know her name at last among all other

sounds, sleeping or waking, and this, long before she became fixed in the fulness of her great growth.

Finally the night—the very stillest core of the night—as she lay with pads scraping dry upon the dead-dry boards of the floor—when a deep baying cry came challenging in through the open window. It seemed to be meant for her.

New fear had come to her this day. She arose from the library floor and crawled into the closet—the hole in the door was very small for her now—and lay jowl down on the bare boards. She heard the steps of the man—movements that meant his going out. She heard the sound of his voice also; and she was afraid, not for herself, but for him.

"Damsel . . . Damsel—" There were other words of his between.

The fog did not clear about her eyes as she crawled out to the end of her chain. There was that in his voice which heightened her fear and the sweetish sickness was in the room.

"Damsel—"

Hot wind blew in through the open window and Gundappa came with collar and leash and whip. The skin of her shoulder tightened at the crest, lifting the hair. She could not help that, nor the hiss in her throat that lifted her lips.

But these things *he* saw, and took the whip from Gundappa's hand and brought the butt of it down upon the thick of her ruff at the collar. That did not hurt, but it made her afraid—not for herself, but for him; and the fog thickened about her eyes. The light through the window was dead-white, and the hot wind came fanning in.

Now the hands of Gundappa were upon her neck to

change the collar of the chain to the collar of the leash. She felt the nervous jerk of his fingers. . . . Then through the open window, from the road below, came the bark and bellow of fighting dogs. Very easily she drew back out of Gundappa's hands, neck free, neither chain nor leash between her and the manservant, whose hands moved helplessly toward her, holding the collar open. Easily, she drew away.

Then *his* voice—to her—and the stroke of his voice was as the stroke of a whip, but again she slipped easily out of Gundappa's hands.

The whip fell, and she was afraid, not for herself, but for him. And she saw his mouth move, as on that night when he was carried in, as meat is carried.

The whip fell. She knew it was his will for her to go into the closet, but she could not turn and crawl through the tight, low door, for that would leave her body open to the blows of the whip. Closer and more frightful his voice and his face; and now as she drew back from him, the two sides of the wall closed upon her haunches.

Across her muzzle the lash burned. Backed in the corner, she had risen before him. Still he did not halt, nor cease to strike—until his face was to hers, and her fangs closed. All she knew then was the shocking secret of his helplessness, of man's helplessness, as he fell beneath—that, and the open path across his body to the window.

"And now I've done it, Gundappa, I've done it to her—"

"Do not forget that this is the day, Sahib. It is eleven o'clock of the day—and there is but time for Harrington, Sahib, the better to bind your wounds, before appearing in person at the bank—"

Mr. Peter sat gasping in a leathern chair in his library, his throat having roughly and hastily been bound by his manservant; the *sais,* having run for Harrington, the Doctor-Sahib.

"She tried not, God help her!" the young man repeated crazily. "She didn't want to—she knew better, little Damsel. She rose before me, begging like a woman, but I cut at her again. I've done it—ruined her. Cornered she was, before closing upon me—standing before my face—"

Gundappa was wringing his hands.

"It is the day, Sahib, the day of the adjustments, the townspeople with the many white papers waiting—"

Even as Dr. Harrington cauterized—and most hastily, for young Bushmills must be at the bank by noon, though hydrophobia ensued—the doctor perceived there was no thought of pain from the young fool, no thought of drink even, which was outstanding—but a filthy ado about a treacherous she-wolf dog which should have been put to death months since.

"The beastly temper—the Bushmills' temper—and I've done for her quite—and myself, too—"

"She's lacerated your throat, that's what she's done. Now come in my brougham to the bank—then I'll put you to bed, sir, where you belong—"

"Brother Harry knew better. Took to the Church for his temper, did Brother Harry. To the bank, indeed! It's the jungle I'm going to; God knows if I'll find her—"

And there was Dr. Harrington with the scorn of a professional man wasting precious nervous energy altogether too early in the day for a man of his color; and there was Mr. Peter himself, his wound half-cauterized, the blood showing under the lint—putting

on his gloves jerkily and groping for his cane. There were the bank clerks glancing with a smile at the clock, for this was important Palazar business, and the townspeople that waited with Mr. Peter's unpaid *chits* in their hands: and there was Gundappa, the priceless manservant, with hands raised, looking upon the end.

She ran as if Death were at her heels. Already the flaming exultation of freedom had left her. She had known that best while running through the man-town, but even then she had been listening . . . "Damsel" . . . listening for her own name, as never before. But she had cut him at the throat!

Hours afterward she crept down from a leafy glade to drink, and the ripple under her white jaws seemed like his laughter. For even at the last, he had laughed; in his helplessness—under her feet—he had laughed, and sent it following after her. And this was the secret of Man—not strength, but frightening laughter, that followed everywhere, like Death at the heel. She arose and went deeper into the jungle. . . .

Wildness awoke in her with the days, but still she trembled at the memory of the man-town. New life was flowing in; but it was all pitilessly swift. Film after film which had formed over the natural delicacy of her senses, had to be torn away. Out of all the confusion, out of the tangled mass of sights and smells and feelings—a new craft, new swiftness and strength had to come forth. Now she knew the enormity of the laziness of the life she had lived on chain and leash.

She began to know she was not always alone. In the deeps of the jungle she heard running pads far at one side, though not the flick of a leaf. When she stopped, the running of the pads would stop. Once she veered

suddenly in toward the sounds, and all was still but herself; nothing to be found, but when she started running again, the pads were to be heard on the other side.

There were certain boundaries she could not pass. If she went too far from the great man-town, she came to the little man-town where were black men only, and in small numbers, and they did not go to and fro on beaten roads. She uncovered laws in herself that kept her from passing certain points; but once she wilfully went against what she knew, following a doe with fawn over her own ring-pass-not. Hunting cries suddenly were heard about her ears, but she was the hunted one—driven back for her life by one of the hill packs. A running fight deep into her own grounds, led by the females, and she was badly cut from tail to ears by their snapping jaws.

So she learned that it was her own strange lot to run alone. Everything to learn, and to learn alone; she was stretched and driven by strain and hunger, treachery of the cat-creatures, traps of the serpents; but most of all, to learn that her own particular and implacable enemies were the wolves that ran together, especially females of the pack. But at length she found her own place and her own strength; became naturalized to the tree jungle again. And always, when the strength of hunger eased, the old listening began in her—the memory of the face beneath, the laughter under her very teeth—"Damsel"—and she would rouse in the night dreaming that the hand had come, even as she had dreamed of freedom in the man's house.

The running pads still echoed her own, in the deep places, until at last slowly, one night from out the very thickest glade, came one like herself, but gaunt and white-nosed, thin as a bone, with hanging dugs. Nose

to nose they stood, teeth like drawn blades. Each knew the instant of fighting blur, but that passed; an instant more they stood, nose to nose, and the mystery of that truce was the deepest mystery of all to her.

And one night, though she had not made her kill, she hungered more for the sound of her name; and this hunger drew her back to the place where she had come forth from the great man-town. Standing up on a rock, she glared down upon the black mass pricked with lights. And there it was, after a time that there formed within her, out of all vagueness and loneliness—out of all she knew and wanted, and all she did not know and feared—a great howl that boomed forth to the amber moon. . . .

Once toward morning, as she came in from far ranging, the strangest of all sounds were in the air. They came from the edge of the little man-town, which she had been circling on her way back to her lair, but the sounds drew her closer and closer. Very slowly she stalked, and it grew upon her, before her eyes proved—that man was near.

There he sat with naked arms in an open place, where large flat stones had been set one upon the other—a black man with crossed legs and nothing in his hands, making sounds with no one there to hear. Closer she drew to the clearing and watched. His eyes were closed as he faced the light, but at times his mouth opened rounder and rounder until he was in full song. Part of his song seemed to come from a deep hole in the earth (but it really came from himself) and part carried her back into the old sickness of waiting for *his* coming; the chain around her neck. It was then that she wanted to open her mouth and sing, too.

To this open place, often at daybreak, she was drawn

afterward—for she was not afraid here, nor was she angry. Once it looked as if the naked-armed one were watching her, though he did not move or speak; and once it seemed she could almost creep up to the foot of the rock where he sat with the sun upon his closed eyes, singing his "Ah-ah-ah . . . ah-uh-uh . . . um-umm-m," for there was no fear in the world then.

But the time came when she was running closer to the ground—each day closer, and there was business of a deeper lair to find. She forgot the naked-armed one and his song; she even forgot the hand, there having transpired countless little selves outside herself, and this was a new world of fierce and many wants. But all enemies were well remembered, especially the females of the Dongre Hills—the skin of her back tightening, even deep in her own lair, as she remembered.

Pricked, tormented and distracted, all quite spoiled—no peace in or out of the den, for no sooner did she stretch her legs outside than she was taken over by a trance of fear for their safety; in fact, continually at first, was she drawn back to the lair . . . countless little selves, outside herself, and all alive, and no matter how tired she was, she never rolled on one.

Finally the night when she made an early kill, and returned to the lair as the round moon rose. It was her whim this night before sleep, to play with the small pack at her feet; and this she marked now; whereas once they all did the same thing at the same time, tonight each one was up and doing his own way and will, falling, fighting or standing his ground. And the moonlight was in the door of broken rock.

Now the little pack was fast asleep; full-fed, not one gone and fast asleep. All around her was her own

hunting ground, her own rights of water and land—

All this she had, but it was not enough.

The moonlight came in the door of the lair and she walked into the light and lifted her head. All this she had, but the deep ache had found her again, and the deep listening for her own name. A second time she went forth from the lair that night—drawn toward the rock that overlooked the man-town. Running pads followed part of the way—the one so rarely seen, but before she had gone far, she heard a wolf-pack in the nearer hills beginning to signal back and forth. What did they know?

No going to the rock now. She had to find what the pack-wolves were working up between them—altogether too near to her own lair. She returned to the lair-mouth and sat in anger upon her haunches in the moonlight—two wings of the pack nearer, but moving slowly. Sometimes she ran in to her own sleepy lot, and all was well there. At last, by the sounds, she knew the wolves had changed direction, turning toward the little man-town—but why so slowly, and why were they kept from their kill?

Again and again her tongue dampened the tip of her nose to test the air with keener scent, but even yet she kept very still.

Man—the scent of man on the wind. But this was not the scent of the black men who build the great fires upon the ground—this that dragged forward like a broken-backed thing—

Closer still, she heard the threshing racket of this slow quarry which the pack had not closed upon through the whole night. Presently all was still, so still that she quivered aside, in the fear herself of being stalked, but the wind followed with a scent that made

her forget her own danger—the scent of Man; of the *hand*—

But no call from him, and now a tiny flame began to play upon the ground. It grew among the leaves, mounting up. He did not rise now, but moved like a dying creature in the circle of firelight, pulling branches to the blaze.

The wolves were on two sides, no hurry to close in. The fire would keep them back. They were afraid of Man—afraid yet attracted, too. She knew their ways. They would wait until the fire was done and the man ceased to move; they would nose at him closer and closer, pull at his foot. They would dodge and mouth at him. She knew it all. She saw it all, as if it were being played out for her—their way to nip and tear and wait. Her enemies, too.

Now with the nearness of the daylight, she had begun to feel the tugging in herself of the countless little strings that pulled her back to the lair, but here the man lay with covered face, fallen like a branch of a tree. Remembering the last day, she could not go close to him, for he did not call; yet she could not leave him to the pack. Strained between the two pulls, she crouched, until there came from his lips a low sound like the beginning of the song of the naked-armed one, who sat upon the stones in the place where there was no fear. . . .

What she was impelled to do was not yet clear, but already she was creeping out of the farthest waver of the firelight. There she met the gray down-haze that cooled her eyes. The wolves had ceased to call. By that, she knew they were narrowing in. They would make a day of it here, though they would not come close while the fire burned.

Very low and carefully she was running now through her own hollows and coverts. Faster she ran, not toward the lair, but toward the open place where there was no fear. The day was whiter, light raining down whiter and whiter through the leaves. It was not far, but the strings from the lair kept pulling her back; and it seemed that the *hand* was drawing her, too. She halted at last, every atom of her flesh intent in listening. Yes, before the first flicker of sunlight among the trees—

"Ah-ah-ah . . . uh-uh-uh . . . ummm."

Out of the thicket into the open she moved, her body low to the ground. The song stopped, and she knew the eyes of the naked-armed one were shut no longer. She could not look up at his eyes, but circled before the stones of his seat, breast-down before him. Slowly his legs straightened.

Now against the stones, she saw the brown foot move toward her—then the other foot! Circling before him, she led the way to the edge of the clearing where she had come in. He was coming; he understood. She wanted to fly then, but he was following after, and could not come so fast. Once she got ahead too far, and heard his call, since he did not know the way. On and on, deeper into the tree jungle and he did not turn back.

But she could not hold herself at last. She was carried forward like a great wind. She smelled the fire smoke; once she saw a gliding of gray across the path before her; steadily now she felt the burn of eyes upon her, as she went down toward the dying fire.

He was still there—still.

She knew a frantic urge to the lair, but the call of the naked-armed one sounded behind. She turned to

go to him, but before her on the path stood an old male wolf with stretched lip. She felt her power rise within, and he stepped aside with lowered head for her to pass, knowing her at once for one with cubs in the lair. But a vague-striped she-wolf took his place on the path, barring the way, and the law this striped-one knew was hatred only.

The fighting blur closed like a red veil between them; close tearing began. The female of the pack was smaller and had not the power that comes of a litter to serve. There would have been a swift end to that, save out of the leaves a pack sister came.

Two to one now—head down, fangs deep in the flesh under her ruff, two sides. She heard the lift of the death cry about her ears. For her, and none other, it was sounding. . . . The little pack in the lair—she fought for them now. She fought for them; she fought to reach the *hand.* But another she-wolf joined in from the pack—and *another* was at her side.

Still she was not down. They had not turned her over. She felt the under-length of her body close to the earth and still untorn.

This too, was borne in upon her, as the gray changed to dark—that she was not alone, not fighting alone! A sudden burst of light in her eyes, like lightning in a storm, and beside her—she knew now why she had not fallen under—was the lone one of the thin jaws—two against three—two against three—two against four . . . and all was black again, until she heard a shaking among all the little leaves—the voice of the naked-armed one on the path.

Fighting was done; the pack gone, but the old lone she-wolf lay upon the wet earth—lay sidewise and stretched; as if waiting for her young to come in, and

her head was flung back toward her thin tail, and so it stayed. And she that had been the first cry of one litter, slowly lifting to her haunches from the bloody ground, saw the knees of the naked-armed one bend over the man on the earth.

She was gone then—pulled, driven by irresistible force to the lair, but even as she ran, she heard, as against a mighty wind—the calling of her name.

First the naked-armed one brought water, but it was not that alone which the white man had been dying for—but for food, having been lost for days, moving in a great circle through the thick places of the jungle. A large part of the way back to the piled stones in the open place, the white man had to be carried altogether, and his lips moved with strange mumblings; once with gentle laughter protesting that there was no privacy in his life whatsoever, not even in a tree jungle, the animals forever closing in.

But this, the holy man came to know as he walked heavily with his burden: that there was a great lost love, named "Damsel," in the life of this fallen man; but why had the young mother wolf-dog come for him, and why had she fought? This was not answered while the sun was in the sky that day; but it became apparent to the holy man through the hours of the great heat that there was more than starvation, more than days of wandering in the wild places, in the miseries of this foreigner, to whose darkened lips came often the words "pariah" . . . "outcast" . . . "cast out." A creature rare in all India—a white man fallen below the estate of the beggars of the native people—fallen indeed, since he had held himself so high. But with all his wanderings and fallings, the foreigner had not departed from the great search—not so desperately

lost indeed, with such a longing in his heart for an unknown deity called "Damsel."

Toward nightfall, Mr. Peter, in clean but strange garments, leaning out from his shelter of bark and leaves, a little distance from the shrine of stones, called in a firmer tone.

"Yes, my son, I come quickly," answered the naked-armed one.

"But I say, I've got to know, y'know—"

"Only speak."

"Then why did Damsel run away?"

"The story of Damsel was not in my teaching, my son."

"But you saw her—the wolf-dog. She brought you to me, you say. And I saw her—don't tell me not! But just as I saw her—off she ran—don't say I'm dreaming!"

Thus the naked-armed one came to know in the cool of the day that "Damsel" was the she-wolf dog that had come so often to the edge of this very clearing. His contemplation on the marvel was quickly broken.

"But why did she run off, as if I'd heaved a rock at her?"

"She had brought me to help you, my son. Her work was finished, and then—but you would not have seen—her cubs waiting—"

"The beggars!" said Mr. Peter.

A silence before he inquired:

"But I say, won't she be coming again?"

"To this place she will come again, when her little ones are fed, if her wounds—"

"Was she so badly cut up then?"

"Torn, indeed, but in no vital part that I saw. With

another, four she-wolves from the hill pack were held off—until I came."

That day Damsel licked her wounds, but toward the end of the day when the litter was full-fed and fast asleep, she arose, whimpering a little from the pain, and left her lair. At the pool she drank deep, and in the dusky light she saw herself in the still water. As the thirst was quenched she heard the calling again. (All through the day, as she had drowsed in the heat and cold of her own hurts, she had heard the calling of her name.)

Now her limbs moved toward the little man-town, and less and less was her hunger remembered, as she neared the place of the piled stones. Voices—his voice—her name again out of the quiet of the open place; and for the first time from her own throat (for never had the like happened in his house) an answer came. Then though she was low against the ground, the *hand* reached down and pressed upon her throat.

No fear then, save the fear that the *hand* would be taken away. And old aches and new pains were eased, and the naked-armed one at a distance on the piled stones was in full song:

"Ah-ah-ah . . . uh-uh-uh . . . um-mm-m."

A DARK-BROWN DOG

BY

STEPHEN CRANE

"THE one thing that deeply pleases me is the fact that men of sense invariably believe me to be sincere. I know that my work does not amount to a string of dried beans—I always calmly admit it—but also I know that I do the best that is in me without regard to praise or blame . . . a man is born into the world with his own pair of eyes, and he is not at all responsible for his vision—he is merely responsible for his quality of personal honesty. To keep close to this personal honesty is my supreme ambition."

—STEPHEN CRANE.

A DARK-BROWN DOG[1]

A CHILD was standing on a street-corner. He leaned with one shoulder against a high board fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the gravel.

Sunshine beat upon the cobbles, and a lazy summer wind raised yellow dust which trailed in clouds down the avenue. Clattering trucks moved with indistinctness through it. The child stood dreamily gazing.

After a time, a little dark-brown dog came trotting with an intent air down the sidewalk. A short rope was dragging from his neck. Occasionally he trod upon the end of it and stumbled.

He stopped opposite the child, and the two regarded each other. The dog hesitated for a moment, but presently he made some little advances with his tail. The child put out his hand and called him. In an apologetic manner the dog came close, and the two had an interchange of friendly pattings and waggles. The dog became more enthusiastic with each moment of the interview, until with his gleeful caperings he threatened to overturn the child. Whereupon the child lifted his hand and struck the dog a blow upon the head.

This thing seemed to overpower and astonish the little dark-brown dog, and wounded him to the heart. He sank down in despair at the child's feet. When the blow was repeated, together with an admonition in

[1] From "The Works of Stephen Crane," by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

childish sentences, he turned over upon his back, and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his ears and his eyes he offered a small prayer to the child.

He looked so comical on his back, and holding his paws peculiarly, that the child was greatly amused and gave him little taps repeatedly, to keep him so. But the little dark-brown dog took this chastisement in the most serious way, and no doubt considered that he had committed some grave crime, for he wriggled contritely and showed his repentance in every way that was in his power. He pleaded with the child and petitioned him, and offered more prayers.

At last the child grew weary of this amusement and turned toward home. The dog was praying at the time. He lay on his back and turned his eyes upon the retreating form.

Presently he struggled to his feet and started after the child. The latter wandered in a perfunctory way toward his home, stopping at times to investigate various matters. During one of these pauses he discovered the little dark-brown dog who was following him with the air of a footpad.

The child beat his pursuer with a small stick he had found. The dog lay down and prayed until the child had finished, and resumed his journey. Then he scrambled erect and took up the pursuit again.

On the way to his home the child turned many times and beat the dog, proclaiming with childish gestures that he held him in contempt as an unimportant dog, with no value save for a moment. For being this quality of animal the dog apologized and eloquently expressed regret, but he continued stealthily to foll

the child. His manner grew so very guilty that he slunk like an assassin.

When the child reached his doorstep, the dog was industriously ambling a few yards in the rear. He became so agitated with shame when he again confronted the child that he forgot the dragging rope. He tripped upon it and fell forward.

The child sat down on the step and the two had another interview. During it the dog greatly exerted himself to please the child. He performed a few gambols with such abandon that the child suddenly saw him to be a valuable thing. He made a swift, avaricious charge and seized the rope.

He dragged his captive into a hall and up many long stairways in a dark tenement. The dog made willing efforts, but he could not hobble very skilfully up the stairs because he was very small and soft, and at last the pace of the engrossed child grew so energetic that the dog became panic-stricken. In his mind he was being dragged toward a grim unknown. His eyes grew wild with the terror of it. He began to wiggle his head frantically and to brace his legs.

The child redoubled his exertions. They had a battle on the stairs. The child was victorious because he was completely absorbed in his purpose, and because the dog was very small. He dragged his acquirement to the door of his home, and finally with triumph across the threshold.

No one was in. The child sat down on the floor and made overtures to the dog. These the dog instantly accepted. He beamed with affection upon his new friend. In a short time they were firm and abiding comrades.

When the child's family appeared, they made a

great row. The dog was examined and commented upon and called names. Scorn was leveled at him from all eyes, so that he became much embarrassed and drooped like a scorched plant. But the child went sturdily to the center of the floor, and, at the top of his voice, championed the dog. It happened that he was roaring protestations, with his arms clasped about the dog's neck, when the father of the family came in from work.

The parent demanded to know what the blazes they were making the kid howl for. It was explained in many words that the infernal kid wanted to introduce a disreputable dog into the family.

A family council was held. On this depended the dog's fate, but he in no way heeded, being busily engaged in chewing the end of the child's dress.

The affair was quickly ended. The father of the family, it appears, was in a particularly savage temper that evening, and when he perceived that it would amaze and anger everybody if such a dog were allowed to remain, he decided that it should be so. The child, crying softly, took his friend off to a retired part of the room to hobnob with him, while the father quelled a fierce rebellion of his wife. So it came to pass that the dog was a member of the household.

He and the child were associated together at a[ll] times save when the child slept. The child became [his] guardian and a friend. If the large folk kicked th[e] dog and threw things at him, the child made loud an[d] violent objections. Once when the child had run, pr[o]testing loudly, with tears raining down his face and h[is] arms outstretched, to protect his friend, he had be[en] struck in the head with a very large saucepan fro[m] the hand of his father, enraged at some seeming lac[k]

of courtesy in the dog. Ever after, the family were careful how they threw things at the dog. Moreover, the latter grew very skilful in avoiding missiles and feet. In a small room containing a stove, a table, a bureau and some chairs, he would display strategic ability of a high order, dodging, feinting and scuttling about among the furniture. He could force three or four people armed with brooms, sticks and handfuls of coal, to use all their ingenuity to get in a blow. And even when they did, it was seldom that they could do him a serious injury or leave any imprint.

But when the child was present these scenes did not occur. It came to be recognized that if the dog was molested, the child would burst into sobs, and as the child, when started, was very riotous and practically unquenchable, the dog had therein a safeguard.

However, the child could not always be near. At night, when he was asleep, his dark-brown friend would raise from some black corner a wild, wailful cry, a song of infinite loneliness and despair, that would go shuddering and sobbing among the buildings of the block and cause people to swear. At these times the singer would often be chased all over the kitchen and hit with a great variety of articles.

Sometimes, too, the child himself used to beat the dog, although it is not known that he ever had what truly could be called a just cause. The dog always accepted these thrashings with an air of admitted guilt. He was too much of a dog to try to look to be a martyr or to plot revenge. He received the blows with deep humility, and furthermore he forgave his friend the moment the child had finished, and was ready to caress the child's hand with his little red tongue.

When misfortune came upon the child, and his

troubles overwhelmed him, he would often crawl under the table and lay his small distressed head on the dog's back. The dog was ever sympathetic. It is not to be supposed that at such times he took occasion to refer to the unjust beatings his friend, when provoked, had administered to him.

He did not achieve any notable degree of intimacy with the other members of the family. He had no confidence in them, and the fear that he would express at their casual approach often exasperated them exceedingly. They used to gain a certain satisfaction in underfeeding him, but finally his friend the child grew to watch the matter with some care, and when he forgot it, the dog was often successful in secret for himself.

So the dog prospered. He developed a large bark, which came wonderously from such a small rug of a dog. He ceased to howl persistently at night. Sometimes, indeed, in his sleep, he would utter little yells, as from pain, but that occurred, no doubt, when in his dreams he encountered huge flaming dogs who threatened him direfully.

His devotion to the child grew until it was a sublime thing. He wagged at his approach; he sank down in despair at his departure. He could detect the sound of the child's step among all the noises of the neighborhood. It was like a calling voice to him.

The scene of their companionship was a kingdom governed by this terrible potentate, the child; but neither criticism nor rebellion ever lived for an instant in the heart of the one subject. Down in the mystic, hidden fields of his little dog-soul bloomed flowers of love and fidelity and perfect faith.

The child was in the habit of going on many expe-

ditions to observe strange things in the vicinity. On these occasions his friend usually jogged aimfully along behind. Perhaps, though, he went ahead. This necessitated his turning around every quarter-minute to make sure the child was coming. He was filled with a large idea of the importance of these journeys. He would carry himself with such an air! He was proud to be the retainer of so great a monarch.

One day, however, the father of the family got quite exceptionally drunk. He came home and held carnival with the cooking utensils, the furniture and his wife. He was in the midst of this recreation when the child, followed by the dark-brown dog, entered the room. They were returning from their voyages.

The child's practised eye instantly noted his father's state. He dived under the table, where experience had taught him was a rather safe place. The dog, lacking skill in such matters, was, of course, unaware of the true condition of affairs. He looked with interested eyes at his friend's sudden dive. He interpreted it to mean: Joyous gambol. He started to patter across the floor to join him. He was the picture of a little dark-brown dog en route to a friend.

The head of the family saw him at this moment. He gave a huge howl of joy, and knocked the dog down with a heavy coffee-pot. The dog, yelling in supreme astonishment and fear, writhed to his feet and ran for cover. The man kicked out with a ponderous foot. It caused the dog to swerve as if caught in a tide. A second blow of the coffee-pot laid him upon the floor.

Here the child, uttering loud cries, came valiantly forth like a knight. The father of the family paid no attention to these calls of the child, but advanced with

glee upon the dog. Upon being knocked down twice in swift succession, the latter apparently gave up all hope of escape. He rolled over on his back and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his eyes and his ears he offered up a small prayer.

But the father was in a mood for having fun, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to throw the dog out of the window. So he reached down and, grabbing the animal by a leg, lifted him, squirming, up. He swung him two or three times hilariously about his head, and then flung him with great accuracy through the window.

The soaring dog created a surprise in the block. A woman watering plants in an opposite window gave an involuntary shout and dropped a flower-pot. A man in another window leaned perilously out to watch the flight of the dog. A woman who had been hanging out clothes in a yard began to caper wildly. Her mouth was filled with clothes-pins, but her arms gave vent to a sort of exclamation. In appearance she was like a gagged prisoner. Children ran whooping.

The dark-brown body crashed in a heap on the roof of a shed five stories below. From thence it rolled to the pavement of an alleyway.

The child in the room far above burst into a long, dirge-like cry, and toddled hastily out of the room. It took him a long time to reach the alley, because his size compelled him to go downstairs backward, one step at a time, and holding with both hands to the step above.

When they came for him later, they found him seated by the body of his dark-brown friend.

DOG WANTED: MALE

BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

FEW authors have had their names so closely associated with a single story as that of Ellis Parker Butler has been with "Pigs is Pigs." By a peculiar quirk of popularity it seems that this gifted humorist—perhaps the most gifted of his generation—is destined to be linked continually with a production now but vague in the minds of those familiar with his more mature achievements. Stories like "Dog Wanted: Male" are demonstrative of his genius for revealing the sources of laughter woven so inextricably through the fabric of the American scene.

DOG WANTED: MALE [1]

In his moments of loss of self-control, Mr. Burridge was apt to forget the gentler graces of civilization and, as his wife said, be off again. Mr. Burridge was bald and stout and looked overfed.

"Laura," Mrs. Burridge used to say to her daughter when she saw Mr. Burridge's face turning scarlet, "for heaven's sake be careful—your father is off again." She also used to say to her daughter: "I do wish your father wouldn't garden—it makes him so angry." This was because Mr. Burridge was one of those pinkish-looking men who take to gardening enthusiastically, but who, before all the ground is spaded, become irritated at the injustice of the world and want to bite some one's head off. Mr. Burridge always planned a much larger garden than he could handle, and the larger the garden the angrier he was apt to become.

So Mrs. Burridge, watching the breakfast eggs for the exact moment to snatch the frying-pan from the stove, looked out of the window apprehensively when she heard Mr. Burridge swear, and she was just in time to see the spade clang up against the side of Mr. Fogarty's garage—the spade Mr. Burridge had thrown at Rumpus, the dog of Mr. Fogarty, who lived next door. She heard the dog give a yelp of fear and she saw Mr. Burridge swing the four-tined garden-fork

[1] From "The Strack Platform Readings From The Stories of Ellis Parker Butler," arranged by Lilian Holmes Strack. Copyright, 1925, by Walter H. Baker Company.

above his head and throw that at the dog also. The fork missed the dog by forty feet and stuck upright in the ground near Mr. Fogarty's kitchen steps, quivering. Mr. Burridge then leaped out of his garden and picked up a box that had contained tomato-plants and threw it with all his might at the dog.

"Laura," said Mrs. Burridge to her daughter, "you had better put the coffee on the table; I think your father is through gardening."

As Mr. Burridge went to recover the garden-fork, little Mrs. Fogarty came to her small back porch.

"Oh, dear!" she said in the apologetically sweet voice that had become a permanence with her since her husband had brought Rumpus home. "Oh, dear! Has our dog been bothering you again?"

For answer Mr. Burridge turned his back on Mrs. Fogarty, jerked the fork from the soil and threw it into the middle of his garden. He brushed his hands together angrily, as if to say: "I'm through! Dogs—dogs—dogs! Ten million useless curs digging up everything a man plants!" He yanked his coat from the limb of the small tree on which it hung and strode toward his kitchen door, his mouth grimly set.

"Laura," said Mrs. Burridge nervously, "for heaven's sake be careful; your father is off again! Call Ted."

"Teh-dee! Teh-dee! Teddy! Theodore!" called Laura at the back door, but no one answered. She drew back against the door-frame and Mr. Burridge stalked past her and through the kitchen without a word. He went up to the bathroom.

From under a spiræa bush close to the Fogarty property line young Ted Burridge stuck out his head and looked toward the kitchen door. As he did not see

his father, he came all the way out and Rumpus leaped toward him wagging his short tail and panting artificially in a manner he had of showing joy and delight.

"Nice old Rumpus! Good old doggie!" Ted comforted him, an arm around Rumpus's neck, patting him on the head gently. "You didn't get hurt, did you, doggie? You're a good old doggie, ain't you, doggie?"

"Ted, you come right in to your breakfast this minute!" Laura called to the boy. "If father sees you hugging that dog—"

"All right, doggie," said Ted, ignoring his sister as bossy elder sisters should be ignored. "I'll see you after breakfast, doggie."

"You and that dog!" Laura exclaimed as Ted slid past her into the kitchen. "You'd better look out, young man; father'll be terrible if he catches you petting that dog."

In the bathroom Mr. Burridge washed his hands and when the cake of soap fell to the floor he kicked it viciously. The soap leaped over the door-sill, skidded the full length of the hall and landed in the small room.

Having washed well, including the top of his head, Mr. Burridge went to his bedroom and jerked six pairs of trousers off the closet hooks, throwing five of them on the floor. He threw one shirt under the bed and tore three collars raucously, and thus dressed for business. He then threw practically all the remaining contents of his dresser into a suitcase, put it on the floor and stepped on it and locked it, and went down to breakfast. He was, it may be explained, a little irritated. This is a nice sort of world where a man can't plant a tomato-plant and then turn his back without having some confounded dog dig it up again the same instant!

"Now, listen to this!" ordered Mr. Burridge when he was seated before his eggs and coffee. "Jane—For heaven's sake, can't you pay a little attention to me once in a while?"

"Why, I— Why, yes, George! I'm listening," said Mrs. Burridge hastily.

"Well, it's a wonder! Nobody ever listens to me in this house and it's about time some one did. I want you to buy a dog!"

"A—a what?" gasped Mrs. Burridge.

"A dog. I said a dog, didn't I? I went out there this morning to plant my tomato-plants, in my garden, on my own property. And what happened?"

No one ventured to say what happened. It was not the moment for any one to make any remark. Mrs. Burridge and Laura and Ted knew from experience that father was off again and that now was the time to be silent and show deep and concerned attention.

"I worked like a slave over that garden, that's what happened," said Mr. Burridge, "and I planted those tomato-plants and that dog of Fogarty's came over and began digging. He dug them up faster than I could plant them—that's what happened. And if it's not one dog, it's another. I'm sick and tired of it. I'm through!"

No one denied that Mr. Burridge had a perfect right to be through. All tried to look as if Mr. Burridge was entirely justified in being through.

"I'm through!" repeated Mr. Burridge again. "Jane, how long have I owned this house?"

"Why—why—sixteen years," said Mrs. Burridge nervously.

"Sixteen years!" echoed Mr. Burridge. "For sixteen years I've owned and for sixteen years I've been

a good neighbor, and for sixteen years I've set my foot down and said 'No dog!' Ten thousand times I've said 'No dog!' How many times have you said to me, 'George, don't you think Ted might have a dog?' How many times? And what did I say?"

"Why—why—" stammered Mrs. Burridge.

"Yes," said Mr. Burridge, "and it is a nice state of affairs. Here I've got a son eight years old—"

"Nine," said Ted, and Mr. Burridge glared at him.

"Who asked you to talk?" he demanded. "You keep still till you're spoken to. Here I've got a son nine years old, a boy who deserves a dog if any boy does, and I've never let him have a dog. Why? I'll tell you why: because I wouldn't harbor an animal that might annoy my neighbors. And what do I get for it?"

It seemed that no one cared to say.

"A boy, nine years old, my own son, begging and whining for a dog for the last sixteen years, and I refuse him, and what happens? How many dogs are there on this block?"

"Fourteen," said Ted promptly.

"Fourteen dogs!" declared Mr. Burridge. "Fourteen worthless curs yelping and whining day and night and digging up my garden. I'm through! I'm done! Do you understand that?"

"Yes, George," said Mrs. Burridge.

"Now, you listen to this!" ordered Mr. Burridge, bringing his fist down on the table. "We're going to have a dog. I've got to go out to Chicago to-day, but when I come back I want this family to have a dog. Do you understand, Jane?"

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Ted rapturously.

"Keep still! I'm talking to your mother. Do you understand, Jane?"

"Yes, George; but—" said Mrs. Burridge.

"No 'but' about it," declared Mr. Burridge. "I tell you to buy a dog, and you'll buy a dog!"

"I was only going to say," said Mrs. Burridge meekly, "that perhaps it would be better to wait until you get home. You know so much more about dogs."

"You wait nothing!" said Mr. Burridge. "You'll buy a dog—a dog like Fogarty's. I want a dog that will run all over this neighborhood and be a confounded nuisance. What kind of dog is that dog of Fogarty's?"

"It's a wire-haired fox-terrier," said Ted promptly.

"You get a wire-haired fox-terrier," said Mr. Burridge, "like Fogarty's. And I don't want to come back and not find one. Understand that? I'll see if for once in my life I can have one of my wishes carried out. How much did that dog of Fogarty's cost?"

"He cost fifty dollars," said Ted.

"Nonsense! You get one for twenty-five; that's enough to pay for the best dog that ever lived," said Mr. Burridge.

Then he departed for Chicago, where he was to be engaged for a week.

Mr. Fogarty, whose business required him to leave his house an hour earlier than Mr. Burridge usually left, did not hear of the tomato-plant episode until he returned that night. He found his wife far from happy.

"Tom, dear—" she said as she was getting dinner.

"What, Mary?" Mr. Fogarty asked.

"I know you don't like me to be talkin' of it all the while, but don't you think we could be gettin' rid of Rumpus?"

"We can not! What's he been doin' now?"

"Ah, Tom, if you knew the worry the dog is to me,"

said Mrs. Fogarty. "Three terrible fights he was in to-day, and the Langham's dog got chewed in the ears! I was that weak after it all I had to lay on the bed. And diggin' up Mr. Burridge's garden this morning and him throwin' the spade and fork at him, that angry! And me alone to stand it all. And he bit the postman in the leg of the pants again to-day."

"Them postmen have a right to wear leather leggins, with all the dogs everywhere," said Fogarty. "Blowin' them whistles like they do, no wonder the dogs get mad at them."

"And for two hours he had the Giffings' cat up a tree, and him barking like a thousand, and Mrs. Giffing weepin' and cryin' terrible," said little Mrs. Fogarty, weeping into the fried potatoes.

"Well, things has come to a nice pass if a dog can't tree a cat now and again," said Mr. Fogarty. "Why don't they keep their cats in the house? If it comes to that, why don't you keep the dog in the house, Mary?"

"And don't I try, and him slippin' out every minute when the baker's boy and the butcher's boy and all come to the door. Do I tie him up he yells his head off and they're all telephonin' me could I stop the dog from howlin'? He's a terrible dog, Tom! He's the worry of the whole neighborhood, and everybody thinkin' hard thoughts of us."

Fogarty considered the dog as it reposed on the floor, its ears briskly cocked and its eyes sparkling.

"It's not such a bad dog at that, as dogs go," he said.

"It's not as if we needed a dog, but us with no children or anything, and so lately come into the neighborhood and no use for a dog but to get all the neighbors down on us," said Mrs. Fogarty. "And my nerves

gettin' that jumpy that I weep most of the day whilst you are off to your work and never thinkin' of dogs at all."

"It's a shame," said Fogarty, "but I can't take a dog with me, that's sure."

"It's not as if we had kids that could play with him, and maybe keep him busy and out of devilment all day long," argued Mrs. Fogarty.

"Well, that may be, too, one of these days, hey, honey?" cheered Mr. Fogarty, pinching his wife's chin.

"If God wills," said Mrs. Fogarty, "and no doubt that's what makes me so nervous and all with the worry of him. Ah, Tom, be a good fellow and get rid of the dog for me; it would all be so nice and pleasant. I'd not have a trouble in the world. Won't you be rid of the dog, Tom? Until we have a boy of our own, maybe; then I'd not be sayin' a word."

Fogarty looked at his pretty wife and smiled fondly.

"Have it your own way, then," he said. "Get rid of the dog, if you want to, but bear in mind it was a good fifty dollars he cost me. He's worth every cent of it, too, the troublesome rascal. Here, Rumpus, you imp! Up!"

He held a lump of sugar high and the dog leaped four feet from the floor. He had strong hind legs, that dog.

"If you can't get more, you might take twenty-five dollars for him," said Fogarty. "Twenty-five or thirty-five. Only, get him in a family where a boy is—that's what he needs, a boy in the family, to work some of the pep out of him. And what you get for him you can have, Mary—to blow in for stuff for them little dresses and things you're piling up, hey?"

"Oh, Tom, you're the love of my life!" cried Mrs. Fogarty, throwing her arms around his neck. "You make me that happy! I'll see that the dog is off your hands and into a decent family by the time you get back from Baltimore, I promise you!"

Rumpus, sitting and watching this little love episode with bright eyes, thumped his tail on the floor. Mrs. Fogarty stooped and scratched the wiry hair about his collar, which was what he loved best in the way of a caress.

"You're a nice dog, at that, so you are," she said. "Give him another lump of sugar, Tom, seein' he'll be gone by the time you're back home again, the fond brute."

"Jump!" said Fogarty, holding the sugar high again, and then: "Did Mr. Burridge say anything nasty to you, Mary?"

"He said nothing at all," she said. "We had no words."

"And lucky for him," said Fogarty, "for if he had I'd make him eat them, fat as he is!"

Before ten o'clock the next morning Mrs. Fogarty, happy indeed, went to her telephone. First she telephoned her butcher, telling him apologetically that she wanted only one chop; then she telephoned her grocer; and then she telephoned the office of *The Westcote Daily Eagle* and put a "Dog For Sale" advertisement in its want column. "FOR SALE—Wire-haired fox-terrier, male, $50. Might take less if good home guaranteed. Telephone Westcote 2165," was what the advertisement said, but Mrs. Burridge—who at the same moment was telephoning to the office of *The Westcote Evening Star*—did not know this. She never

did know it, because the Burridges never took the *Eagle*. "Dog Wanted," was what Mrs. Burridge's advertisement said: "Wire-haired fox-terrier, male. Good home guaranteed. Might pay $25. Telephone Westcote 7651." Having arranged for this advertisement, Mrs. Burridge telephoned her butcher and her grocer for her day's requirements.

It was about eleven o'clock that Mounted Officer Haggerty, riding up Elm Avenue on his handsome chestnut horse, stopped at the curb before the Fogarty home and dismounted. He rapped on the frame of the screen door five times. At the first rap Rumpus, tied in the cellar against the coming of a purchaser, barked madly. At the second rap he barked and leaped, throwing himself heels over head when he reached the end of his rope, and barked and leaped again in an ecstasy of eagerness to be up and doing. At the third rap he leaped and the rope parted, so that when Officer Haggerty rapped the fourth time Rumpus was at the screen door. The sight of Officer Haggerty seemed to fill him with rage. He barked as if he thought Officer Haggerty was a postman. As Officer Haggerty rapped the fifth time, Mrs. Fogarty appeared, carrying a broom. She hit at Rumpus and he backed away into the hall. Mrs. Fogarty opened the screen an inch or two.

"Your dog," said Officer Haggerty—and Rumpus dashed for the door and leaped through the opening and disappeared across the street—"is loose without a muzzle."

"Oh, dear!" said little Mrs. Fogarty, and began to cry.

"Well, now, don't get excited, mam," said Officer Haggerty. "I'm not goin' to eat you up. I'm only

warnin' you the word is there's to be less dogs goin' loose without muzzles, now that hot weather is on us. A word to the wise, from a cop, ought to be sufficient. When you catch the dog, keep him tied or muzzled, mam. But mind you do!"

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Fogarty, wiping her eyes. "I will!"

"There, there, now!" said Officer Haggerty, and went back to his horse.

For five days Mrs. Fogarty did not leave the house lest the telephone ring while she was out; but no one telephoned wanting to buy a wire-haired fox-terrier, male. When Rumpus returned for his dinner, she chained him in the coal-bin, and there he howled. By day he barked, six barks per second, steadily and continuously; by night he wailed, long sad wails.

In the adjacent home no message came telling Mrs. Burridge of a wire-haired fox-terrier, male, for sale. With much to do about the house, Mrs. Burridge let one day follow the other, and it was not until the sixth day of Mr. Burridge's absence that Mrs. Burridge began to be worried.

"Ted, do try to find a dog for sale," she pleaded.

"Well, ain't I?" her son demanded in an injured tone. "Gee, don't you think I've been lookin'? I ain't done nothin' but look, have I?"

"But we must have a dog by the time your father gets back, Theodore," Mrs. Burridge said. "Your father said to get a dog. If we don't have a dog, your father will be off again. You know how your father is."

"Gee, yes!" said Theodore, but he found no dog. It was not until the morning of the last day that Mrs. Fogarty, sweeping her kitchen porch, spoke across to

Mrs. Burridge, who was shaking out a dust-cloth. From the cellar came the continuous and irritating barks of Rumpus.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Fogarty complained to Mrs. Burridge. "The way that dog keeps barkin' is drivin' me fair crazy, but I don't dare let him loose, if somebody comes to buy him. 'Sell the dog, Mary,' Tom says—"

Mrs. Burridge stopped in the middle of a flap of her dust-cloth.

"You say you want to sell the dog?" she asked.

"Oh, but I do that!" cried Mrs. Fogarty. "If you know anybody that wants to buy a dog—"

Mrs. Burridge hung her dust-rag on the railing and crossed the yard.

"It's a male, is it?" she asked. "It's a genuine wire-haired fox-terrier? How much do you want for him?"

"Tom was after payin' fifty dollars for him, with a pedigree as long as your arm, and I don't know what all, and the collar two dollars extra, and the chain and a muzzle he won't wear, and a box of them dog biscuits. But if I could get him in a good home, with a boy like Ted, I'd jump at thirty-five for him, or even twenty-five," said Mrs. Fogarty. "He's a fine dog, but a terrible nuisance, Mrs. Burridge."

"Would you sell him to us for twenty-five dollars?" asked Mrs. Burridge. "Not that I want a dog myself," she added, "but Mr. Burridge was saying, just before he went to Chicago, that a boy Ted's age ought to have a dog. And he did say a dog like yours was the sort of dog he would like to have. Twenty-five dollars seems an awful lot to pay for a dog, but Mr. Burridge said to pay twenty-five dollars. Would you take that for the dog?"

"Would a fish swim?" asked Mrs. Fogarty. "If it

wasn't that the dog is so valuable and all, I'd give fifty to be shut of him, the worry that he is! Wait a quarter of a minute and I'll get him from the cellar."

"I'll get the money," said Mrs. Burridge, and the two women parted. A minute later Mrs. Fogarty was waiting with the dog, who was leaping wildly at the end of his chain, for a cat was singing somewhere in the far distance and he was eager to be off and about the important business of chasing that cat up a tree.

"Hold tight to the chain. He's a strong dog if ever there was one," said Mrs. Fogarty jerkily as Rumpus yanked at her arm. "Twenty-five is right," she said, fingering the money with her left hand. "He's your dog, Mrs. Burridge."

"He's no dog of mine," said Mrs. Burridge. "I don't want a dog. He's Mr. Burridge's dog."

As she said this she took the chain and at the same moment a stray cat crossed the far corner of the tomato garden. Instantly she felt a sharp pain in her right shoulder, her right arm shot out as stiff as a ramrod, she stumbled two long and ungraceful steps toward the cat, and the steel chain was jerked from her hand. The cat and Rumpus disappeared.

"You should have held on to him tighter," said Mrs. Fogarty reproachfully. "I told you he was a strong dog."

Mrs. Burridge was rubbing her shoulder.

"He'll be coming back before eatin' time, never fear," said Mrs. Fogarty comfortingly. "Only, when you let him loose like this, you want to put the muzzle on him, mam; the cops are takin' notice of the dogs that ain't muzzled."

She gave a great sigh of relief.

"Well, now that we've got rid of the dog," she said,

"I guess Tom will be after havin' a vegetable garden. It ought to do well in our back yard, if we can keep the dogs out of it."

Late that afternoon the Westcote Palace Theater was showing the famous super-film, "A Prince of the Aztecs," the picture that had had a run of a full year in New York, and Mrs. Burridge, no longer worried over the problem of getting a dog, had taken Ted and Laura to see it. Mrs. Fogarty, too, no longer worried by the problem of getting rid of a valuable dog, was also seeing Douglas Fairfield in his wonderful rendition of Montezuma, the Aztec prince, and the two houses standing side by side on Elm Avenue were locked and deserted, except for Rumpus, who lay in the shade of a spiræa bush, in a hole he had dug in Mr. Burridge's tomato garden. He was working on a large bone that had not even a trace of meat on it. Now and then he raised his head and sniffed the air questioningly, thinking cats, but there were no cats. At other moments he uttered low growls, thinking postmen's legs, but there were no postmen.

Rumpus was entirely happy. The ten feet of chain attached to his collar did not bother him; he probably considered it something classy in the way of a lavaliere. The hole he had dug was not deep but it was large, and the cool earth was grateful to his warm body. The bone was a mere makeshift, a pleasant toy with which to pass the time until something more interesting transpired, and he had just decided to bury the bone and visit some of the neighbors when he saw something that made him lift his head and raise one side of his lip, showing his teeth. This thing was Mr. Burridge, remembered as the man who had thrown the spade, who

was approaching from the direction of the North Westcote station, carrying an umbrella and a suitcase.

From where he lay in Mr. Burridge's tomato garden, under Mr. Burridge's spiræa bush, Rumpus could not see Mr. Fogarty approaching from the opposite direction, carrying a suitcase but no umbrella. Neither could he see Mounted Officer Haggerty slowly approaching at the end of the block on his handsome sorrel horse. Rumpus, getting to his feet, raised his lips on both sides, showing both of his handsome incisor teeth, and growled. It was an unfortunate moment for Rumpus to choose for growling from a hole in Mr. Burridge's garden, for Mr. Burridge was just muttering, in a bitterly disgusted tone, "Out! They're out, I bet!"

Mr. Burridge said this as he looked at the house with its closed doors and windows, and he said it with especial bitterness because he had not been able to get a lower berth on his train, and there had been no taxi at the North Westcote station. Mr. Burridge was in exactly the right temper to be off again. "Yah!" he was saying. "If I was away a thousand years, there wouldn't be a chance in a million that I could come back and find my family anywhere but out! And the door locked and nothing to do but sit on the porch like a mummy until the whole caboodle gets ready to leave some idiotic picture show that—"

Then he saw Rumpus. At the same moment he saw Mr. Fogarty. Instantly angry blood rang in Mr. Burridge's ears and his eyes saw crimson. He dropped his suitcase and ran at Rumpus, swinging his umbrella over his head, shouting:

"Out of there! Get out of there, you—dirty—cur!" he shouted, and brought the umbrella down on Rum-

pus's back. The dog backed against the spiræa bush and barked, and Mr. Burridge drew back his right foot and kicked at Rumpus. Instantly the dog set his teeth in Mr. Burridge's trousers leg and there was a rending of cloth, and again Mr. Burridge whacked the dog with the umbrella, shouting with uncontrolled rage.

"Here, you! Here, you!" yelled Mr. Fogarty. "Don't you hit that dog!" and he dropped his suitcase and ran. "I'll not have you hittin' my dog, you big brute!" and he swung his thin arm and struck Mr. Burridge in the chest with his full fist. Mr. Burridge dropped the umbrella, grunting as the blow reached him. He staggered but he did not fall, for he threw his arms about Mr. Fogarty's neck.

To Officer Haggerty, reaching a point where he was able to see the battle, it looked as if Mr. Burridge was holding Mr. Fogarty suspended by the neck so that Mr. Fogarty could rain short-arm blows at Mr. Burridge's ribs. Coincidentally Mr. Burridge seemed to be trying to win the battle by yanking Mr. Fogarty's head off. Each time Mr. Fogarty hit Mr. Burridge in the ribs, Mr. Burridge grunted. Mr. Burridge seemed to be able to utter nothing but grunts, but Mr. Fogarty was making continuous and excited remarks in a voice that showed he was very much vexed. They were principally to the effect that he would show Mr. Burridge if he could hit that dog. As Officer Haggerty leaped down from his horse, Mr. Burridge introduced a new tactic: he threw his right leg behind Mr. Fogarty's knees. This might have been a better idea if he had not let Mr. Fogarty fall on top of him when they toppled. As it happened, the weight of Mr. Fogarty as the two fell in under the spiræa bush jolted most of the breath out of Mr. Burridge. It might have

gone ill with him had Officer Haggerty not arrived just then.

Rumpus was barking loudly and rushing in to nip at any foot that was nearest when Officer Haggerty slapped him in the ribs with the flat of his hand and sent him yelping through the spiræa bush.

"Come out of there, youse!" the officer shouted at Mr. Fogarty and Mr. Burridge. "A nice way for two family men to be actin'. Stop it and come out of there."

As they did not stop or come out, Officer Haggerty drew his club and rapped briskly on the soles of the four feet that protruded from under the bush.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Burridge.

"Quit that, you big elephant!" shouted Mr. Fogarty.

"Come out of there, then," repeated the policeman. "Or will I hit youse again? A nice way to be actin'. Youse'll have the whole neighborhood scandalized. Come out, I say!"

Mr. Burridge was willing, but Mr. Fogarty was on top of him, and Mr. Fogarty was willing, but Mr. Burridge was hugging him tight; and Officer Haggerty grasped the handiest foot and pulled, putting his bull strength in the job, and drew them out from under the bush, through the hole Rumpus had dug, and debouched them in the tomato garden's soft soil.

"Now, get up, the both of youse," he said. "What's this row about?"

"He hit me pup," panted Mr. Fogarty. "He took his big brute of an umbrelly and hit him, and no man can whale me pup and get away with it. A poor little pup, and a big oaf like him assaultin' it!"

"Pup! He says pup!" panted Mr. Burridge, wiping his face on his arm. "The meanest, viciousest, snap-

piest full-grown dog in this town. And loose—loose, officer, without a muzzle on. I won't hit that dog, won't I? I'll knock his head off! My heavens, how much does a man have to stand from a dog like that?"

"Now, wait a bit!" cautioned Haggerty, lifting the finger of the law. "Here's where I come in, I shouldn't wonder. Was the dog without a muzzle?"

"Of course he was!" exclaimed Mr. Burridge, who was still panting. "Look at my pants there. You can't keep a muzzle on that dog. Nobody could keep a muzzle on that dog. A dog like that is an infernal nuisance. It ought to be shot. It's always loose; it's all over the neighborhood, digging up gardens, killing cats, biting people, yowling all night—a general nuisance. It's a wonder the whole neighborhood isn't in a fight all the time, with a worthless cur like that everlastingly roaming everywhere. A man that owns a dog like that ought to be run out of town. A man that keeps a dog like that ought to be fined the limit—he ought to be jailed."

"The man's a liar," said Mr. Fogarty. "The dog is a fine dog—"

"A fine dog!" scoffed Mr. Burridge. "A dirty, snarling, mangy, flea-bit, fighting nuisance—"

"And affectionate," said Mr. Fogarty. "Kind at heart, and gentle, and well-bred—"

"And what is he anyway? Nothing but a mutt," said Mr. Burridge. "A gutter pup and a garbage hound. Not worth the powder to blow him up—"

"Now, *wait* a bit!" urged Officer Haggerty. "You saw that he had no muzzle on him, did you?"

"Muzzle? Of course he had no muzzle on him," said Mr. Burridge, clearing some of the tomato garden out of his ear with one finger. "You couldn't keep a

muzzle on the cur if you riveted it on him. He's always running around without a muzzle."

"I know! I know!" said Officer Haggerty. "'Tis not the first dog I've had to do with. But are you willin' to swear he had no muzzle on?"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Burridge.

"And was not tied up?"

"Hah! Tied up!" scoffed Mr. Burridge. "He looked as if he was tied up! Of course he was not tied up."

"That'll be a fine," said Officer Haggerty, taking out his note-book. "Th' magistrate is finin' them from two dollars t' twenty-five these days—"

"You let me tell him about this dog and it'll be no two dollars," said Mr. Burridge. "A man that owns a dog like this ought to get fifty dollars and a year in jail just for owning such a dog."

"And I may do better than that for you," said Officer Haggerty. "You say the dog is a vicious dog? He's incorrigible and uncontrollable? He has a mean spirit and a nasty temper? He's a wanderer and a cat-killer?"

"I give you my solemn word," said Mr. Burridge, "that that dog—"

Around the corner of the house came Ted, running eagerly. He stopped short as he saw the three men.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Has Rumpus been doing anything?"

"You keep still! This is none of your business," said Mr. Burridge. "I give you my solemn word, officer, that that dog is the biggest—"

"But, father—" said Ted. "Father, what's the matter?"

"Hah! Plenty's the matter," said Mr. Burridge

viciously. "I've got this cur of Fogarty's where I want him at last. And tell me, officer, if a dog is a vicious brute and a neighborhood menance, can the magistrate order him killed?"

"He can that," said Officer Haggerty, "and that's what I'm gettin' at. If you will go to court and swear—"

There was a jangle of garbage-pail and lid and a chorus of yelps and growls in the yard beyond Fogarty's, and Mr. Fogarty leaped to rescue Rumpus or to pull him off the other dog, as might be needed. Officer Haggerty went to assist, and Mr. Burridge would have joined them if Ted had not held his sleeve.

"But, father," Ted said, "he's our dog. He's your dog. Mother gave Mrs. Fogarty twenty-five dollars for him for you."

For a moment Mr. Burridge stared at his son. Then he coughed gently. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Now, to purceed," said Officer Haggerty, finding his place in his note-book when he and Mr. Fogarty returned, with Mr. Fogarty dragging Rumpus at the end of the chain. "You was sayin'—"

"I was saying," said Mr. Burridge, "that all I want, officer, is to be friendly and on good terms with all my neighbors. You understand that. And it has to be give and take, officer. Now and then a man may get a little excited over things—over dogs, for instance—but what does it amount to in the end? We've got to be reasonable. This dog is no worse than any other dog."

It was now Officer Haggerty's turn to stare, and he stared at Mr. Burridge.

"Of course," said Mr. Burridge, looking at his torn

pants leg, "if you excite a dog and jump at him and hit him with an umbrella, he may bite back. Any dog —any self-respecting dog—would do that. But this dog is no worse than any other dog. Why, he's better than most of the curs on this block—far better! He behaves better. There isn't a vicious drop of blood in him. Playful, yes! But you can ask Fogarty—has any one ever complained of the dog? Really complained?"

"You slang a spade at him," said Mr. Fogarty a little resentfully.

"Oh, well!" said Mr. Burridge. "When I was angry. When he dug up a tomato-plant. But what does one tomato-plant amount to? Two cents!"

Officer Haggerty closed his note-book.

"Now, this is fine!" he said. "This is more like it. It's a pleasure to come between two men that are gentlemen, like youse. 'Tis a good endin' of what might have been worse. So we'll say no more about it. We'll let it pass this time, if that's satisfact'ry to all."

"It suits me," said Mr. Fogarty.

"It's entirely satisfactory to me," said Mr. Burridge, and Officer Haggarty walked away and mounted his sorrel horse and rode off.

"And now," said Mr. Burridge briskly, "I'll thank you to turn my dog over to me."

"Your dog!" exclaimed Mr. Fogarty.

"My dog," repeated Mr. Burridge, and Mr. Fogarty understood. He tossed the end of the chain into Mr. Burridge's hands. He turned his back and walked away, but when he had gone a few steps he turned back.

"And look here!" he said. "Mind you keep the

animal chained up, for I'm havin' a garden in me yard from now on, and I'll have no dogs clawin' it up."

"Aw, go chain yourself up!" called Mr. Burridge coarsely. "If you don't want dogs in your garden, why don't you build a fence around it," and with that he walked around his house. As he went he pulled Rumpus after him.

"See here!" he said to Ted. "If that man annoys my dog, you let me know—do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Ted meekly.

"Well, take this chain then," said Mr. Burridge. "And you keep your dog muzzled—you keep your dog muzzled or tied up. I'm not going to have your dog be a nuisance to me. Understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said Ted.

"And you tell your mother," said Mr. Burridge, "that now that she's got a dog, she'll have to take care of it. You tell her I'm not going to pay for any damage this dog of hers does."

"Yes, sir," said Ted.

Mr. Burridge picked up his suitcase. He looked a minute at Rumpus.

"The idea of an ignorant cop saying a dog like this is a nuisance!" exclaimed Mr. Burridge. "What does he expect a dog to be, I'd like to know! A dog has some rights!"

And this was a pretty fair sign that the dog was the Burridges' dog now, the world being as it is.

DON

BY

ZANE GREY

ZANE GREY ranks among the more ardent of the hierarchy of California sportsmen. Honorary Vice-President of the celebrated Tuna Club at Avalon, his records as a taker of game-fish approach the incredible. That his sporting facility is not limited to the one sport, however, is evidenced by "Don."

DON [1]

It has taken me years to realize the greatness of a dog; and often as I have told the story of Don—his love of freedom and hatred of men—how I saved his life and how he saved mine—it never was told as I feel it now.

I saw Don first at Flagstaff, Arizona, where arrangements had been made for me to cross the desert with Buffalo Jones and a Mormon caravan en route to Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River. Jones had brought a pack of nondescript dogs. Our purpose was to cross the river and skirt the Vermilion Cliffs, and finally work up through Buckskin Forest to the north rim of the Grand Canyon, where Jones expected to lasso mountain lions and capture them alive. The most important part of our outfit, of course, was the pack of hounds. Never had I seen such a motley assembly of canines. They did not even have names. Jones gave me the privilege of finding names for them.

Among them was a hound that seemed out of place because of his superb proportions, his sleek dark smooth skin, his noble head, and great solemn black eyes. He had extraordinarily long ears, thick-veined and faintly tinged with brown. Here was a dog that looked to me like a thoroughbred. My friendly overtures to him were unnoticed. Jones said he was part bloodhound and had belonged to an old Mexican don in southern California. So I named him Don.

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We were ten days crossing the Painted Desert, and protracted horseback riding was then so new and hard for me that I had no enthusiasm left to scrape acquaintance with the dogs. Still I did not forget and often felt sorry for them as they limped along, clinking their chains under the wagons. Even then I divined that horses and dogs were going to play a great part in my Western experience.

At Lee's Ferry we crossed the Colorado and I was introduced to the weird and wild canyon country, with its golden-red walls and purple depths. Here we parted with the caravan and went on with Jones' rangers, Jim and Emmet, who led our outfit into such a wonderful region as I had never dreamed of. We camped several days on the vast range where Jones let his buffalo herd run wild. One day the Arizonians put me astride a white mustang that apparently delighted in carrying a tenderfoot. I did not then know what I was soon to learn—that the buffalo always chased this mustang off the range. When I rode up on the herd, to my utter amaze and terror they took after me and—but I am digressing, and this is a dog story.

Once across the river, Jones had unchained the dogs and let them run on ahead or lag behind. Most of them lagged. Don for one, however, did not get sore feet. Beyond the buffalo range we entered the sage, and here Jones began to train the dogs in earnest. He carried on his saddle an old blunderbuss of a shotgun, about which I had wondered curiously. I had supposed he meant to use it to shoot small game.

Moze, our black-and-white dog, and the ugliest of the lot, gave chase to a jack rabbit.

"Hyar, you Moze, come back!" bawled Jones in stentorian tones. But Moze paid no attention. Jones

whipped out the old shotgun and before I could utter a protest he had fired. The distance was pretty far—seventy yards or more—but Moze howled piercingly and came sneaking and limping back. It was remarkable to see him almost crawl to Jones' feet.

"Thar! That'll teach you not to chase rabbits. You're a lion dog!" shouted the old plainsman as if he were talking to a human.

As first I was so astounded and furious that I could not speak. But presently I voiced my feeling.

"Wal, it looks worse than it is," he said, with his keen gray-blue eyes on me. "I'm usin' fine birdshot an' it can't do any more than sting. You see, I've no time to train these dogs. It's necessary to make them see quick that they're not to trail or chase any varmints but lions."

There was nothing for me to do but hold my tongue, though my resentment appeared to be shared by Jim and Emmet. They made excuses for the old plainsman. Jim said, "He shore can make animals do what he wants. But I never seen the dog or hoss that cared two bits for him."

We rode on through the beautiful purple sageland, gradually up hill, toward a black-fringed horizon that was Buckskin Forest. Jack rabbits, cottontails, coyotes and foxes, prairie dogs and pack rats infested the sage and engaged the attention of our assorted pack of hounds. All the dogs except Don fell victim to Jones' old blunderbuss; and surely stubborn Moze received a second peppering, this time at closer range. I espied drops of blood upon his dirty white skin. After this it relieved me greatly to see that not even Moze transgressed again. Jones' method was cruel, but effective. He had captured and subdued wild

animals since his boyhood. In fact, that had been the driving passion of his life, but no sentiment entered into it.

"Reckon Don is too smart to let you ketch him," Jim once remarked to our leader.

"Wal, I don't know," responded Jones, dubiously. "Mebbe he just wouldn't chase this sage trash. But wait till we jump some deer. Then we'll see. He's got bloodhound in him, and I'll bet he'll run deer. All hounds will, even the best ones trained on bear an' lion."

Not long after we entered the wonderful pine forest the reckoning of Don came as Jones had predicted. Several deer bounded out of a thicket and crossed ahead of us, soon disappearing in the green blur.

"Ahuh! Now we'll see," ejaculated Jones, deliberately pulling out the old shotgun.

The hounds trotted along beside our horses, unaware of the danger ahead. Soon we reached the deer tracks. All the hounds showed excitement. Don let out a sharp yelp and shot away like a streak on the trail.

"Don, come hyar!" yelled Jones, at the same time extending his gun. Don gave no sign he had heard. Then Jones pulled trigger and shot him. I saw the scattering of dust and pine needles all round Don. He doubled up and rolled. I feared he might be badly injured. But he got up and turned back. It seemed strange that he did not howl. Jones drew his plunging horse to a halt and bade us all stop.

"Don, come back hyar," he called in a loud, harsh, commanding voice.

The hound obeyed, not sneakingly or cringingly. He did not put his tail between his legs. But he was frightened and no doubt pretty badly hurt. When he

reached us I saw that he was trembling all over and that drops of blood dripped from his long ears. What a somber sullen gaze in his eyes!

"See hyar," bellowed Jones, "I knowed you was a deer chaser. Wal, now you're a lion dog."

Later that day, when I had recovered sufficiently from my disapproval, I took Jones to task about this matter of shooting the dogs. I wanted to know how he expected the hounds to learn what he required of them.

"Wal, that's easy," he replied curtly. "When we strike a lion trail I'll put them on it—let them go. They'll soon learn."

It seemed plausible, but I was so insensed that I doubted the hounds would chase anything; and I resolved that, if Jones shot Don again, I would force the issue and end the hunt unless assured there would be no more of such drastic training methods.

Soon after this incident we made camp on the edge of a beautiful glade where a snowbank still lingered and a stream of water trickled down into a green swale. Before we got camp pitched a band of wild horses thudded by, thrilling me deeply. My first sight of wild horses! I knew I should never forget that splendid stallion, the leader, racing on under the trees, looking back at us over his shoulder.

At this camp I renewed my attempts to make friends with Don. He had been chained apart from the other dogs. He ate what I fetched him, but remained aloof. His dignity and distrust were such that I did not risk laying a hand on him then. But I resolved to win him if it were possible. His tragic eyes haunted me. There was a story in them I could not read. He always

seemed to be looking afar. On this occasion I came to the conclusion that he hated Jones.

Buckskin Forest was well named. It appeared to be full of deer, the large black-tailed species known as mule deer. This species must be related to the elk. The size and beauty of them, the way they watched with long ears erect and then bounded off as if on springs, never failed to thrill me with delight.

As we traveled on the forest grew wilder and more beautiful. In the park-like glades a bleached white grass waved in the wind and bluebells smiled wanly. Wild horses outnumbered the deer, and that meant there were some always in sight. A large gray grouse flew up now and then; and most striking of the forest creatures to fascinate me was a magnificent black squirrel, with a long bushy white tail, and tufted ears, and a red stripe down its glossy sides.

We rode for several days through this enchanting wilderness, gradually ascending, and one afternoon we came abruptly to a break in the forest. It was the north rim of the Grand Canyon. My astounded gaze tried to grasp an appalling abyss of purple and gold and red, a chasm too terrible and beautiful to understand all at once. The effect of that moment must have been tremendous, for I have never recovered from it. To this day the thing that fascinates me most is to stand upon a great height—canyon wall, or promontory, or peak—and gaze down into the mysterious colorful depths.

Our destination was Powell's Plateau, an isolated cape jutting out into the canyon void. Jones showed it to me—a distant gold-rimmed black-fringed promontory, seemingly inaccessible and unscalable. The only

trail leading to it was a wild-horse hunter's trail, seldom used, exceedingly dangerous. It took us two days over this canyon trail to reach the Saddle—a narrow strip of land dipping down from the Plateau and reaching up to the main rim. We camped under a vast looming golden wall, so wonderful that it kept me from sleeping. That night lions visited our camp. The hounds barked for hours. This was the first chance I had to hear Don. What a voice he had! Deep, ringing, wild, like the bay of a wolf!

Next morning we ascended the Saddle, from the notch of which I looked down into the chasm still asleep in purple shadows; then we climbed a narrow deer trail to the summit of the Plateau. Here indeed was the grand wild isolated spot of my dreams. Indeed I was in an all-satisfying trance of adventure.

I wanted to make camp on the rim but Jones laughed at me. We rode through the level stately forest of pines until we came to a ravine, on the north side of which lay a heavy bank of snow. This was very necessary, for there was no water on the Plateau. Jones rode off to scout while the rest of us pitched camp. Before we had completed our tasks a troop of deer appeared across the ravine, and motionless they stood watching us. There were big and little deer, blue-gray in color, sleek and graceful, so tame that to me it seemed brutal to shoot at them.

Don was the only one of the dogs that espied the deer. He stood up to gaze hard at them, but he did not bark or show any desire to chase them. Yet there seemed to me to be a strange yearning light in his dark eyes. I had never failed to approach Don whenever opportunity afforded, to continue my overtures of friendship. But now, as always, Don turned away

from me. He was cold and somber. I had never seen him wag his tail or whine eagerly, as was common with most hounds.

Jones returned to camp jubilant and excited, as far as it was possible for the old plainsman to be. He had found lion trails and lion tracks, and he predicted a great hunt for us.

The Plateau resembled in shape the ace of clubs. It was perhaps six miles long and three or four wide. The body of it was covered with a heavy growth of pine and the capes that sloped somewhat toward the canyon were thick with sage and cedar. This lower part, with its numerous swales and ravines and gorges, all leading down into the jungle of splintered crags and thicketed slopes of the Grand Canyon, turned out to be a paradise for deer and lion.

We found many lion trails leading down from the cedared broken rim to the slopes of yellow and red. These slopes really constituted a big country, and finally led to the sheer perpendicular precipices, three thousand feet lower.

Deer were numerous and as tame as cattle on a range. They grazed with our horses. Herds of a dozen or more were common. Once we saw a very large band. Down in the sage and under the cedars and in ravines we found many remains of deer. Jones called these lion-kills. And he frankly stated that the number of deer killed yearly upon the Plateau would be incredible to any one who had not seen the actual signs.

In two days we had three captive lions tied up to pine saplings near camp. They were two-year-olds. Don and I had treed the first lion; I had taken pictures

of Jones lassoing him; I had jumped off a ledge into a cedar to escape another; I had helped Jones hold a third; I had scratches from lion claws on my chaps, and—but I keep forgetting that this is not a story about lions. Always before when I have told it I have slighted Don.

One night, a week or more after we had settled in camp, we sat round a blazing red fire and talked over the hunt of the day. We all had our part to tell. Jones and I had found where a lioness had jumped a deer. He showed me where the lioness had crouched upon a little brushy knoll, and how she had leaped thirty feet to the back of the deer. He showed me the tracks the deer had made—bounding, running, staggering with the lioness upon its back—and where, fully a hundred paces beyond, the big cat had downed its prey and killed it. There had been a fierce struggle. Then the lioness had dragged the carcass down the slope, through the sage, to the cedar tree where her four two-year-old cubs waited. All that we found of the deer were the ragged hide, some patches of hair, cracked bones, and two long ears. These were still warm.

Eventually we got the hounds on this trail and soon put up the lions. I found a craggy cliff under the rim and sat there watching and listening for hours. Jones rode to and fro above me, and at last dismounted to go down to join the other men. The hounds treed one of the lions. How that wild canyon slope rang with barks and bays and yells! Jones tied up this lion. Then the hounds worked up the ragged slope towards me, much to my gratification and excitement. Somewhere near me the lions had taken to cedars or crags, and I strained my eyes searching for them.

At last I located a lion on top of an isolated crag

right beneath me. The hounds, with Don and Ranger leading, had been on the right track. My lusty yells brought the men. Then the lion stood up—a long, slender, yellowish cat—and spat at me. Next it leaped off that crag, fully fifty feet to the slope below, and bounded down, taking the direction from which the men had come. The hounds gave chase, yelping and baying. Jones bawled at them, trying to call them off, for what reason I could not guess. But I was soon to learn. They found the lion Jones had captured and left lying tied under a cedar, and they killed it, then took the trail of the other. They treed it far down in the rough jumble of rocks and cedars.

One by one we had ridden back to camp that night, tired out. Jim was the last in and he told his story last. And what was my amazement and fright to learn that all the three hours I had sat upon the edge of the caverned wall, the lioness had crouched on a bench above me. Jim on his way up had seen her, and then located her tracks in the dust back of my position. When this fact burst upon me I remembered how I had at first imagined I heard faint panting breaths near me somewhere. I had been too excited to trust my ears.

"Wal," said Jones, standing with the palms of his huge hands to the fire, "we had a poor day. If we had stuck to Don there'd have been a different story. I haven't trusted him. But now I reckon I'll have to. He'll make the greatest lion dog I ever had. Strikes me queer, too, for I never guessed it was in him. He has faults though. He's too fast. He outruns the other hounds, an' he's goin' to be killed because of that. Some day he'll beat the pack to a mean old Tom lion or a lioness with cubs, an' he'll get his everlastin'.

Another fault is, he doesn't bark often. That's bad, too. You can't stick to him. He's got a grand bay, shore, but he saves his breath. Don wants to run an' trail an' fight alone. He's got more nerve than any hound I ever trained. He's too good for his own sake —an' it'll be his death."

Naturally I absorbed all that Buffalo Jones said about dogs, horses, lions, everything pertaining to the West, and I believed it as if it had been gospel. But I observed that the others, especially Jim, did not always agree with our chief in regard to the hounds. A little later, when Jones had left the fire, Jim spoke up with his slow Texas drawl:

"Wal, what does he know aboot dawgs? I'll tell you right heah, if he hadn't shot Don we'd had the best hound thet ever put his nose to a track. Don is a wild strange hound, shore enough. Mebbe he's like a lone wolf. But it's plain he's been mistreated by men. An' Jones has just made him wuss."

Emmet inclined to Jim's point of view. And I respected this giant Mormon who was famous on the desert for his kindness to men and animals. His ranch at Lee's Ferry was overrun with dogs, cats, mustangs, burros, sheep, and tamed wild animals that he had succored.

"Yes, Don hates Jones and, I reckon, all of us," said Emmet. "Don's not old, but he's too old to change. Still, you can never tell what kindness will do to animals. I'd like to take Don home with me and see. But Jones is right. That hound will be killed."

"Now I wonder why Don doesn't run off from us?" inquired Jim.

"Perhaps he thinks he'd get shot again," I ventured.

"If he ever runs away it'll not be here in the wilds,"

replied Emmet. "I take Don to be about as smart as any dog ever gets. And that's pretty close to human intelligence. People have to live lonely lives with dogs before they understand them. I reckon I understand Don. He's either loved one master once and lost him, or else he has always hated all men."

"Humph! That's shore an idee," ejaculated Jim, dubiously. "Do you think a dog can feel like that?"

"Jim, I once saw a little Indian shepherd dog lie down on its master's grave and die," returned the Mormon, sonorously.

"Wal, dog-gone me!" exclaimed Jim, in mild surprise.

One morning Jim galloped in driving the horses pell-mell into camp. Any deviation from the Texan's usual leisurely manner of doing things always brought us up short with keen expectation.

"Saddle up," called Jim. "Shore thar's a chase on. I seen a big red lioness up heah. She must have come down out of the tree whar I hang my meat. Last night I had a haunch of venison. It's gone. . . . Say, she was a beauty. Red as a red fox."

In a very few moments we were mounted and riding up the ravine, with the eager hounds sniffing the air. Always over-anxious in my excitement, I rode ahead of my comrades. The hounds trotted with me. The distance to Jim's meat tree was a short quarter of a mile. I knew well where it was and, as of course the lion trail would be fresh, I anticipated a fine opportunity to watch Don. The other hounds had come to regard him as their leader. When we neared the meat tree, which was a low-branched oak shaded by thick silver spruce, Don elevated his nose high in the air.

He had caught a scent even at a distance. Jones had said more than once that Don had a wonderful nose. The other hounds, excited by Don, began to whine and yelp and run around with noses to the ground.

I had eyes only for Don. How instinct he was with life and fire! The hair on his neck stood up like bristles. Suddenly he let out a wild bark and bolted. He sped away from the pack and like a flash passed that oak tree, running with his head high. The hounds strung out after him and soon the woods seemed full of a baying chorus.

My horse, Black Bolly, well knew the meaning of that medley and did not need to be urged. He broke into a run and swiftly carried me up out of the hollow and through a brown-aisled pine-scented strip of forest to the canyon.

I rode along the edge of one of the deep indentations on the main rim. The hounds were bawling right under me at the base of a low cliff. They had jumped the lioness. I could not see them, but that was not necessary. They were running fast towards the head of this cove, and I had hard work to hold Black Bolly to a safe gait along that rocky rim. Suddenly she shied, and then reared, so that I fell out of the saddle as much as I dismounted. But I held the bridle, and then jerked my rifle from the saddle sheath. As I ran toward the rim I heard the yells of the men coming up behind. At the same instant I was startled and halted by sight of something red and furry flashing up into a tree right in front of me. It was the red lioness. The dogs had chased her into a pine the middle branches of which were on a level with the rim.

My skin went tight and cold and my heart fluttered. The lioness looked enormous, but that was because

she was so close. I could have touched her with a long fishing pole. I stood motionless for an instant, thrilling in every nerve, reveling in the beauty and wildness of that great cat. She did not see me. The hounds below engaged all her attention. But when I let out a yell, which I could not stifle, she jerked spasmodically to face me. Then I froze again. What a tigerish yellow flash of eyes and fangs! She hissed. She could have sprung from the tree to the rim and upon me in two bounds. But she leaped to a ledge below the rim, glided along that and disappeared.

I ran ahead and with haste and violence clambered out upon a jutting point of the rim, from which I could command the situation. Jones and the others were riding and yelling back where I had left my horse. I called for them to come.

The hounds were baying along the base of the low cliff. No doubt they had seen the lioness leap out of the tree. My eyes roved everywhere. This cove was a shallow V-shaped gorge, a few hundred yards deep and as many across. Its slopes were steep with patches of brush and rock.

All at once my quick eye caught a glimpse of something moving up the opposite slope. It was a long red pantherish shape. The lioness! I yelled with all my might. She ran up the slope and at the base of the low wall she turned to the right. At that moment Jones strode heavily over the rough loose rocks of the promontory toward me.

"Where's the cat?" he boomed, his gray eyes flashing. In a moment more I had pointed her out. "Ha! I see. . . . Don't like that place. The canyon boxes. She can't get out. She'll turn back."

The old hunter had been quick to grasp what had

escaped me. The lioness could not find any break in the wall, and manifestly she would not go down into the gorge. She wheeled back along the base of this yellow cliff. There appeared to be a strip of bare clay or shale rock against which background her red shape stood out clearly. She glided along, slowing her pace, and she turned her gaze across the gorge.

Then Don's deep bay rang out from the slope to our left. He had struck the trail of the lioness. I saw him running down. He leaped in long bounds. The other hounds heard him and broke for the brushy slope. In a moment they had struck the scent of their quarry and given tongue.

As they started down Don burst out of the willow thicket at the bottom of the gorge and bounded up the opposite slope. He was five hundred yards ahead of the pack. He was swiftly climbing. He would run into the lioness.

Jones gripped my arm in his powerful hand.

"Look!" he shouted. "Look at that fool hound! . . . Runnin' up hill to get to that lioness. She won't run. She's cornered. She'll meet him. She'll kill him. . . . Shoot her! Shoot her!"

I scarcely needed Jones' command to stir me to save Don, but it was certain that the old plainsman's piercing voice made me tremble. I knelt and leveled my rifle. The lioness showed red against the gray—a fine target. She was gliding more and more slowly. She saw or heard Don. The gunsight wavered. I could not hold steady. But I had to hurry. My first bullet struck two yards below the beast, puffing the dust. She kept on. My second bullet hit behind her. Jones was yelling in my ear. I could see Don out of the tail of my eye. . . . Again I shot. Too high! But the

lioness jumped and halted. She lashed with her tail. What a wild picture! I strained—clamped every muscle, and pulled trigger. My bullet struck right under the lioness, scattering a great puff of dust and gravel in her face. She bounded ahead a few yards and up into a cedar tree. An instant later Don flashed over the bare spot where she had waited to kill him, and in another his deep bay rang out under the cedar.

"Treed, by gosh!" yelled Jones, joyfully pounding me on the back with his huge fist. "You saved that fool dog's life. She'd have killed him shore. . . . Wal, the pack will be there pronto, an' all we've got to do is go over an' tie her up. But it was a close shave for Don."

That night in camp Don was not in the least different from his usual somber self. He took no note of my proud proprietorship or my hovering near him while he ate the supper I provided, part of which came from my own plate. My interest and sympathy had augmented to love.

Don's attitude toward the captured and chained lions never ceased to be a source of delight and wonder to me. All the other hounds were upset by the presence of the big cats. Moze, Sounder, Tige, Ranger would have fought these collared lions. Not so Don! For him they had ceased to exist. He would walk within ten feet of a hissing lioness without the slightest sign of having seen or heard her. He never joined in the howling chorus of the dogs. He would go to sleep close to where the lions clanked their chains, clawed the trees, whined and spat and squalled.

Several days after that incident of the red lioness we had a long and severe chase through the brushy

cedar forest on the left wing of the Plateau. I did well to keep the hounds within earshot. When I arrived at the end of that run I was torn and blackened by the brush, wet with sweat, and hot as fire. Jones, lasso in hand, was walking round a large cedar under which the pack of hounds was clamoring. Jim and Emmet were seated on a stone, wiping their red faces.

"Wal, I'll rope him before he rests up," declared Jones.

"Wait till—I get—my breath," panted Emmet.

"We shore oozed along this mawnin'," drawled Jim.

Dismounting, I untied my camera from the saddle and then began to peer up into the bushy cedar.

"It's a Tom lion," declared Jones. "Not very big, but he looks mean. I reckon he'll mess us up some."

"Haw! Haw!" shouted Jim, sarcastically. The old plainsman's imperturbability sometimes wore on our nerves.

I climbed a cedar next to the one in which the lion had taken refuge. From a topmost fork, swaying to and fro, I stood up to photograph our quarry. He was a good-sized animal, tawny in hue, rather gray of face, and a fierce-looking brute. As the distance between us was not far, my situation was as uncomfortable as thrilling. He snarled at me and spat viciously. I was about to abandon my swinging limb when the lion turned away from me to peer down through the branches.

Jones was climbing into the cedar. Low and deep the lion growled. Jones held in one hand a long pole with a small fork at the end, upon which hung the noose of his lasso. Presently he got far enough up to reach the lion. Usually he climbed close enough to throw the rope, but evidently he regarded this beast as

dangerous. He tried to slip the noose over the head of the lion. One sweep of a big paw sent pole and noose flying. Patiently Jones made ready and tried again, with similar result. Many times he tried. His patience and perseverance seemed incredible. One attribute of his great power to capture and train wild animals here asserted itself. Finally the lion grew careless or tired, on which instant Jones slipped the noose over its head.

Drawing the lasso tight, he threw his end over a thick branch and let it trail down to the men below. "Wait now!" he yelled, and quickly backed down out of the cedar. The hounds were leaping eagerly.

"Pull him off that fork an' let him down easy so I can rope one of his paws."

It turned out, however, that the lion was hard to dislodge. I could see his muscles ridge and bulge. Dead branches cracked, the tree-top waved. Jones began to roar in anger. The men replied with strained hoarse voices. I saw the lion drawn from his perch and, clawing the branches, springing convulsively, he disappeared from my sight.

Then followed a crash. The branch over which Jones was lowering the beast had broken. Wild yells greeted my startled ears and a perfect din of yelps and howls. Pandemonium had broken loose down there. I fell more than I descended from that tree.

As I bounded erect I espied the men scrambling out of the way of a huge furry wheel. Ten hounds and one lion comprised that brown whirling ball. Suddenly out of it a dog came hurtling. He rolled to my feet, staggered up.

It was Don. Blood was streaming from him. Swiftly I dragged him aside, out of harm's way. And

I forgot the fight. My hands came away from Don wet and dripping with hot blood. It shocked me. Then I saw that his throat had been terribly torn. I thought his jugular vein had been severed. Don lay down and stretched out. He looked at me with those great somber eyes. Never would I forget! He was going to die right there before my eyes.

"Oh, Don! Don! What can I do?" I cried in horror.

As I sank beside Don one of my hands came in contact with snow. It had snowed that morning and there were still white patches in shady places. Like a flash I ripped off my scarf and bound it round Don's neck. Then I scraped up a double handful of snow and placed that in my bandana handkerchief. This also I bound tightly round his neck. I could do no more. My hope left me then, and I had not the courage to sit there beside him until he died.

All the while I had been aware of a bedlam near at hand. When I looked I saw a spectacle for a hunter. Jones, yelling at the top of his stentorian voice, seized one hound after the other by the hind legs and, jerking him from the lion, threw him down the steep slope. Jim and Emmet were trying to help while at the same time they avoided close quarters with that threshing beast. At last they got the dogs off and the lion stretched out. Jones got up, shaking his shaggy head. Then he espied me and his hard face took on a look of alarm.

"Hyar—you're all—bloody," he panted plaintively, as if I had been exceedingly remiss.

Whereupon I told him briefly about Don. Then Jim and Emmet approached and we all stood looking down on the quiet dog and the patch of bloody snow.

"Wal, I reckon he's a goner," said Jones, breathing hard. "Shore I knew he'd get his everlastin'."

"Looks powerful like the lion has aboot got his too," added Jim.

Emmet knelt by Don and examined the bandage round his neck. "Bleeding yet," he muttered, thoughtfully. "You did all that was possible. Too bad! . . . The kindest thing we can do is to leave him here."

I did not question this but I hated to consent. Still, to move him would only bring on more hemorrhage and to put him out of his agony would have been impossible for me. Moreover, while there was life there was hope! Scraping up a goodly ball of snow, I rolled it close to Don so that he could lick it if he chose. Then I turned aside and could not look again. But I knew that to-morrow or the following day I would find my way back to this wild spot.

The accident to Don and what seemed the inevitable issue weighed heavily upon my mind. Don's eyes haunted me. I very much feared that the hunt had reached an unhappy ending for me. Next day the weather was threatening and, as the hounds were pretty tired, we rested in camp, devoting ourselves to needful tasks. A hundred times I thought of Don, alone out there in the wild brakes. Perhaps merciful death had relieved him of suffering. I would surely find out on the morrow.

But the indefatigable Jones desired to hunt in another direction next day and, as I was by no means sure I could find the place where Don had been left, I had to defer that trip. We had a thrilling hazardous luckless chase, and I for one gave up before it ended.

Weary and dejected I rode back. I could not get Don off my conscience. The pleasant woodland camp

did not seem the same place. For the first time the hissing, spitting, chain-clinking, tail-lashing lions caused me irritation and resentment. I would have none of them. What was the capture of a lot of spiteful vicious cats to the life of a noble dog? Slipping my saddle off, I turned Black Bolly loose.

Then I imagined I saw a beautiful black long-eared hound enter the glade. I rubbed my eyes. Indeed there was a dog coming. Don! I shouted my joy and awe. Running like a boy I knelt by him, saying I knew not what. Don wagged his tail! He licked my hand! These actions seemed as marvelous as his return. He looked sick and weak but he was all right. The handkerchief was gone from his neck but the scarf remained, and it was stuck tight where his throat had been lacerated.

Later Emmet examined Don and said we had made a mistake about the jugular vein being severed. Don's injury had been serious, however, and without the prompt aid I had so fortunately given he would soon have bled to death. Jones shook his gray old locks and said, "Reckon Don's time hadn't come. Hope that will teach him sense." In a couple of days Don had recovered and on the next he was back leading the pack.

A subtle change had come over Don in his relation to me. I did not grasp it so clearly then. Thought and memory afterward brought the realization to me. But there was a light in his eyes for me which had never been there before.

One day Jones and I treed three lions. The largest leaped and ran down into the canyon. The hounds followed. Jones strode after them, leaving me alone with nothing but a camera to keep those two lions up

that tree. I had left horse and gun far up the slope. I protested; I yelled after him, "What'll I do if they start down?"

He turned to gaze up at me. His grim face flashed in the sunlight.

"Grab a club an' chase them back," he replied.

Then I was left alone with two ferocious-looking lions in a piñon tree scarcely thirty feet high. While they heard the baying of the hounds they paid no attention to me, but after that ceased they got ugly. Then I hid behind a bush and barked like a dog. It worked beautifully. The lions grew quiet. I barked and yelped and bayed until I lost my voice. Then they got ugly again! They started down. With stones and clubs I kept them up there, while all the time I was wearing to collapse. When at last I was about to give up in terror and despair I heard Don's bay, faint and far away. The lions had heard it before I had. How they strained! I could see the beating of their hearts through their lean sides. My own heart leaped. Don's bay floated up, wild and mournful. He was coming. Jones had put him on the back trail of the lion that had leaped from the tree.

Deeper and clearer came the bays. How strange that Don should vary from his habit of seldom baying! There was something uncanny in this change. Soon I saw him far down the rocky slope. He was climbing fast. It seemed I had long to wait, yet my fear left me. On and up he came, ringing out that wild bay. It must have curdled the blood of those palpitating lions. It seemed the herald of that bawling pack of hounds.

Don espied me before he reached the piñon in which were the lions. He bounded right past it and up to

me with the wildest demeanor. He leaped up and placed his forepaws on my breast. And as I leaned down, excited and amazed, he licked my face. Then he whirled back to the tree, where he stood up and fiercely bayed the lions. While I sank down to rest, overcome, the familiar baying chorus of the hounds floated up from below. As usual they were far behind the fleet Don, but they were coming.

Another day I found myself alone on the edge of a huge cove that opened down into the main canyon. We were always getting lost from one another. And so were the hounds. There were so many lion trails that the pack would split, some going one way, some another, until it appeared each dog finally had a lion to himself.

It was a glorious day. From far below, faint and soft, came the strange roar of the Rio Colorado. I could see it winding, somber and red, through the sinister chasm. Adventure ceased to exist for me. I was gripped by the grandeur and loveliness, the desolation and loneliness of the supreme spectacle of nature.

Then as I sat there, absorbed and chained, the spell of enchantment was broken by Don. He had come to me. His mouth was covered with froth. I knew what that meant. Rising, I got my canteen from the saddle and poured water into the crown of my sombrero. Don lapped it. As he drank so thirstily I espied a bloody scratch on his nose.

"Aha! A lion has batted you one, this very morning," I cried. "Don—I fear for you."

He rested while I once more was lost in contemplation of the glory of the canyon. What significant hours

these on the lonely heights! But then I only saw and felt.

Presently I mounted my horse and headed for camp, with Don trotting behind. When we reached the notch of the cove the hound let out his deep bay and bounded down a break in the low wall. I dismounted and called. Only another deep bay answered me. Don had scented a lion or crossed one's trail. Suddenly several sharp deep yelps came from below, a crashing of brush, a rattling of stones. Don had jumped another lion.

Quickly I threw off sombrero and coat and chaps. I retained my left glove. Then, with camera over my shoulder and revolver in my belt, I plunged down the break in the crag. My boots were heavy soled and studded with hobnails. The weeks on these rocky slopes had trained me to fleetness and sure-footedness. I plunged down the sliding slant of weathered stone, crashed through the brush, dodged under the cedars, leaped from boulder to ledge and down from ledge to bench. Reaching a dry stream bed, I espied in the sand the tracks of a big lion, and beside them smaller tracks that were Don's. And as I ran I yelled at the top of my lungs, hoping to help Don tree the lion. What I was afraid of was that the beast might wait for Don and kill him.

Such strenuous exertion required a moment's rest now and then, during which I listened for Don. Twice I heard his bay, and the last one sounded as if he had treed the lion. Again I took to my plunging, jumping, sliding descent; and I was not long in reaching the bottom of that gorge. Ear and eye had guided me unerringly for I came to an open place near the main jump-off into the canyon, and here I saw a tawny shape in a cedar tree. It belonged to a big Tom lion. He

swayed the branch and leaped to a ledge, and from that down to another, and then vanished round a corner of wall.

Don could not follow down those high steps. Neither could I. We worked along the ledge, under cedars, and over huge slabs of rock toward the corner where our quarry had disappeared. We were close to the great abyss. I could almost feel it. Then the glaring light of a void struck my eyes like some tangible thing.

At last I worked out from the shade of rocks and trees and, turning the abrupt jut of wall, I found a few feet of stone ledge between me and the appalling chasm. How blue, how fathomless! Despite my pursuit of a lion I was suddenly shocked into awe and fear.

Then Don returned to me. The hair on his neck was bristling. He had come from the right, from round the corner of wall where the ledge ran, and where surely the lion had gone. My blood was up and I meant to track that beast to his lair, photograph him if possible, and kill him. So I strode on to the ledge and round the point of wall. Soon I espied huge cat tracks in the dust, close to the base. A well-defined lion trail showed there. And ahead I saw the ledge—widening somewhat and far from level—stretch before me to another corner.

Don acted queerly. He followed me, close at my heels. He whined. He growled. I did not stop to think then what he wanted to do. But it must have been that he wanted to go back. The heat of youth and the wildness of adventure had gripped me and fear and caution were not in me.

Nevertheless my sensibilities were remarkably acute. When Don got in front of me there was something that

compelled me to go slowly. Soon, in any event, I should have been forced to that. The ledge narrowed. Then it widened again to a large bench with cavernous walls overhanging it. I passed this safe zone to turn on to a narrowing edge of rock that disappeared round another corner. When I came to this point I must have been possessed, for I flattened myself against the wall and worked round it.

Again the way appeared easier. But what made Don go so cautionsly? I heard his growls; still, no longer did I look at him. I felt this pursuit was nearing an end. At the next turn I halted short, suddenly quivering. The ledge ended—and there lay the lion, licking a bloody paw.

Tumultuous indeed were my emotions, yet on that instant I did not seem conscious of fear. Jones had told me never, in close quarters, to take my eyes off a lion. I forgot. In the wild excitement of a chance for an incomparable picture I forgot. A few precious seconds were wasted over the attempt to focus my camera.

Then I heard quick thuds. Don growled. With a start I jerked up to see the lion had leaped or run half the distance. He was coming. His eyes blazed purple fire. They seemed to paralyze me, yet I began to back along the ledge. Whipping out my revolver I tried to aim. But my nerves had undergone such a shock that I could not aim. The gun wobbled. I dared not risk shooting. If I wounded the lion it was certain he would knock me off that narrow ledge.

So I kept on backing, step by step. Don did likewise. He stayed between me and the lion. Therein lay the greatness of that hound. How easily he could

have dodged by me to escape along the ledge! But he did not do it.

A precious opportunity presented when I reached the widest part of the bench. Here I had a chance and I recognized it. Then, when the over-hanging wall bumped my shoulder, I realized too late. I had come to the narrowing part of the ledge. Not reason but fright kept me from turning to run. Perhaps that might have been the best way out of the predicament. I backed along the strip of stone that was only a foot wide. A few more blind steps meant death. My nerve was gone. Collapse seemed inevitable. I had a camera in one hand and a revolver in the other.

That purple-eyed beast did not halt. My distorted imagination gave him a thousand shapes and actions. Bitter despairing thoughts flashed through my mind. Jones had said mountain lions were cowards, but not when cornered—never when there was no avenue of escape!

Then Don's haunches backed into my knees. I dared not look down but I felt the hound against me. He was shaking yet he snarled fiercely. The feel of Don there, the sense of his courage caused my cold thick blood to burst into hot gushes. In another second he would be pawed off the ledge or he would grapple with this hissing lion. That meant destruction for both, for they would roll off the ledge.

I had to save Don. That mounting thought was my salvation. Physically, he could not have saved me or himself, but this grand spirit somehow pierced to my manhood.

Leaning against the wall, I lifted the revolver and steadied my arm with my left hand, which still held

the camera. I aimed between the purple eyes. That second was an eternity. The gun crashed. The blaze of one of those terrible eyes went out.

Up leaped the lion, beating the wall with heavy thudding paws. Then he seemed to propel himself outward, off the ledge into space—a tawny spread figure that careened majestically over and over, down —down—down to vanish in the blue depths.

Don whined. I stared at the abyss, slowly becoming unlocked from the grip of terror. I staggered a few steps forward to a wider part of the ledge and there I sank down, unable to stand longer. Don crept to me, put his head in my lap.

I listened. I strained my ears. How endlessly long seemed that lion in falling! But all was magnified. At last puffed up a sliding roar, swelling and dying until again the terrific silence of the canyon enfolded me.

Presently Don sat up and gazed into the depths. How strange to see him peer down! Then he turned his sleek dark head to look at me. What did I see through the somber sadness of his eyes? He whined and licked my hand. It seemed to me Don and I were more than man and dog. He moved away then round the narrow ledge, and I had to summon energy to follow. Shudderingly, I turned my back on that awful chasm and held my breath while I slipped round the perilous place. Don waited there for me, then trotted on. Not until I had gotten safely off that ledge did I draw a full breath. Then I toiled up the steep rough slope to the rim. Don was waiting beside my horse. Between us we drank the rest of the water in my canteen, and when we reached camp night had fallen. A bright fire and a good supper broke the gloom of my

mind. My story held those rugged Westerners spellbound. Don stayed close to me, followed me of his own accord, and slept beside me in my tent.

There came a frosty morning when the sun rose red over the ramparts of colored rock. We had a lion running before the misty shadows dispersed from the canyon depths.

The hounds chased him through the sage and cedar into the wild brakes of the north wing of the Plateau. This lion must have been a mean old Tom for he did not soon go down the slopes.

The particular section he at last took refuge in was impassable for man. The hounds gave him a grueling chase, then one by one they crawled up, sore and thirsty. All but Don! He did not come. Jones rolled out his mighty voice, which pealed back in mocking hollow echoes. Don did not come. At noonday Jones and the men left for camp with the hounds.

I remained. I had a vigil there on the lofty rim, alone, where I could peer down the yellow-green slope and beyond to the sinister depths. It was a still day. The silence was overpowering. When Don's haunting bay floated up it shocked me. At long intervals I heard it, fainter and fainter. Then no more!

Still I waited and watched and listened. Afternoon waned. My horse neighed piercingly from the cedars. The sinking sun began to fire the Pink Cliffs of Utah, and then the hundred miles of immense chasm over which my charmed gaze held dominion. How lonely, how terrifying that stupendous rent in the earth! Lion and hound had no fear. But the thinking, feeling man was afraid. What did they mean—this exquisitely hued and monstrous canyon—the setting sun—the

wildness of a lion, the grand spirit of a dog—and the wondering sadness of a man?

I rode home without Don. Half the night I lay awake waiting, hoping. But he did not return by dawn, nor through that day. He never came back.

THE HOUND OF IRELAND

BY

DONN BYRNE

"An Irish novelist gets from the Irish people a certain reverence, a good measure of kindliness, considerable latitude in conduct and thought: in fine he gets his due from a God-fearing people. But he must not forget that his first duty is homeward."

—Donn Byrne.

THE HOUND OF IRELAND [1]

So Ireland was free at last! Glory be to God and the blue sky over us! Ireland was free! He took his glasses off and wiped them, and again he read the account of the opening of a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin, "in the Old House in College Green," as the agitators' phrase used to go, where Grattan had thundered. Young men! New men! There were none of the old feudists left, barring himself, and a moisture had come into his eyes that the former fighters should be dead—O'Brien and John Mitchel and Meagher of the Sword, and Charles Parnell, and O'Leary, the Wild Goose. The bold Fenian men!

Where was O'Donovan Rossa now, he whom his captors manacled and forced to lap up his food for thirty days like a mongrel dog? And where was Davitt, who had but one arm? And James Finton Lawlor? And the little Captain of Cork? And all the men who tried to free Ireland, some by oratory, and some by dynamite, and some with pike and musket on the green hills? All were dead now, though their names should live forever. And young men, bred in colleges, had taken up the burden, and not by romance but by brain power, not by open warfare but by a reign of fear, had secured autonomy for their country. Now that the great war had killed religious issues, they were winning over the hard Ulster Scottish to their side—the lean hatchet-faced descendants of Gaidhlig islanders, men who never fought a losing fight.

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He looked around the little tobacconist's shop with a smile, as a king might look at a disguise he was about to leave off. And he patted the great gray wolfhound by his side, that would have been more at home in the hall of some princely castle than in a little store of New Rochelle.

"Do you hear, big fellow? Ireland is free!"

Cuchulain laid a great shaggy paw on the old rebel's knee, as though he understood.

To be sure, the newspapers said that though Ireland was to have its parliament, its customs, its internal arrangements, yet the military power, the high judges and this and that were to be held by England. Old Shawn laughed. The first session of the Parliament in College Green would declare Ireland a free republic, and if the English didn't get out then and there, the young men would rise and drive them into the sea. Ah, God, what a pity it was that Meagher of the Sword was not alive to see this blessed day! But all were gone.

All but him, old Shawn Mahoney!

He was so old now that every day of life was precious to him, was a surprise. When he went to bed at night that he would awake to mortal life in the morning was not a certain thing. Always at six in the new dawn the wolfhound would push him gently with its gray muzzle and he would open his eyes.

"Bless God and the new day!"

All he wanted to do now, all that he asked of life, was that he remain in it until he could tread the green Irish hills, and he had sworn when he left there more than half a century ago, with Cuchulain's grandsire by his side, and the police hot after him, that he would never return until Ireland was free.

He turned to the great wolf dog again, talking to him as though he were a human being, as he all but was.

"Did you hear me? Were you listening to me at all, at all? Ireland is free."

The great hound thumped the ground with his tail, and it sounded like the welting of flails on a threshing floor. Then he rose and went to the door. Old Shawn watched him.

"You're right, big fellow. It's bundle and go!"

The new, the young men who were piloting Ireland to freedom spoke of economics, of statecraft, of internal and external taxation. They were for intensifying agricultural production, alleviating urban congestion, reviving the mining of coal and gold. To them Ireland was an estate in trust to be cared for and developed. And undoubtedly this was right.

But the older men had thought only of setting Ireland free. And to them Ireland was no estate, but a lovable and downtrodden lady, pleading to her sons and lovers to be set free.

There was a picture of Ireland, which an artist had once drawn to represent her, and which had become popular, and this picture was ever in the elder rebels' minds. Ireland, a tall, magnificent, full-bosomed woman, with black hair and gray eyes, stood in the foreground, dressed in a loose flowing robe of white. Back of her was a round tower, one of those relics of the strange African colonies which had once sailed to her shores. Her hand was resting on the native harp, and by her side was the Irish wolf dog, biggest, fiercest, and most loyal of hounds. This was the Ireland poor Mangan saw when he wrote "My Dark Rosaleen."

There was Ireland! Of the dark-haired, full-bos-

omed women there were plenty in the country. The harp had not been forgotten. The east Irish coast was dotted with the Phenician round towers to which a century was but as a year. But the great hound of Ireland had disappeared.

The last of the breed that the Goban Saor, the Master of the Irish Masons, developed, and that went to Cuchulain's heel, and that Ossian hunted with, was now in a little tobacconist's store in New Rochelle.

Of the authentic Irish wolfhound there are no specimens, so the dealers and breeders said, playing their game, which is more cunning than horse coping. The last of the Celtic breed, they claim, was in the possession of the Knight of Kerry, and died in 1785. The breed now shown as Irish wolfhounds is a reconstruction, containing, following different schemes of different breeders, Scottish deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds, and Norwegian elkhounds crossed on mastiff strain.

But the last did not die in the kennels of the Lord of Kerry in the eighteenth century. Kerry was the last Irish nobleman to keep them in his kennels. But scattered through the Galtee Mountains, Galtee More and Galtee Beg, and in the wild country which paid tribute to Macgillicuddy of the Reeks as overlord, there were perhaps eight or ten huge animals, all bone and sinew, big as a small horse, gray, shaggy, spectral. When one put its webbed forefeet on a tall man's shoulders it towered a head above him. But there was little opportunity for breeding—a man had to travel perhaps twenty miles to find sire or dam—and so little by little they died, their usefulness gone now that they had killed all the wolves and elk of Ireland. The last

of the breed had been Finn MacCool, the two-year-old pup that Shawn had brought from Ireland with him after '67.

It had hardly been a revolution, that '67, though men had been hanged for it, and buried in quicklime, and men had been deported and died in exile. It was just the magnificent and futile protest of a peasantry goaded to hysteria through misgovernment, led by romantic lovers of the country, who took to the hills with blunderbusses and pikes and a flag that had seen '98. One of the revolutionists, a strong farmer's son, brought with him Finn MacCool, the great dog.

"Sure, he loves Ireland too," was the only explanation. And in a land of romance it was accepted without protest or wonder.

"Arrah, and why shouldn't you, hound of my heart?"

Against the meager rebel commandos was thrown the majesty of the English army, horse and foot and guns, and generals cock-a-hoop. There were even the Coldstream Guards. And half the starved commandos were killed or captured, and another great victory won. In Shawn Mahoney's district the rising amounted only to a rapid skirmish behind the walls of a ruined church. Shawn had accounted for two of the opposing battalion, when he was plucked by the sleeve. Finn's owner was trying to cough a bullet up. "Glory be to God!" he choked. "I'm a dead man, that's what I am. Don't let them get the dog, Shawn. Don't let them have the dog!"

"They'll never have the dog," Shawn swore. . . .

When, a week later, after traversing the country by dead of night, he escaped from Waterford in a lugger to France, the dog went with him. In France they

both found succor, as Irish rebels will anywhere on the Continent, where O'Neill is Duke of Tetuan in Spain, and O'Donnell great in Portugal; where Byrne is a Freiherr of Saxony, and Taaffe, lord of Galway, is an Austrian prince.

France, with the memory of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, and the crash of Clare's Dragoons on Ramillies field, is ever kind. They protected the fleeing rebel and his great hound, that had also been under fire for Ireland, and sent them aboard a vessel for America. They bade them both Godspeed, and when Shawn said that he would never return to Ireland until Ireland was free, they assured him he would return in a few years to *"l'Irlande libre,"* though they shook their heads in private. Had not Lazare Hoche, the French general who conquered La Vendée, failed to free Ireland? And if a French general . . . *C'est dommage, mais. . . . Ah, la pauvre Irlande!*

He was not an orator. He was not a business man. He was not an organizer. He was only a lover of Ireland, who would lay down his life, if that were of any use, for his country's cause. But he was no particular asset in the fight the Irish Americans were waging, which was a war of money, of diplomacy, of politics. Little by little he came to take a back place in the councils of Clan-na-Gael. A thin, burning-eyed man, with a tremendous shyness, he was passed over when it came to easy jobs and political appointments. He wanted nothing, but if ever again they went out, as goes the Irish euphemism for revolution, he would be there gun in hand, and his dog would be with him. . . .

He left New York after a few months and located in New Rochelle, a town founded by rebels, and opened

a small store where papers of interest to the Irish were sold, weekly editions of Dublin papers, New York papers edited by Irish exiles, and his shop became the center of Irish activities in Westchester County.

There were always Irish dropping in for a chat, old Irish who came to ask how Ireland was, and newer Irish immigrants who told him how it was since he left. And all their eyes would turn on Finn MacCool, gray, quiet, and dignified at the rear.

"Yerra, but that's the gran' dog entirely. One of the ould breed. And they do be saying that they're all dead!"

"Begor, he's the last of his tribe, sir!" Shawn would shake his head.

"All old things die, and the new ones are never as good. Once these dogs were common as terriers and now you could travel the thirty-two counties and you'd find ne'er a one."

"A king's dog, him!"

Winter and summer New Rochelle saw both of them at dawn, Shawn and his dog, going for exercise, and all the dogs knew him and rendered him fealty. Even the little sporting terriers were silent and the bulls cowered in their kennels as he went by. Once a borzoi, meeting him, dropped dead of fear.

But what was most remarkable was how he knew when Ireland was spoken about. He would prick up his ears and an intent look would come into his brown eyes.

At Irish gatherings, concerts, ceilidhs, he used to accompany Shawn and accept the welcome offered him with great dignity. He would only move when some reciter intoned the dirge for the true Earl of Lucan:

Patrick Sarsfield, Erin's wonder,
Fought in the field with bolts of thunder.
One of Ireland's best commanders
Now lies food for the crows of Flanders!
Och! Ochone!

Then he would lift his head and bay sorrowfully with a belling that filled the street.

Or it might be the terrible lament for the victor of Benburb, done to death by the English:

Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill?
Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel!
May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!
May they walk in living death who murdered Owen Roe!

Every hair on Finn's body would rise, and his white teeth strip and his great bulk balance itself on his haunches as though ready to spring. . . .

The years passed and patriots died. First Isaac Butt went, and then the great Parnell, and then came Dillon and Redmond and O'Brien. But Finn was growing old, and it seemed to Shawn Mahoney that with the ending of the great hound's race would end the hope of ever treading the hills of a free Ireland. . . .

It was by nothing short of a miracle that the dynasty was saved. Shawn was doing some business in Port Chester when he ran into a wizened man with a great gray dog.

"Glory be to God! and what kind of a dog would you be calling that?"

"That's a Scottish deerhound, mister." The weazened man had a broad Scots accent.

"I've seen many a deerhound, but never a deerhound like that deerhound. Where in Scotland does she come from?"

"From Islay Island, mister."

"From Islay Island. That's no more nor twenty miles from Ireland."

"That's so, mister. And, what's more, that breed o' dog has been on Islay for nigh on two hundred years, and there's not a half dozen in the world left, beyond Giorsal here, and what Campbell o'Kilchoman, the poet, has on his place in Canada. They're of Alan Dhu the piper's strain, him that's but a byword in the mouth of the people, he's dead that long."

"And he learned his piping in Ireland, I'll be bound," said Shawn. "Now, my friend, I've got a dog, and if you're for mating her ladyship here—"

"She would no' mate wi' your ordinar' deerhound, and, as for a Russian wolfhound"—he laughed—"she'd tear him to pieces—"

"Wait until you see my dog—"

So Finn MacCool was mated with Giorsal of Islay, and Giorsal threw two whelps.

And Giorsal and one of them belonged to the Islay man, and the other to Shawn Mahoney—Oisin he called the pup. And Finn died a year later, and was buried with honors in a little copse near the golf course of Wykagyl. The Islay fisherman was not lucky. Distemper took Giorsal and MacCrimmen, her pup, but Oisin thrived and grew to powerful doghood, and with him revived Shawn's belief that Ireland would one day

be free, and he would tread the hills of Munster, and the dark Rosaleen would be a queen again, not a fettered slave girl in the house of the slavering Saxons. . . .

Though he hated to think it, Shawn always believed that Oisin was a better dog than Finn. There was not much to choose between them as far as physical power and appearance went. Oisin was a trifle cleaner in the legs, a trifle heavier in the chest, a trifle better about the collar than his sire. But he was a more dignified, a more princely, dog. He was the hound of romance. In his brown eyes one could see Ireland of the elder days: the Red Branch knights carousing at Emain Macha, the Children of Lear on the shadowy waters, Maeve the magnificent, the glory of the Fenians, the crash of the Danish battles. Gentle and strong, he might have been a companion of Patrick the saint as he stood against the magic of the Druids on Tara Hill.

And New York grew and with it New Rochelle. And into the old Huguenot township there came a bevy of people of the theatre, who trod the sturdy Huguenot stones with mincing gait and affected gesture, very theatrical, eye-compelling. But perhaps in all America there was nothing more dramatic than the gray-haired rebel in his dingy little tobacconist's shop, with the great dog an emperor would have envied.

Came a change over Ireland, too. There was the victory of the Land League; there was the new beneficent legislation; there were the old-age pensions, the laborers' cottages, the this-and-that material things, but freedom there was none.

"Look at what we have given them," England clamored to the world.

"A blind man wants more than a loaf of bread," the Irish replied. "He wants the sight of his eyes."

"What is wrong?"

"Our sons, Celts, are born serfs to an alien king. That is wrong."

"You Irish!"

There seemed no prospect of freedom, and Oisin, the great dog, would soon be old, and with him his race would end. This time there would be no miracle, such as the meeting with the Islay man in Port Chester. There was just one chance in a hundred, and that was to find Campbell, the poet, in Canada, on the off chance that he might have a slut to breed. It took half a year before he located his man, and even then he wasn't sure it was he, at Port Caledon in Nova Scotia. He took part of his savings and traveled thither the summer the German war broke out. And his heart fell when Campbell was pointed out to him, a lean high-bred country gentleman, with a golfer's shoulders and a horseman's knees.

"Are you Mr. Campbell, the poet?"

"Campbell, the poet, by the grace of God, I am."

"Then you have some dogs. An Islay man of Port Chester in America told me."

"That would be Alec Murray," Campbell remembered; "he had a lady of the Alan Dhu breed."

"I got a dog out of her, and I thought maybe you'd do me the favor to let me get a whelp by him out of one of your dogs."

"Man alive"—Campbell's eyes were hard—"you're from the wrong part of Ireland. Why for should I do you a favor?"

Old Shawn's heart sank. He groped for the Gaelic

of his youth: *"Clann nan Gaedhel guala re cheile,"* he pleaded. "Children of the Gael shoulder to shoulder. Will you hear my story?"

"A poem lasts longer than a great tree." The Gaelic had softened Campbell. "And a good story is a meal for a king. Come into the house, good man, and let's have your tale."

"I've just one left," he said when he heard Mahoney's history, "a two-year-old that's never been mated. I'm off to the war next week, so I'll give her to you. For the sake of an Irishwoman I once knew when I was a young fellow, I'm giving you the dog. Paraig," he called, "put the couples on Mairi Lea. I'm letting her go with this man from Ireland. . . ."

The war went on, and then came the lightning of Easter week in Ireland, and for a week old Shawn Mahoney hardly slept. They were fighting in Dublin streets, and he wasn't there. He wrung his hands, and about him Oisin and Mairi Lea clustered, and Mairi's pup, Cuchulain, clawed at his knees in silent sympathy.

Then came days of horror: the rebellion crushed ruthlessly under foot, the leaders executed or thrown into prison and, what was worse, the clamor against the rebels for disloyalty to England.

"How could they be disloyal?" Shawn said bitterly. "They were never loyal."

Now was this the end of the saddest of weeks. Mairi Lea was killed by a racing taxicab, and an English resident of New Rochelle patriotically poisoned Oisin. Passing the store, he fed the great hound a a piece of liver with two needles thrust into it. And Oisin's death was terrible. . . .

But Cuchulain, the very last of the great breed, thrived and grew from awkward puppyhood into magnificent prime, and as he grew so arose from the ashes of revolution the phenix of Irish freedom. The dead of Easter week clamored, and their mute and terrible tongues awoke young Ireland to white wrath. There was no longer romantic warfare in the hills, a child at the mercy of a son of Anak. There was a silent duel to the death, a pitting of brains and purpose, and suddenly Ireland was all but free. Cuchulain the magnificent, king of dogs, raised his head. And Shawn Mahoney, white-headed, weeping, paraphrased the cry of the Hebrew matron of old:

Shall I of a surety see Ireland free, which am old?
Is anything too hard for the Lord?

A week later, for the second time in his life, he passed Sandy Hook. His ticket had been purchased quietly, and none who might have seen him would ever have thought that here were the finishing couplets of a great romance: this old, very old man with the great dog. Down in the second-class cabin he sat in a deck chair and watched the great Atlantic wallow by unchanged since the day his countryman, St. Brendan, had sailed to America centuries before Columbus—so goes the story old Gaelic-speaking tellers say by the turf fires of Connacht and Kerry and Donegal, when the harvest is gathered, and cold comes on the land.

The steamer, a great English liner, was to touch at Queenstown before proceeding to Liverpool, and there were no Irish in the second cabin. All were Americans or English, and old Shawn had no words for them nor they for him. What could there have been, anyway,

between the young merry voyagers and the old man knocking on the portals of death? In the morning and evening he would have the big hound up from his quarters and sit with him on the forward deck, waiting patiently until the green hills of Kerry should arise in the east.

The only one that spoke to him was the chief engineer, a heavy Scot with a low, soft voice and an eye like chilled steel.

"That's a grand dog you've got, mister!" He strolled forward and sat on the hatch beside the old man. He patted the dog's head and Cuchulain nuzzled his knees. "The only man I knew ever had a dog like that was a man from my country, Campbell of Kilchoman, the Islay poet, him that went to Nova Scotia and was killed in France.

"He's killed, you say?" Shawn took off his hat. "God be good to him, he was good to me. He gave me the mother of this dog."

"He must have liked you well—"

"Listen, young man, are you very fond of the English?"

"My forefathers weren't," the engineer laughed. "They liked this tune"—and he whistled "The White Cockade," the Stuart melody—"better than this"—and he gave a few bars of "Rule, Britannia."

"Black hell to their souls! I've got a story to tell you—" (The engineer listened with his eyes on the hound.) "And to think that in a few hours you say, my friend, the dog and I'll be in Ireland. I could cry, that's what I could, and I will—"

"But, mister—" The chief looked at him in dismay.

"What is it?"

"Didn't you know—"

"Know what?"

The navigator came trotting down the steps from the bridge. "Land ahead, chief."

"Where? Where? Oh, my Ireland! Where?" Old Shawn staggered to his feet.

"Off the port bow you'll see it soon." He left the white-haired rebel and the dog and strolled aft. Amidships he met the doctor.

"I see you've been talking to Mahoney. I wonder why the steamship agents sell tickets to people like that—you don't know the minute they'll die. I didn't think he'd live to land."

"Poor old fellow!" the chief said. "He thinks he's going ashore with the dog."

"Did you tell him?"

"I hadn't the heart."

"You hadn't the heart!" the doctor laughed. "You! The worst-hated engineer on the seas. Slave Driver Stuart! You hadn't the heart!"

"That's just it. I hadn't the heart!"

So all morning and all afternoon the ship forged along, past the Blaskets, past Bantry Bay, past Cape Clear, past Clonakilty, past Kinsale. Toward evening she swung into Cork Harbor and dropped anchor off Queenstown. The purser came to old Shawn as he was collecting his belongings in his cabin. "Old man, about the dog—"

"What about him?" Old Shawn threw his head up proudly.

"You're not thinking of taking him ashore?"

"Of course I'm taking him ashore."

"Ha-ha! That's rich. Lor' love a duck! That's good. Didn't you know, didn't you, that he's got to be in quarantine for six months at half a crown a day? I'll trouble you for a hundred and thirty-four dollars."

"Six months!"

"Come along. Get a move on!"

Old Shawn was all a-tremble. He saw the chief engineer pass the door.

"Young fellow, Mr. Stuart!" he called. The chief came through the cabin door. "Is this true—that the hound has to go in quarantine for six months—before he can land?"

"It's the law, Mr. Mahoney. It's very hard, but it's the law."

"The good old British law," the purser chanted. "It mayn't go with the rebels in Ireland, but it goes aboard this ship—"

The chief swiveled his chilled-steel eye toward him. His mouth closed.

"Six months! I won't live that long. And the dog in the hands of the stranger!"

"You know if you haven't got the money the dog will be killed."

"I think"—the old man gulped—"we'd better go back to America, the dog and I. To be so near and to go away again—that's hard."

"I hope you have your fare back!"

"If he hasn't, I have," Stuart snapped.

"I take it very kindly of you, Mr. Stuart, but I've got sufficient for my needs. Now, if you don't mind—"

The chief shoved the purser before him out through the cabin door.

The liner was not to pull out until the tide turned, and that would be two in the morning. The soft Irish night had set in now, and most of the passengers had gone to their cabins in preparation for the morrow's landing in Liverpool. Through the dark the lights of Queenstown pier glimmered like near stars. The chief engineer strolled forward on the hurricane deck. He came across the second officer leaning over the rail.

"What do you know, chief?" the navigator hailed him. "The Sinn Fein have taken the admiralty pier and their volunteers are patrolling it. God, man, they'll soon be demanding passports."

"Right there at the pier."

"They've taken down the Union Jack and run up the rebel flag!"

"Ah, well! Times change."

Around the hurricane deck came a trio of voyagers laughing, two girls with a man between them, conversing in high-pitched English accents.

"So help me, the old bounder's sitting on the hatch downstairs crying his silly old chump off, and so help me, his tyke's crying too. W'at a lark!"

"Serve him right, I s'y. An old Irish mick and his mutt—"

The navigator shook his head. "Poor old beggar!" he murmured.

"So that's the way you feel about it!" the chief jeered. "I forgot you were Irish."

"I'm no' Irish. I'm Ulster Scotch," the Antrim man snapped. "I'd rather be crippled nor Irish, but—I'd rather be dead nor English." The bridge bell sounded. "My watch." He turned to go.

"Willie John." The navigator turned in surprise.

It was seldom the dour chief used a man's given name. "Keep a good watch for'a'd to port the night."

"Why for?"

"You might see the sea serpent, y' ken, and you'd get a medal for that from the Geographical Society. At any rate, don't mind t'other side."

The departing engine-room watch were surprised to see the chief swinging down the ladder. Usually they were free from the visits of Simon Legree when at anchor. Black, gigantic, muscled like Titans, they regarded him with the hot, reined-in animosity of jungle folk.

"The finest bunch of thugs and cut-throats this side of the clinkers of hell," he said, not without pride. "Well, men, there's very little love lost between us."

The stokers approved his reflection in grim silence.

"There's a bloody sight less since you tried to put me in the furnace two voyages ago."

The firemen grinned. Only for the third's quick and accurate shooting there'd have been a vacancy for chief engineer.

"So you think it strange I came down here to ask a favor of you?" They glowered at him. "This has nothing to do with the ship," he explained. "As a matter of fact, it's a jailing business." They looked up interestedly. Their faces cleared. "At any rate, I'll accept the responsibility."

"Ah, t' 'ell with the responsibility," some one growled. "Shoot."

"Well, here goes. There's an old man above, with a dog. They won't let him ashore without the dog going into six months' quarantine. And he won't leave the dog. So he's chosen to go back to America and take the dog with him. He's been waiting to come

back here for forty years or more. Now, here's the favor I want you to do for me. Man the lifeboat on the starboard quarter, after dark, and bring him to the Queenstown pier. Give him and the dog to the Sinn Fein officer. He's an old rebel and they'll take care of him. Will you do it?"

A New York fireman stepped forward. "Cheese, chief! They ain't one of us wouldn't cut your heart out and feed it to th' dogs, but, Cheese! a favor. D'at's a different t'ing. Sure we will."

"Good, boys. Now, easy does the trick. No noise. If you get into a scrap, no noise either. Use spanners or a slicing bar. Get him ashore. . . ."

A fireman collected the gear from Mahoney's stateroom, to the horror of a steward with a choked gullet. The chief touched old Mahoney on the shoulder. He and the dog looked up.

"Mr. Mahoney, come on. Get into this boat quick. And bring the dog. You're going ashore in Ireland."

"Don't joke me, sonny, Mr. Stuart. I'm an old man."

"I'm not joking you." He pointed to the boat ready to swing out, the men at the oars, the crew at the davits.

"These boys will take me ashore—to Ireland?"

"They'd take you to hell and back again, for the matter of that." He helped him in, and a couple of stokers lifted the dog after him.

"Sure, 'tis like the ould days, the boat in the night time."

"Good-by, sir. Good-by, Cuchulain. Swing her out."

"The blessing of God and Mary and St. Patrick and St. Brigid be on you all your days, on you and yours—"

"Thank you, sir. Let her go . . ."

He took a turn or two around the deck before lying down for a few hours. Abaft the smoking room he ran full tilt into the purser. "I'm hunting for that old Fenian and his dog," the purser complained querulously. "I can't seem to lay a hand on them."

"I hope you find them," the chief laughed. Something in his tone made the purser look at him keenly. Then suddenly from Queenstown pier came a burst of cheering, peal upon peal of welcome and triumph, and through it ran a deep full note of the great hound's joyous belling. The purser became incoherent with fury.

"It was you. You did it," he accused the chief. "I'll report it. I'll report you—"

"Report and be damned, you spavined jackass!"

The chief had had enough of the air. He turned in for the night. He took his tunic off with difficulty, for the shrapnel of Jutland still pained his left shoulder. "Well, Alec, when you get out of jail you can get a job in the Irish navy," he told himself. He took his watch out to wind it. "That'll be some job for you, my lad!"

KAZAN

BY

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

In an unusual anthology edited by Ray Long, "My Story That I Like Best," Mr. Curwood has written in a foreword to "Kazan": "There must be some sentiment attached to an author's choice of what he considers his 'best story,' if he can reach any such decision at all. Frankly, I cannot, and so I have chosen the story which has always lived closest to my heart."

KAZAN [1]

KAZAN, the quarter-strain wolf dog, lay at the end of a fine steel chain, watching little Professor McGill mixing a pail of tallow and bran. A dozen yards from him lay a big Dane, his huge jaws drooling in anticipation of the unusual feast which McGill was preparing. The Dane showed signs of pleasure when McGill approached him with a quart of the mixture, and as he gulped it down the little man with the cold blue eyes and the gray-blond hair stroked his back without fear. But his attitude was different when he turned to Kazan. His movements were filled with caution, and yet his eyes and his lips were smiling, and he gave the wolf-dog no evidence of his fear, if it could be called fear.

The little professor was up in the north country for the Smithsonian Institution and had spent a third of his life among dogs. He loved them, and understood them. He had written a number of magazine articles on dog intellect which had attracted wide attention among naturalists. It was largely because he loved dogs, and understood them more than most men, that he had bought Kazan and the big Dane on a night when Sandy McTrigger and his partner had tried to get them to fight to the death in a Red Gold City saloon. The refusal of the two splendid beasts to kill each other for the pleasure of the three hundred men who had assembled to witness the fight delighted the

[1] From "Kazan," by James Oliver Curwood. Copyright by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

professor. He had already planned a paper on the incident.

Sandy had told McGill the story of Kazan's capture, and of his wild mate, Gray Wolf, and the professor had asked him a thousand questions. But each day Kazan puzzled him more. No amount of kindness on his part could bring a responsive gleam in Kazan's eyes. Not once did Kazan signify a willingness to become friends. And yet he did not snarl at McGill, or snap at his hands when they came within reach. Quite frequently Sandy McTrigger came over to the little cabin where McGill was staying, and three times Kazan leaped at the end of his chain to get at him, and the wolf-dog's white fangs gleamed as long as Sandy was in sight. Alone with McGill he became quiet.

Something told Kazan that McGill had come as a friend that night when he and the big Dane stood shoulder to shoulder in the cage that had been built for a slaughter pen. Away down in his brute heart he held McGill apart from other men. He had no desire to harm him. He tolerated him, but showed none of the growing affection of the huge Dane. It was this fact that puzzled McGill. He had never before known a dog that he could not make love him.

To-day he placed the tallow and bran before Kazan, and the smile in his face gave way to a look of perplexity. Kazan's lips had drawn suddenly back. A fierce snarl rolled deep in his throat. The hair along his spine stood up. His muscles twitched. Instinctively the professor turned. Sandy McTrigger had come up quietly behind him. His brutal face wore a grin as he looked at Kazan.

"It's a fool job—tryin' to make friends with *him*,"

he said. Then he added, with a sudden interested gleam in his eyes, "When you startin'?"

"With the first frost," replied McGill. "It ought to come soon. I'm going to join Sergeant Conroy and his party at Fond du Lac by the first of October."

"And you're going up to Fond du Lac—alone?" queried Sandy. "Why don't you take a man?"

The little professor laughed softly.

"Why?" he asked. "I've been through the Athabasca waterways a dozen times, and know the trail as well as I know Broadway. Besides, I like to be alone. And the work isn't too hard, with the currents all flowing to the north and east."

Sandy was looking at the Dane, with his back to McGill. An exultant gleam shot for an instant into his eyes.

"You're taking the dogs?"

"Yes."

Sandy lighted his pipe, and spoke like one strangely curious.

"Must cost a heap to take these trips o' yourn, don't it?"

"My last cost about seven thousand dollars. This will cost five," said McGill.

"Gawd!" breathed Sandy. "An' you carry all that along with you! Ain't you afraid—something might happen—"

The little professor was looking the other way now. The carelessness in his face and manner changed. His blue eyes grew a shade darker. A hard smile which Sandy did not see hovered about his lips for an instant. Then he turned, laughing.

"I'm a very light sleeper," he said. "A footstep at night rouses me. Even a man's breathing awakens me,

when I make up my mind that I must be on guard. And, besides,"—he drew from his pocket a blue-steel automatic pistol,—"I know how to use *this*." He pointed to a knot in the wall of the cabin. "Observe," he said. Five times he fired, at twenty paces, and when Sandy went up to look at the knot he gave a gasp. There was one jagged hole where the knot had been.

"Pretty good," he grinned; "most men couldn't do better'n that with a rifle."

When Sandy left, McGill followed him with a suspicious gleam in his eyes, and a curious smile on his lips. Then he turned to Kazan.

"Guess you've got him figgered out about right, old man," he laughed softly. "I don't blame you very much for wanting to get him by the throat. Perhaps—"

He shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and went into the cabin. Kazan dropped his head between his paws, and lay still, with wide-open eyes. It was early in September, and each night brought now the first chill breaths of autumn. Kazan watched the last glow of the sun as it faded out of the southern skies. Darkness always followed swiftly after that, and with darkness came more fiercely his wild longing for freedom. For Kazan was remembering.

Ever since that terrible day when the brute prospector, Sandy McTrigger, had first beaten him sick and then chained him in the wake of his canoe till every splendid muscle in his bruised body seemed bursting with pain and he was choked with water, Kazan had never for one minute ceased to remember and hate and mourn. He hated Sandy McTrigger with all the hatred of a dog and a wolf, and he mourned for

his blind mate, Gray Wolf, with as much intensity as he hated. But with all the longing and sorrow in him he could not know how much more awful their separation was for his faithful mate.

Never had the terror and loneliness of blindness fallen upon Gray Wolf as in the days that followed Kazan's capture. For hours after the shot, she had crouched in the bush back from the river, waiting for him to come to her. She had faith that he would come, as he had come a thousand times before, and she lay close on her belly, sniffing the air, and whining when it brought no scent of her mate. Day and night were alike an endless chaos of darkness to her now, but she knew when the sun went down. She sensed the first deepening shadows of evening, and she knew that the stars were out, and that the river lay in moonlight. It was a night to roam, and after a time she had moved restlessly about in a small circle on the plain, and sent out her first inquiring call for Kazan.

Up from the river came the pungent odor of smoke, and instinctively she knew that it was this smoke, and the nearness of men, that was keeping Kazan from her. But she went no nearer than that first circle made by her padded feet. Blindness had taught her to wait. Since the day of the battle on the Sun Rock, when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, Kazan had never failed her. Three times she called for him in the early night. Then she made herself a nest under a Banksian shrub, and waited until dawn.

Just as she knew when night blotted out the last glow of the sun, so without seeing she knew when day came. Not until she felt the warmth of the sun on her back did her anxiety overcome her caution. Slowly she moved toward the river, sniffing the air, and whin-

ing. There was no longer the smell of smoke in the air, and she could not catch the scent of man. She followed her own trail back to the sand bar, and in the fringe of thick bush overhanging the white shore of the stream she stopped and listened.

After a little she scrambled down and went straight to the spot where she and Kazan were drinking when Sandy's shot came. And there her nose struck the sand still wet and thick with Kazan's blood. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe. And then she came upon one of the two clubs that Sandy had used to beat the wounded Kazan into submission. It was covered with blood and hair, and all at once Gray Wolf lay back on her haunches and turned her blind face to the sky, and there rose from her throat a cry for Kazan that drifted for miles on the wings of the south wind. Never had Gray Wolf given quite that cry before. It was not the "call" that comes with moonlit nights, and neither was it the hunt cry, nor the she-wolf's yearning for matehood. It carried with it the lament of death. And after that one cry Gray Wolf slunk back to the fringe of bush over the river, and lay with her face turned to the stream.

A strange terror fell upon her. She had grown accustomed to darkness, but never before had she been *alone* in that darkness. Always there had been the guardianship of Kazan's presence. She heard the clucking sound of a spruce hen in the bush a few yards away, and now that sound came to her as if from out of another world. A ground-mouse rustled through the grass close to her forepaws, and she snapped at it—and closed her teeth on a rock. The muscles of her shoulders twitched tremulously, and she shivered as if

stricken by intense cold. She was terrified by the darkness that shut out the world from her, and she pawed at her closed eyes, as if she might open them to light.

Early in the afternoon she wandered back on the plain. It was different. It frightened her, and soon she returned to the beach, and snuggled down under the tree where Kazan had lain. She was not so frightened here. The smell of Kazan was strong about her. For an hour she lay motionless, with her head resting on the club clotted with his hair and blood. Night found her still there. And when the moon and stars came out she crawled back into the pit in the white sand that Kazan's body had made under the tree.

With dawn she went down to the edge of the stream to drink. She could not see that the day was almost as dark as night, and that the gray-black sky was a chaos of slumbering storm. But she could smell the presence of it in the thick air, and could *feel* the forked flashes of lightning that rolled up with the dense pall from the south and west. The distant rumbling of thunder grew louder, and she huddled herself again under the tree. For hours the storm crashed over her, and the rain fell in a deluge. When it had finished, she slunk out from her shelter, like a thing beaten. Vainly she sought for one last scent of Kazan. The club was washed clean. Again the sand was white where Kazan's blood had reddened it. Even under the tree there was no sign of him left.

Until now only the terror of being alone in the pit of darkness that enveloped her had oppressed Gray Wolf. With afternoon came hunger. It was this hunger that drew her from the sandbar, and she wandered back into the plain. A dozen times she scented

game, and each time it evaded her. Even a ground-mouse that she cornered under a root escaped her fangs.

That night she slept again where Kazan had lain, and three times she called for him without answer. But still through the day that followed, and the day that followed that, blind Gray Wolf clung to the narrow rim of white sand. On the fourth day her hunger reached a point where she gnawed the bark from willow bushes. It was on this day that she made a discovery. She was drinking, when her sensitive nose touched something in the water's edge that was smooth, and bore a faint fleshy odor. It was one of the big northern river clams. She pawed it ashore, sniffing at the hard shell. Then she crunched it between her teeth. She had never tasted sweeter meat than that which she found inside, and she began hunting for other clams. She found many of them, and ate until she was no longer hungry.

For three days more Gray Wolf remained on the bar. And then, one night the Call came to her. It set her quivering with a strange, new excitement—something that may have been a new hope—and in the moonlight she trotted nervously up and down the shining strip of sand, facing now the north, and now the south, and then the east and the west—her head flung up, listening, as if in the soft wind of the night she was trying to locate the whispering lure of a wonderful voice. And whatever it was that came to her, came from out of the south and east. Off there—across the barren, far beyond the outer edge of the northern timber line—was *home*. And off there, in her brute way, she reasoned that she must find Kazan.

The Call did not come from their old windfall home

in the swamp. It came from beyond that, and in a flashing vision there rose through her blindness a picture of the towering Sun Rock, of the winding trail that led to it, and the cabin on the plain where the man and the woman and the baby lived. It was there that blindness had come to her. It was there that day had ended, and eternal night had begun. And it was there that she had given birth to her first-born. Nature had registered these things so that they could never be wiped out of her memory.

And to that Call she responded, leaving the river and its food behind her—straight out into the face of darkness and starvation, no longer fearing death or the emptiness of the world she could not see; for ahead of her, two hundred miles away, she could see the Sun Rock, the winding trail, the nest of her first-born between the two big rocks—*and Kazan.*

And sixty miles farther north Kazan, night after night, gnawed at his steel chain. Night after night he had watched the stars, and the moon, and had listened for Gray Wolf's call, while the big Dane lay sleeping. To-night it was colder than usual, and the keen tang of the wind that came fresh from the west stirred him strangely. It set his blood afire with what the Indians call the Frost Hunger. Lethargic summer was gone and the sharp-winded days and nights of hunting were at hand. He wanted to leap out into freedom and run until he was exhausted, with Gray Wolf at his side. He knew that Gray Wolf was off there—where the stars hung low in the clear sky—and that she was waiting.

All that night he was restless—more restless than he had been at any time before. Once, in the far distance, he heard a cry that he thought was the cry

of Gray Wolf, and his answer roused McGill from deep sleep. It was dawn, and the little professor dressed himself and came out of the cabin. With satisfaction he noted the exhilarating snap in the air. He wet his fingers and held them above his head, chuckling when he found the wind had swung into the north. He went to Kazan, and talked to him. Among other things he said: "This'll put the black flies to sleep, Kazan. A day or two more of it and we'll start."

Five days later McGill led first the Dane, and then Kazan to a packed canoe. Sandy McTrigger saw them off, and Kazan watched for a chance to leap at him. Sandy kept his distance, and McGill watched the two with a thought that set the blood running swiftly behind the mask of his careless smile. They had slipped a mile downstream when he leaned over and laid a fearless hand on Kazan's head. Something in the touch of that hand, and in the professor's voice, kept Kazan from a desire to snap at him. He tolerated the friendship with expressionless eyes and a motionless body.

"I was beginning to fear I wouldn't have much sleep, old boy," chuckled McGill ambiguously, "but I guess I can take a nap now and then with *you* along!"

For three days the journey continued without mishap along the shore of Lake Athabasca. On the fourth night McGill pitched his tent in a clump of Banksian pine a hundred yards back from the water. All that day the wind had come steadily from behind them, and for at least half of the day the professor had been watching Kazan closely. From the west there had now and then come a scent that stirred Kazan uneasily. Since noon he had sniffed that wind. Twice McGill had heard him growling deep in his throat, and

once, when the scent had come stronger than usual, he had bared his fangs, and the bristles stood up along his spine.

For an hour after striking camp the professor did not build a fire, but sat looking up the shore of the lake through his hunting glass. It was dusk when he returned to where he had put up his tent and chained the dogs. For a few moments he stood unobserved, looking at the wolf-dog. Kazan was still uneasy. He lay *facing* the west. McGill made note of this, for the big Dane lay behind Kazan—to the east.

Behind a rock McGill built a very small fire, and prepared supper. After this he went into the tent, and when he came out he carried a blanket under his arm. He chuckled as he stood for a moment over Kazan.

"We're not going to sleep in there to-night, old boy," he said. "I don't like what you've found in the west wind." He laughed and buried himself in a clump of stunted Banksians thirty paces from the tent. Here he rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep.

It was a quiet, starlit night, and hours afterward Kazan dropped his nose between his forepaws and drowsed. It was the snap of a twig that roused him. The sound did not awaken the sluggish Dane, but instantly Kazan's head was alert, his keen nostrils sniffing the air. What he had smelled all day was heavy about him now.

Slowly, from out of the Banksians behind the tent, there came a figure. It was not that of the professor. It approached cautiously, with lowered head and hunched shoulders, and the starlight revealed the murderous face of Sandy McTrigger. Kazan crouched

low. He laid his head flat between his forepaws. His long fangs gleamed. But he made no sound that betrayed his concealment under a thick Banksian shrub. Step by step Sandy approached, and at last he reached the flap of the tent. He did not carry a club or a whip in his hand now. In the place of either of those was the glitter of steel. At the door to the tent he paused, and peered in, his back to Kazan.

Silently, swiftly—the wolf now, in every movement—Kazan came to his feet. He forgot the chain that held him. Ten feet away stood the enemy he hated above all others he had ever known. Every ounce of strength in his splendid body gathered itself for the spring. And then he leaped. This time the chain did not pull him back, almost neck-broken. Age and the elements had weakened the leather collar he had worn since the days of his slavery in the traces, and it gave way with a snap. Sandy turned, and in a second leap Kazan's fangs sank into the flesh of his arm. With a startled cry the man fell, and as they rolled over on the ground the big Dane's deep voice rolled out in thunderous alarm.

In the fall Kazan's hold was broken. In an instant he was on his feet, ready for another attack. And then the change came. He was *free*. The collar was gone from his neck. The forest, the stars, the whispering wind were all for him. Here were men, and off there was Gray Wolf! His ears dropped, and he turned swiftly, and slipped like a shadow back into the glorious freedom of his world.

A hundred yards away something stopped him for an instant. It was not the big Dane's voice, but the sharp *crack—crack—crack* of the little professor's automatic. And above that sound there rose the voice of Sandy McTrigger in a weird and terrible cry.

II

Mile after mile Kazan went on. For a time he was oppressed by the shivering note of death that had come to him in Sandy McTrigger's cry, and he slipped through the Banksians like a shadow, his ears flattened, his tail trailing, his hind quarters betraying that curious slinking quality of the wolf and dog stealing away from danger. Then he came out upon a plain, and the stillness, the billion stars in the clear vault of the sky, and the keen air that carried with it a breath of the Arctic barrens brought him alert and questing. He faced in the direction of the wind. Somewhere off there, far to the south and west, was Gray Wolf. For the first time in many weeks he sat back on his haunches and gave the deep and vibrant call that echoed weirdly for miles about him. Back in the Banksians the big Dane heard it, and whined. From over the still body of Sandy McTrigger the little professor looked up with a white, tense face, and listened for a second cry.

But to that first call instinct told Kazan that there would be no answer, and now he struck out swiftly, galloping mile after mile, as a dog follows the trail of its master home. He did not turn back to the lake, nor was his direction toward Red Gold City. As straight as he might have followed a road blazed by the hand of man, he cut across the forty miles of plain and swamp and forest and rocky ridge that lay between him and the McFarlane. All that night he did not call again for Gray Wolf. With him, reasoning was a process brought about by habit—by precedent, and as Gray Wolf had waited for him many times before, he believed that she would be waiting for him now somewhere near the sandbar.

By dawn he had reached the river, within three miles of the sandbar. Scarcely was the sun up when he stood on the white strip of sand where he and Gray Wolf had come down to drink. Expectantly and confidently he looked about him for Gray Wolf, whining softly and wagging his tail. He began to search for her scent, but rains had washed even her footprints from the clean sand. All that day he searched for her along the river and out on the plain. Again and again he sat back on his haunches and sent out his mating cry to her.

And slowly, as he did these things, nature was working in him that miracle of the wild which the Crees have named the "spirit call." As it had worked in Gray Wolf, so now it stirred the blood of Kazan. With the going of the sun, and the sweeping about him of shadowy night, he turned more and more south and east. His whole world was made up of the trails over which he had hunted. That world, in his comprehension of it, ran from the McFarlane in a narrow trail through the forest and over the plains to the little valley from which the beavers had driven them. If Gray Wolf was not here—she was there, and tirelessly he resumed his quest of her.

Not until the stars were fading out of the sky again, and gray day was giving place to night, did exhaustion and hunger stop him. He killed a rabbit, and for hours after he had feasted, he lay close to his kill, and slept. Then he went on.

The fourth night he came to the little valley between the two ridges, and under the stars, more brilliant now in the chill clearness of the early autumn nights, he followed the creek down into their old swamp home. It was broad day when he reached the edge of the great

beaver pond that now completely surrounded the windfall under which Gray Wolf's second-born had come into the world. Broken Tooth and the other beavers had wrought a big change in what had once been his home and Gray Wolf's, and for many minutes Kazan stood silent and motionless at the edge of the pond, sniffing the air heavy with the unpleasant odor of the usurpers.

Until now his spirit had remained unbroken. Footsore, with thinned sides and gaunt head, he circled slowly through the swamp. All that day he searched. And his crest lay flat now, and there was a hunted look in the droop of his shoulders and in the shifting look in his eyes. Gray Wolf was gone. Slowly nature was impinging that fact upon him. She had passed out of his world and out of his life, and he was filled with a loneliness and a grief so great that the forest seemed strange, and the stillness of the wild a thing that now oppressed and frightened him.

Once more the dog in him was mastering the wolf. With Gray Wolf he had possessed the world of freedom. Without her, that world was so big and strange and empty that it appalled him.

That night he slunk under a log. Deep in the night he grieved in his slumber, like a child. And day after day, and night after night, Kazan remained a slinking creature of the big swamp, mourning for the one creature that had brought him out of chaos into light, who had filled his world for him, and who, in going from him, had taken from this world even the things that Gray Wolf had lost in her blindness.

III

In the golden glow of the autumn sun there one day came up the stream overlooked by the Sun Rock a man, a woman, and a child. Almost two years had passed since Joan, the girl-wife, had left these regions with her trapper husband for a taste of that distant world which is known as Civilization. All her life, except the years she had passed at a Mission school over at Fort Churchill, she had lived in the forests—a wild flower of nature as truly as the velvety *bakneesh* flowers among the rocks. And civilization had done for her what it had done for many another wild flower transplanted from the depths of the wilderness. She did not look as she did in the days when she was Kazan's mistress, and when the wolf-dog's loyalty was divided between Gray Wolf, on the Sun Rock, and Joan, in the cabin half a mile away. Her cheeks were thin. Her blue eyes had lost their luster. She coughed, and when she coughed the man looked at her with love and fear in his eyes.

But now, slowly, the man had begun to see the transformation, and on the day their canoe pointed up the stream and into the wonderful valley that had been their home before the call of the distant city came to them, he noted the flush gathering once more in her cheeks, the fuller redness of her lips, and the gathering glow of happiness and content in her eyes. He laughed softly as he saw these things, and he blessed the forests.

"You are happy again, Joan," he said joyously. "The doctors were right. You are a part of the forests."

"Yes, I am happy," she whispered, and suddenly there came a little thrill into her voice, and she pointed

to a white finger of sand running out into the stream. "Do you remember—years and years ago, it seems—that Kazan left us here? *She* was on the sand over there, calling to him. Do you remember?" There came a little tremble to her mouth. "I wonder—where they—have gone."

The cabin was as they had left it. Only the crimson *bakneesh* had grown up about it, and shrubs and tall grass had sprung up near its walls. Once more it took on life, and day by day the color came deeper into Joan's cheeks, and her voice was filled with its old wild sweetness of song. Joan's husband cleared the trails over his old trap-lines, and Joan and the little Joan, who romped and talked now, transformed the cabin into *home*. One night the man returned to the cabin late, and when he came in there was a glow of excitement in Joan's blue eyes.

"Did you hear it?" she asked. "Did you hear—*the call?*"

He nodded, stroking her soft hair.

"I was a mile back in the creek swamp," he said. "I heard it!"

Joan's hands clutched his arms.

"It wasn't Kazan," she said. "I would recognize his voice. But it seemed to me it was like the other—the call that came that morning from the sandbar, his mate's."

The man was thinking. Joan's fingers tightened. She was breathing a little quickly.

"Will you promise me this?" she asked. "Will you promise me that you will never hunt or trap for wolves?"

"I had thought of that," he replied. "I thought of it—after I heard the call. Yes, I will promise."

Joan's arms stole up about his neck.

"We loved Kazan," she whispered. "And you might kill him—or her."

Suddenly she stopped. Both listened. The door was a little ajar, and to them there came the wailing mate-call of the wolf. Joan ran to the door. Her husband followed. Together they stood silent, and with tense breath Joan pointed over the starlit plain.

"Listen! Listen!" she commanded. "It's her cry, *and it came from the Sun Rock!*"

She ran out into the night, forgetting that the man was close behind her now, forgetting that little Joan was alone in her bed. And to them, from miles and miles across the plain, there came a wailing cry in answer—a cry that seemed a part of the wind, and that thrilled Joan until her breath broke in a strange sob.

Farther out on the plain she went, and then stopped, with the golden glow of the autumn moon and the stars shimmering in her hair and eyes. It was many minutes before the cry came again, and then it was so near that Joan put her hands to her mouth, and her cry rang out over the plain as of old:

"Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"

At the top of the Sun Rock, Gray Wolf—gaunt and thinned by starvation—heard the woman's cry, and the call that was in her throat died away in a whine. And to the north a swiftly moving shadow stopped for a moment, and stood like a thing of rock under the starlight. It was Kazan. A strange fire leaped through his body. Every fiber of his brute understanding was afire with the knowledge that here was *home*. It was here, long ago, that he had lived, and loved, and fought—and all at once the dreams that had grown faded and indistinct in his memory came back to him

as real, living things. For, coming to him faintly over the plain, *he heard Joan's voice!*

In the starlight Joan stood, tense and white, when from out of the pale mists of the moon-glow he came to her, cringing on his belly, panting and wind-run, and with a strange whining note in his throat. To Joan, Kazan was more than mere dog. Next to her husband and baby she loved him. There passed through her mind a day when he had saved her and the baby from the wolves—and again the scene of that other day when he had leaped upon the giant husky that was at the throat of little Joan. . . . As her arms hugged Kazan's great shaggy head to her, the man heart the whining, gasping joy of the beast.

And then there came once more across the plain Gray Wolf's mate-seeking cry of grief and of loneliness. Swiftly, as though struck by a lash, Kazan was on his feet. In another instant he was gone.

"*Now* do you believe?" cried Joan pantingly. "*Now* do you believe in the God of my world—the God I have lived with, the God that gives souls to the wild things, the God that—that has brought—us all—together—once more—*home!*"

His arms closed gently about her.

"I believe, my Joan," he whispered. Afterward they sat in the starlight in front of the cabin. But they did not hear again that lonely cry from the Sun Rock. Joan and her husband understood. "He'll visit us again to-morrow," the man said at last. "Come, Joan, let us go to bed." Together they entered the cabin. And that night, side by side, Kazan and Gray Wolf hunted again on the moon-lit plain.

POODLE

BY

HUGH WALPOLE

HUGH WALPOLE'S chief attraction for many is not in the rôle of novelist, but as the author of those delightful stories of the boy Jeremy and his philosophical friend, Hamlet. With their rare note of tenderness, their sly humor, they are close to being the most charming work of a most charming pen.

POODLE [1]

I HATE to confess it, but truth forces me—Hamlet was a snob. With other dogs. Not with humans. With humans you never could tell—he would cling to the one and cleave from the other without any apparent reason. He loved the lamplighter of Orange Street, although he was a dirty, dishevelled rabbit of a man; he hated Aunt Amy, who was as decent and cleanly a spinster as England could provide. But with dogs he was a terrible snob. This, of course, he had no possible right to be, himself an absolute mongrel with at least five different breeds peeping now here, now there, out of his peculiar body—nevertheless he did like a dog to be a gentleman, and openly said so. It may have been that there was in it more of the snobbery of the artist than of the social striver. What he wanted was to spend his time with dogs of intelligence, dogs with *savior faire,* dogs of enterprise and ambition. What he could not abide was your mealy-mouthed, lick-spittle, creeping and crawling kind of dog. And he made his opinion very clear indeed.

Since his master's return for the holidays and his own subsequent restoration to the upper part of the house, I am sorry to say that his conceit, already sufficiently large, was considerably swollen. His master was the most magnificent, stupendous, successful, all-knowing human to be found anywhere, and he was the favourite, best-beloved, most warmly-cherished ob-

[1] From "Jeremy and Hamlet," by Hugh Walpole. Copyright, 1923, by George H. Doran Company.

ject of that master's affections. It followed then that he was a dog beyond all other dogs.

When he had been a kitchen dog he had affected a superiority that the other kitchen dogs of the neighbourhood had found quite intolerable.

He would talk to none of them, but would strut up and down inside the garden railings, looking with his melancholy, contemptuous eyes at those who invited him without, suffering himself to be lured neither by lust of food nor invitation to battle nor tender suggestions of love. When he became an upstairs dog again, the other upstairs dogs did not, of course, allow him to forget his recent status.

But Hamlet was not like other dogs; he had a humour and sarcasm, a gift of phrase, an enchanting cynicism, which very few dogs were able to resist. He was out of doors now so frequently with Jeremy that he met dogs from quite distant parts of the town, and a little while before Christmas made friends with a fine, aristocratic fox-terrier who lived in one of the villas beyond the high school. This fox-terrier found Hamlet exactly the companion he desired, having himself a very pretty wit, but being lazy withal and liking others to make his jokes for him.

His name was Pompey, which, as he confided to Hamlet, was a silly name; but then his mistress was a silly woman, her only merit being that she adored him to madness. He had as fine a contempt for most of the other dogs of the world as Hamlet himself. It passed his comprehension that humans should wish to feed and pet such animals as he found on every side of him.

He saw, of course, at once, that Hamlet was a mongrel, but he had, I fancy, an idea that he should

play Sancho Panza to his own Quixote. He often told himself that it was absurdly beneath his dignity to go about with such a fellow, but for pretty play of wit, agility in snatching another dog's bone and remaining dignified as he did so, for a handsome melancholy and gentle contempt, he had never known Hamlet's equal.

Hamlet counted it as one of his most successful days when he brought Pompey into the Orange Street circle. There was not a dog there but recognized that Pompey was a cut above them all, a dog who had won prizes and might win prizes yet again (although, between you and me, self-indulgence was already thickening him). All the sycophants in Orange Street (and there, as elsewhere, there were plenty of these creatures) made up at once to Pompey and approached Hamlet with disgusting flatteries. A pug, known as Flossie, slobbered at Hamlet's feet, telling him that she had long been intending to call on him, but that her mistress was so exacting that it was very difficult to find time "for all one's social duties." Hamlet regarded the revolting object (glistening with grease and fat) with high contempt, his beard assuming its most ironical point.

"I had a very nice bone waiting for you in the kitchen," he said.

Flossie shivered. "A bone with you anywhere would be a delight," she wheezed.

Hamlet was, of course, in no way deceived by these flatteries. He knew his world. He watched even his friend Pompey with a good deal of irony. He would have supposed that his friend was too well-bred to care what these poor creatures should say to him; nevertheless Pompey was more pleased than he should have been. He sat there, round the corner, just by the

monument, and received the homage with a pleasure that was most certainly not forced. He was himself a little conscious of this. "Awful bore," he explained to Hamlet, "having to listen to all they had to say. But what's one to do? One can't be rude, you know. One doesn't want to be impolite. And I must say they were very kind."

Hamlet was now restored into the best Orange Street society—all received him back—all, with one very important exception. This was a white poodle, the pride and joy of a retired military colonel who lived at 41 Orange Street, and his name was Mephistopheles—Mephisto for short. Ever since Hamlet's first introduction to the Cole family he and this dog had been at war. Mephisto was not a dog of the very highest breed, but his family was quite good enough. And then, being French, he could say a good deal about his origins and nobody could contradict him. He did not, as a fact, say very much. He was too haughty to be talkative, too superior to be familiar. He had no friends. There *was* a miserable Dachs, Fritz by name, who claimed to be a friend, but every one knew how Mephisto laughed at Fritz when he was not there, calling him opprobrious names and commenting on his German love of food.

From the very first Mephisto had seemed to Hamlet an indecent dog. The way that he was here naked and there over-hairy had nothing to be said for it. His naked part was quite pink.

Then Mephisto had the French weakness of parsimony. Never was there a meaner dog. He stored bones as no dog had a right to do, and had never been known to give anything to anybody. Then he had the other French weakness of an incapacity for friend-

ship. The domestic life might perhaps appeal to him strongly (no one knew whether he were married or not), but friendship meant nothing to him.

He was, as are all the French, practical, unsentimental, seeing life as it really is and allowing no nonsense. If he had those French defects he had also the great French virtue of courage. He was afraid of nothing and no one. No dog was too big for him, and he once had a fight with a St. Bernard, who happened to stroll down his way, that was historic.

He was no coward, as Hamlet very well knew—but how Hamlet hated him! All his fur bristled if Mephisto was within half a mile. Mephisto's superior smile, his contempt at the rather sentimental enthusiasms to which Hamlet occasionally gave vent (that went, as they often do, with his cynicism), these made a conflict inevitable.

II

The actual cause of the conflict was Pompey. We all know how very trying it is to make a fine friend, to introduce him into our own circle, and then to discover him, when he is nicely settled, making more of others than of ourselves—neglecting us, in fact.

This was exactly what Pompey did. He grew a little weary of Hamlet's humour (he became very quickly tired of experiences), and he was not at all sure that Hamlet was not laughing at himself. He was flattered by Mephisto's attitude that at last he had found a dog in the town worthy to be his companion. He did not care very much for Mephisto—he found his French conceit very trying—but it *was* true that Hamlet was a mongrel of the mongrels, and that

it was absurd that he, a dog who had taken prizes, should be with him so continually in public.

Obviously, it was impossible that he should be friends *both* with Mephisto and Hamlet, so quite simply he chose Mephisto.

Hamlet was most deeply hurt. He was hurt not only for himself (he had a sensitive and affectionate nature), but also that so well-bred a dog as Pompey should take up with a French animal who had all the faults of his race and very little of its intelligence. He had one short, sharp altercation with Pompey, told him one or two home truths, and left him.

For a week or two he avoided the company of his kind and devoted himself to his master. All this occurred at Christmas-time, when Jeremy was in disgrace for the buying of Christmas presents with money not really his own. Jeremy thought, of course, that Hamlet had noticed his misfortunes, and was trying in his own way to express his sympathy for them. Master and dog were very close together during those weeks. While Hamlet sat at his master's feet, pressing his thick body close up against his master's leg, staring in front of him, half asleep, half awake, seeing bones and cats and rabbits, and near these Mephisto with his naked patches and the treacherous Pompey, Jeremy thought that he was considering only his master's unhappiness. He was thinking a little of that, but for the most part he was meditating revenge.

He must fight Mephisto. For a long time now it had been coming to that. He was compelled to confess that at the first positive thought of the definite fact he shivered with apprehension. After all, no one is truly brave who has not known fear, and Hamlet, sitting staring into the schoolroom fire, knew fear in

no half measure. Then the thoughts of the insults he had received stirred him—let him only be angry enough and he would forget his fear—and the very thought of Mephisto made him angry.

He had one staunch, unfaltering little friend among the dogs of the neighbourhood. This was an unimportant nondescript little fox-terrier, the property of the hairdresser at the bottom of Orange Street. His name was Bobby. There was nothing at all to distinguish Bobby from all the dogs in the world—he was one of those ill-bred, colourless fox-terriers who are known to their masters only by sterling character. He had suffered every sort of indignity in his time: stones had been thrown at him, kettles had been tied to his tail, cats had scratched his eyes, his master (who often drank too much) kicked and abused him; but he had an indomitable spirit, an essential gaiety of heart that no troubles could quench. He was not admitted into the hierarchy of Orange Street dogs—even Flossie did not permit herself to be aware of his existence—but he hung about always in a good humour, always ready to do any one a good turn, and often just rolling over and over in the road at the sheer joy of life. At the first glimpse of Hamlet he had lost his heart to him. Hamlet had not been so kind to him as he should have been, but he had not rebuffed him as the other dogs had done, and he had gone with him once all the way down to the hairdresser's to see the hairdresser's baby, of whose strength and appearance Bobby was inordinately proud. Now in these days of Hamlet's trouble Bobby showed the true mettle of his pasture. He longed that Pompey might speak to him so that he might show him what he thought of him.

"You mustn't let this worry you too much," he said

to Hamlet. "I've been through far worse things than this. It simply shows that Pompey, in spite of his high breeding, is worth nothing at all."

"I'm going to fight Mephisto," said Hamlet.

Bobby's eyes opened wide at that and he looked up from the old and very dirty bone that he was investigating.

"Fight Mephisto?" he repeated. "That's a tall order."

"Never mind," said Hamlet firmly. "It's got to be done, and you've got to help me."

III

When Fate intends something to occur she very quickly provides the opportunity. The opportunity in this instance was Bobby.

His was a most sociable soul. We all know dogs whose whole interest in life is social; they are not as a rule very popular with their masters, it being said of them that they care for one as much as another, and will leap with friendly gestures upon the hostile burglar as eagerly as they will upon the most important person in the household.

Bobby was not that kind of a dog; he really did care for his hairdresser and his hairdresser's wife and baby and for Hamlet more than any other humans or any other dog in the world. But he was miserable when he was alone; he must have company. His only family was a very busy and preoccupied one, and he did not wish to bore Hamlet with too much of his own society.

The Orange Street dogs had their most accustomed meeting-place at a piece of deserted garden just behind the monument at the top of the hill. Here it was shady

in hot weather and comfortable and cosy in chill; they were secure from rude boys and tiresome officials, and there was no large house near enough to them for servants to come out and chase them away. It was, it was true, on the whole the second-class dogs who gathered there; Mephisto but seldom put in an appearance, and therefore those sycophants, Flossie and Fritz, hinted that it was a commonplace crowd and beneath them. Moreover, it was never very easy for Mephisto to escape far from his own home, as his master, the colonel, was so proud of him and so nervous of losing him that he could not bear to let him out of his sight.

It happened, however, one fine morning, a few days after Christmas, that the colonel was in bed with a catarrh (he was a very hypochondriacal gentleman), and Mephisto, meeting Pompey in the street, they wandered amicably together in the direction of the monument. Mephisto was very ready to show himself in public, having been to the barber's only the day before. He was inordinately proud of the second tuft at the end of his tail, at the gleaming white circle of hair round his neck, and the more the pink skin showed through in his naked parts the happier he was. He really thought there was not such another dog in the world as himself this fine morning, being a provincial and narrow-minded dog in spite of his French origin.

Mephisto and Pompey trotted up Orange Street together, and Flossie, who was always on the lookout from behind her garden railing for the passing of Mephisto, was graciously allowed to join them. She wheezed along with them, puffing herself up and swelling with self-importance. The conversation chanced to turn upon Hamlet. Mephisto said that now that

he and Pompey were friends, he would really like to ask him a question that had been often in his mind, and that was how it came about that Pompey could ever have allowed himself such a common, vulgar friend as Hamlet. Pompey replied that he felt that that was a just and fair question for his friend to ask him, and he could only reply that the fellow had seemed at first to have a coarse sort of humour that was diverting for the moment. One tired naturally of the thing very quickly, and the trouble was with these coarse-grained creatures that when you tired of them, having given them a little encouragement at first out of sheer kindness, it was exceedingly difficult to shake them off again. The fellow had seemed lonely, and Pompey had taken pity upon him; he would see to it that it should be a long time before he did such a thing again. Mephisto said that he was glad to hear this. For himself, he had never been able to abide the creature, and he could only trust that he would soon be ridden over by a cart or poisoned by a burglar or thrown into the river by a couple of boys.

When they arrived at the monument they found several dogs among the trees flattering and amusing an elegant creature called Trixie, who was young and handsome and liked flirtations. Bobby also was there, rolling about on the grass, performing some of his simple tricks, like snapping at three imaginary flies at once, tossing into the air a phantom bone, and lying stiff on his back with his four legs stiffly in the air. He had been happy until the two aristocrats arrived; now he knew that his good time was over. He should have gone away, but something kept him—he did so hate to be alone—and so he sat on, a silly grin on his rather foolish face, listening to the conversation.

While several of the dogs continued to wander about after the idiotic Trixie, who was as arch and self-conscious as a dog could very well be, the conversation of the rest belaboured poor Hamlet. It is well for us that we do not hear the criticism that goes on behind our backs; one and all of us, we are in the same box. Did we hear we should watch the gradual creation of so strange and unreal a figure that we should rub our eyes in amazement, crying, "Surely, surely this cannot be us!"

Not the tiniest shred of character was soon left to Hamlet. He was a thief, a drunkard, a wanton and upstart, a coward and a mongrel. Bobby listened to all of this, growing with every word of it more uncomfortable. He hated them all, but it would need immense pluck to speak up for his friend, and he did not know whether by so venturing he might not effect more harm than good.

The sight, however, of Mephisto's contemptuous supercilious face, his tufted tail, his shining patches, drove him on. He burst out, barking that Hamlet was the bravest, the finest of all the dogs in the town, and he was honourable to a fault, loyal and true, that he was worth all the dogs there together.

When he had finished there was an explosion of derisive barks; as he heard them internally he trembled. For a large fortune of bones he would have wished to sink his pride and run. He stood his ground, however. With one directing bark from Mephisto they set upon him. They rolled him over. Their teeth were in his ears, his eyes, his belly. He gave himself up for lost. At that very instant Hamlet appeared upon the scene.

IV

He had not intended to go that way, but finding that his master was occupied with those two supremely unattractive and uninteresting humans, his sisters, he thought that he would pursue an interesting smell that he had noticed in the direction of the High School during the last two days. Far behind him were his childish times when he had supposed that rabbit lurked round every corner and he had succeeded now in analysing almost every smell in his consciousness. As we are raised to the heights of our poor imagination by great poetry, great music and great pictures, so is the dog aroused to his divine ecstasy by smell. With him a dead mouse behind the wainscot may take the place that Shelley's "Skylark" assumes with us, and Bach's fugues are to us what grilled haddock was to Hamlet—*Tot homines tot. . . .*

He had not, however, gone far towards the High School when he recognized Bobby's bark, and Bobby's bark appealing for help. When he turned the corner he saw that his fate was upon him. Mephisto was a little apart, watching the barking and struggling heap of dogs, himself uttering no sound, but every once and again pretending to search for a fly in the tuft of his tail that he might show to all the world that he was above and beyond vulgar street rows.

And at sight of him Hamlet knew that what he had hoped would be was. The sight of Mephisto's contempt, combined with the urgency of poor Bobby's appeals, roused all the latent devil in him. Twitching his beard, feeling no fear, knowing nothing but a hatred and a loathing for his enemy, he walked across the grass and approached Mephisto. The poodle

paused for a moment from his search for the fly, looked round, saw whom it was (he had, of course, known from the first) and resumed his search.

Hamlet went up to him, sniffed him deliberately and with scorn, then bit his tail in its tenderest and most naked part. The other dogs, even in the most dramatic moment of their own scuffle, were at once aware that something terrible had occurred. They allowed Bobby to rise, and turned towards the new scene. Mephisto was indeed a fearful sight; every hair on his head seemed to be erect, the naked patches burned with a curious light, his legs were stiff as though made of iron, and from his throat proceeded the strangest, most threatening growl ever uttered by dog.

And now, Hamlet, pray to the gods of your forefathers, if indeed you know who any of them were! Gather to your aid every principle of courage and fortitude you have ever collected, and, better than they, summon to yourself all the tricks and delicacies of warfare that during your short life you have gained by your experience, for indeed to-day you will need them all! Think not of the meal that only an hour ago you have, in the event, most unwisely eaten, pray that your enemy also may have been consuming food, remember that you are fighting for the weak and the undertrodden, for the defenceless and humble-hearted and better still than that, you are fighting for yourself because you have been insulted and the honour of your very nondescript family called in question!

The other dogs recognized at once that this was no ordinary contest, and it was difficult for them to control their excitement. This they showed with little snappy barks and quiverings of the body, but they realized that too much noise would summon humans

onto the scene and stop the fight. Of them all Bobby was the most deeply concerned. Bleeding though he was in one ear, he jumped from foot to foot, snivelling with terror and desire, yapping hysterically to encourage his friend and hero, watching every movement with an interest so active that he almost died of unnatural repression.

To Hamlet, after the first contact, impressions were confused. It was, unfortunately, the first important fight of his life, and he had not, alas, very much experience to guide him. But somewhere in his mixed and misty past there had been a bulldog ancestor, and his main feeling from the beginning to the end was that he must catch on with his teeth somewhere and then hold and never let go again. This principle at first he found difficult to follow. Tufts of white hair disgustingly choked him, his teeth slipped on the bare places, and it seemed strangely difficult to stand on his own feet. The poodle pursued a policy of snap, retreat, and come again. He was always on the stir, catching Hamlet's ear, wrenching it, then slipping away and suddenly seizing a hind leg. He was a master of this art, and it seemed to him that his victory was going to be very easy. First he had one of his enemy's ears, then the other, now a foot, now the hair of his head, now one of his eyes. . . . His danger was, as he knew, that he was not in good condition, being overfed by his master the colonel, and loving a soft and lazy life. He recognized that he had been in a far better state two years before when he had fought the St. Bernard.

But poor Hamlet's case was soon very bad indeed. He was out of breath and panting; the world was swinging round him, the grass seeming to meet the

sky, and the audience of dogs to float in mid-air. All his attacks missed; he could no longer see; blood was flowing from one eye and one ear; he suddenly realized that the poodle meant to kill and it did not seem at all impossible but that he should achieve that. The love of life was strong upon him. Behind his fighting there was his dear master and his love for him, the world with its hunts and smells and soft slumbers and delicious food, the place where he slept, the rooms of the house where he lived, the lights and the darks, the mists and the flashing stars—all these things ranged through his sub-conscious mind, only consciously forming behind his determination not to die and, in any case, to hold on to the last, if only, yes, if only he could find something on which he might hold.

The poodle's teeth were terribly sharp, and Hamlet seemed to be bitten in a thousand places. Worst of all, something had happened to one of his hind legs so that it trembled under him, and he was afraid lest soon he should not be able to stand. Once down, he knew that it would be all over with him. His throat was dry, his head a burning fire, his heart a recording hammer, and the world was now, in very truth, reeling round and round like a flying star. He knew that Mephisto was now certain of victory; he could feel the hot breath of that hatred triumph upon his face. Worst of all there was creeping upon him a terrible lassitude, so that he felt as though nothing mattered if only he might lay him down and sleep. Sleep . . . sleep. . . . His teeth snapped feebly. His body was one vast pain. . . . Now he was falling. . . . His legs were trembling. He was done, finished, beaten.

At that moment he heard, as though from an infinite distance, Bobby's encouraging bark.

"Go on! Go on!" the bark cried. "You're not finished yet. He's done, too. One more effort and you'll bring it off."

He made one more effort, something colossal, worthy of all the heroes, bracing the whole of his body together, beating down his weakness, urging all the flame and fire of his spirit. He launched out with his body, snapped with his teeth, and at last, at last they fastened upon something, upon something wiry and skinny, but also soft and yielding.

If this time his teeth had slipped it would indeed have been the end, but they held. They held, they held, *they held*—and it was the poodle's tail that they were holding.

He felt Mephisto's body swing round—so weak was he that he swung round with it. His teeth clenched, clenched, and clenched. Mephisto screamed, a curious, undoglike, almost human scream. Hamlet's teeth clenched and clenched and clenched; tighter and tighter they held. They met. Something was bitten through.

Mephisto's whole body seemed to collapse. His fund of resistance was gone. Something white was on the ground. The end of the tail, with its famous, magnificent, glorious, superb, white tuft was no longer attached to Mephisto's body.

The poodle gave one cry, a dreadful, unearthly, ghostly cry of terror, shame and abandonment, then, his tail between his legs, ran for his very life.

V

Ten minutes later Jeremy, looking out of the schoolroom window, beheld, tottering up the garden, a bat-

tered, dishevelled dog. A little trail of blood followed his wavering course.

Hamlet looked up at the window, saw his master, feebly wagged his tail and collapsed.

But as he collapsed he grinned.

RUSTY ROUSTABOUT

BY

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

No recent bid for recognition as a portrayer of wild-life is based on a more authentic knowledge of subject than that made by Herbert Ravenel Sass. The stories which form his book, "The Way of The Wild," are distinguished for a glowing perception of the picturesque, restrained by a strict respect for accuracy. "Rusty Roustabout" is his dog story.

RUSTY ROUSTABOUT[1]

A HALF hour after dawn Long John Larkin, the engineer, and Philip Lee, the negro deck hand, saw an ugly thing. They had fought a good fight until then—an almost hopeless fight against a furious southwest gale which long ago had smashed the Sea Swallow's rudder and was now driving the thirty-foot launch toward breakers which would annihilate her. Captain Mat Norman had directed that fight with the coolness and skill which Larkin and Lee had learned to expect of him in all emergencies. Then, as though some nerve within him had snapped, he seemed to go suddenly insane with fear.

He shouted something to Larkin, but his voice was cracked from much yelling against the gale, and the wind whirled his words away unheard. Then he tried to throw Larkin overboard. Long John was the bigger man and shook him off. Next he made for Lee, and the negro, his face the color of ashes, seized a heavy bar of iron and warned him back.

Keeping his footing with difficulty, Norman staggered across the cockpit and into the cabin. In a moment he reappeared, bringing with him Rusty, the little red Irish terrier that for four years had been a member of the Sea Swallow's crew. He flung the dog into the black, raging sea, then sprang at Larkin, his arms outstretched, evidently hoping to push the engineer over the side.

[1] From "The Way of The Wild," by Herbert Ravenel Sass. Copyright, 1925, by Minton, Balch and Company.

Long John ducked, falling forward into the cockpit, and Norman, unable to check his onset, plunged headlong into the ocean.

So, thirty minutes later, Larkin and Lee went with the Sea Swallow into the white inferno of the breakers, believing that Mat Norman, the coolest man that either of them knew, had gone mad with terror in the storm. Rusty, the little Irish terrier, would have told them if he could that they were mistaken, for he knew the man who was his god better than either Lee or Larkin knew him. Rusty would have told them that what Norman did was the right thing to do—that if they had jumped when Norman tried to make them jump, they might have escaped death even as Rusty himself escaped it.

The launch was driving toward the shoals and sand bars of Buck Bay. There she must inevitably be smashed to matchwood and every man in her would be pounded to a pulp. To stay with her was certain death. To jump and swim for it before she entered the bay's shallow mouth was the only chance, and Norman alone had been cool enough to recognize it. Rusty might not have been able to explain all this in detail; but if he had perished in the huge ocean surges into which his master had hurled him, he would have gone down knowing that Norman had done for him all that any man could do. Of this sort was Rusty's love and Rusty's faith.

The sun was two hours high when the little red dog came ashore. A great white-maned comber tossed him on the upper beach and left him there, to all outward seeming, stone dead. A long while he lay where the wave had left him, sprawled on his side, limp and motionless. With that wave the storm tide reached its

crest; and, magically, when the tide had turned and the ebb had set in, the wind, which had slackened to a stiff breeze, died away altogether, the gray blanket vanished from the face of the sky and the warm May sunshine fell like a blessing upon beach and ocean. Of all this Rusty, inert on the white sand, the flame of life flickering feebly in his brine-soaked body, knew nothing. Nor did he know that the grim storm scavengers of the aërial patrol were abroad and that already their scouts had spied him from the upper air.

From all directions they came, hurrying on wide somber wings to the feast—first one, then another, then a third, then five more arriving all at once. They were black vultures, all of them, cowardly carrion feeders, yet bold enough to pick the eyes from helpless living victims; but not until twelve of them stood on the sands around the spot where Rusty lay did the boldest make a forward move. His first awkward hop was the signal for a general onset. Long hooked beaks backed by hideous naked heads were reaching for Rusty's eyes; scaly, sharp-clawed feet were trampling his body, when with an angry snarl a lithe tawny beast charged into the midst of the mob. For a moment there was a mad confusion of wildly beating black pinions to the accompaniment of hisses and growls. Then, as the vultures scattered in all directions and, running awkwardly to get a start, rose with swift, powerful wing beats, the big wildcat turned to examine his find.

What he saw amazed him. He had expected nothing like this. A dead fish was what he had hoped for, or, failing that, a dead sea bird—titbits which were much to his liking and for which he was accustomed to search the beaches after storms. Generally, these beach hunts

of his were conducted by night; but this storm had not ended until well after dawn, and he knew that if he waited until the following evening the vultures and buzzards, marvelously efficient watchers of the sands, would forestall him and take for themselves whatever savory morsels the gale had brought to his island. So the old lynx had compromised with caution, the caution which forbade him to patrol the open beach by day.

All morning he had been slinking like a ghost along the fringe of the jungle, keeping carefully under cover, pausing often to peer out from his leafy shelter and search the bare white strand above high-water mark. The wind had driven the tide much higher than usual, though by no means as high as in the great hurricanes that came now and then in late summer and fall. It was scarcely ten yards from the jungle's margin to the strip of soft sand where the waves had deposited whatever storm victims they had brought; and three times the lynx, after making sure that no foeman was in sight, had made a quick dash out into the open, picked up something in his jaws and slunk back to the green covert of the thicket's edge.

His first find was a least tern, a bird so small that it had merely whetted his appetite. Next, the sharply contrasting black-and-white plumage and crimson bill of a dead oyster catcher caught his eye. This was a more satisfying meal; and after he had also found and devoured a turnstone and a black-bellied plover, which he discovered lying side by side on the slope of a low dune, his hunger was temporarily appeased. Nevertheless, curiosity led him to wander a half mile farther along the jungle edge; and when, just after rounding a little myrtle-grown hillock, he saw the vultures grouped about a reddish object on the upper beach, he

jumped to the conclusion that here at last was the delicacy for which he had been looking—a freshly killed fish, probably a small surf bass. A quick glance showed him that the coast was clear and he charged the vultures instantly.

The discovery that the object which had attracted the scouts of the air patrol was not a bass, but a small red dog, worked a sudden and startling change in the big wildcat. He jumped five feet to the right and crouched close to the sand, tawny body quivering, pale eyes glinting, white fangs gleaming in snarling jaws. Into his brain like specters out of the dim past rushed a host of hateful memories: memories of a day of terror when, as a half-grown cub, he had seen his mother torn to pieces by a pack of dogs and he himself had escaped by a miracle to nurse a long gash on his flank which had tortured him for days.

Since then he had hated and feared dogs above all other enemies, hating them almost as much as he feared them. They seldom came to his lonely barrier island, separated from the mainland by a waste of marsh through which wound many deep tidal creeks; but when they did come, to trail the deer through the dense island thickets and set the green jungle ringing with wild, terrible, fierce music, the lynx always sought his safest refuge and lay there trembling and growling, living again that day of terror long ago and the days of agony that followed it.

Those memories gripped him now. As he crouched on the sand six feet from Rusty's motionless form, the fear which shook his yellow-brown striped and spotted body struggled with the hate glaring out of his savage eyes. He knew instantly that the dog was alive. His first impulse bade him flee; but though his nostrils

reeked with the dog scent and his heart was cold with the fear which that scent inspired, his eyes told another story and stirred another emotion.

They told him that this dog was small, little more than half his own size and weight, that it was weak to the point of impotence, utterly powerless to defend itself, unconscious of the lynx's presence, insensible or asleep. Little by little, as he watched, hate triumphed over fear; and little by little, as the minutes passed, the glare of those round unwinking eyes grew more savage and more sinister. Here was an easy victory, a safe and swift revenge. One long leap, one deep thrust of needle teeth meeting point to point in the throat, and the thing was done.

Suddenly all sense of fear vanished. Ears flattened, fangs gleaming, the lynx bunched his sinewy body for the spring.

Rusty, the red Irish terrier, was dreaming—dreaming of old days on the Sea Swallow with Mat Norman, of quiet voyages along the winding marsh creeks behind the barrier islands, of venturesome trips on the open ocean when fair weather tempted the Sea Swallow's skipper to save time and distance by passing from inlet to inlet outside the island chain. On a sudden the dream ended. Rusty stirred restlessly and opened his eyes. Slowly and feebly he raised his head and looked about him.

Around the arc of a half-circle his gaze swept a peaceful panorama of sea and sky and sloping, clean-swept strand. Then the movement of his head ceased, his body quivered, the short wiry hair of his nape and back stiffened and stood erect.

Wide, round, pale yellow eyes, stern and cruel as death, glared into his; eyes aglow with fierce fires of

hate, yet hard and cold as jewels; eyes set in a broad, bearded face of implacable ferocity. As if by some compelling hypnotic power, they held Rusty spellbound and motionless; and, sudden and swift as the stab of a sword, fear entered Rusty's heart. For a fraction of time his life hung by a thread. The big lynx, poised and tense for the spring, would have launched himself forward instantly at the slightest sign of weakness, and the dog, faint and sick after his battle with the sea, must have perished almost without a struggle.

But Rusty Roustabout II was Irish terrier to the core. He was the son of kings. To Champion Breda Mixer his pedigree went back, and the blood in his veins was the pure blood of those little red dogs of North Ireland which long ago were dubbed dare-devils by men who counted courage the cardinal virtue in dog or man. Only for a moment did cold terror chill his heart and paralyze his faculties. In an instant he threw it off and was himself again—the heedless, reckless, headlong little bravo whose delight in picking fights with dogs too big and heavy for him to handle was a constant source of pride and anxiety to his master whenever the Sea Swallow tied up at the city wharves to discharge or take on freight.

Perhaps it was the habit, characteristic of his breed, of striking first and considering consequences afterward which made him do what he now did. Perhaps some deep-seated instinct guided him; or possibly, in some mysterious way, he read a secret in those glassy savage eyes and knew on the instant that one thing and one thing only could save him. Be that as it may, he did that thing.

Summoning all his strength for the effort, he rose to his feet and with every hair abristle, short stubby

tail erect as a flagpole, white teeth gleaming in long strong jaws, he stalked stiffly forward, then charged.

The wildcat, crouched for the leap, his brain on fire with the hate which for the moment had conquered his fear, shot forward and upward as though propelled by a catapult. Set on hair-trigger as he was, nothing could have stopped him; for an infinitesimal fraction of a second it seemed that Rusty's desperate attack had been launched too late. It had, indeed, come too late to forestall the cat's assault; but the terrier's swift and sudden advance cut in half the distance between the two antagonists, and the lynx's muscles had been keyed to drive his body forward that distance and not an inch less. So when he leaped he leaped too high and too far; and at the very instant when the terrier's legs gave way under him and he crumpled on the sand, the long tawny body of the cat flashed over him, one hind claw raking his head.

Slowly the dog, his forehead streaming with blood, struggled to his feet and faced about on tottering legs to meet the furious charge which he expected. Ten yards away across the sands he saw his foe racing with long bounds toward the green wall of jungle beyond the low sand hills of the upper beach. Once and once only the lynx looked back; and Rusty, sitting on his haunches because once more his hind legs had given way, sent after him a bark of triumph and defiance.

This was the first meeting of Rusty, the little red Irish terrier, sometime member of the launch Sea Swallow's crew, and Longclaw, the big bay lynx, who for ten years or more had been king of all the preying beasts of the long narrow barrier island to which Rusty came by the grace of Providence when the Sea Swallow met her end. It was a strange whim of fate which

brought the two together, for there was only one man who knew Longclaw the lynx and that one was Mat Norman, Rusty's master and god.

It was Noman who had given Longclaw his name. Woodsman as well as boatman, the Sea Swallow's skipper sometimes stopped at this island between the marshes and sea to spend a half day looking for sea-turtle nests in the sands, if the season was the season of turtles, or to wander in the dense woods of palmetto and pine, gnarled, stunted live oak and evergreen cassena, which covered the island's interior and in which many wild things had their homes. Several times on these trips Norman had noted the tracks of an unusually large wildcat, the largest wildcat tracks that he had ever seen. Because he delighted in studying the wild things, he always left Rusty on the launch when he landed on the island, for the terrier was of too restless and lively a temperament for patient watching in the woods; and because he had a habit of giving names to all the wild creatures with which he became acquainted, Norman dubbed the big bay lynx Longclaw and wove romantic fancies about the velvet-footed mysterious haunter of the jungle glooms.

A creature of mystery he was, in truth; a ghostly, sinister, uncanny presence; a dim, elusive shape, seeming scarcely more tangible than the darkness through which he moved on feet that made no sound. To Norman he was the very spirit of the wild uncouth island forest, grotesque and inhospitable, bristling with needle-pointed yuccas and long-spined cactuses—a dense, almost impenetrable, palm-shadowed jungle, utterly unlike the beautiful woods of the Low Country mainland, yet alluring with an outlandish tropical enchantment of its own. Norman, on his visits to this fastness,

searched often for the big lynx, but not in order to harm him. His tracks in the sand gave the man a thrill of joy whenever he came upon them; and the island wilderness was all the more fascinating, all the more alluring, because somewhere in its hidden depths lurked this secretive spectral follower of the night trails.

In spite of all his seeking and watching, Norman saw the lynx but once, and then only for an instant. But a time came when Rusty, the Irish terrier, might have told his master much about the great wildcat Longclaw, into whose domain the storm had flung the little red dog to wage a long war with the jungle's tawny mysterious lord. Meanwhile, however, weeks and months were to pass—weeks and months during which Rusty the castaway learned to live the new life to which fate had assigned him.

It was a slow process, that learning; yet, even at the beginning, Rusty's wits met the first and most important test—the problem of sustenance. Twenty yards from the spot where the dog had been washed ashore, a white-and-gray bird dropped down to the sand on quivering pointed wings and presently ran on long slender legs to a tall clump of beach grass well above high-tide mark. Soon came another and another, while overhead still others circled and called, "Pill-will-willet, pill-will-willet, pill-will-willet." For a half hour after the lynx had disappeared Rusty lay still, exhausted by the brief exertion of that encounter; but after a while strength returned to him and he got to his feet and walked slowly up the beach. Accident rather than design turned his steps toward the grassy area where the willets nested, and one by one they rose before him to fly low over his head, crying and swooping.

He gave them no heed, not knowing the reason for their excitement; but suddenly, as he brushed past a grass clump, something crunched under his forefoot. He had stepped squarely into a willet's nest and had broken two of the buffy, brown-blotched eggs. He ate these ravenously, then broke the two other eggs in the nest and ate them also. Conscious for the first time of his hunger, he nosed about from grass clump to grass clump, found five other nests, each containing eggs, all of which he devoured. Then, suddenly aware of a thirst which exceeded even his hunger, he pushed on across the belt of loose sand that extended between the beach and the jungle's edge.

Luck favored him in his quest. A hundred feet within the dense wall of cassena and myrtle fringing the woods, a chain of ponds and pools extended for a quarter of a mile lengthwise of the island, fed either by rains or by obscure springs hidden amid rank reeds and rushes. As Rusty splashed along the slime-covered margin of one of these pools toward a little cove where the water growths fell away, a great milk-white bird, half as tall as a tall man, startled him as it rose with labored wing beats not more than half a dozen feet in front of him. He drank and drank and drank; then irresistible weariness came over him again and, making his way to a dry spot close to a palmetto trunk, he lay down and slept for hours.

When he awoke dusk had come to the jungle. Where scrubby, stunted live oaks spread their wide branches under the pines it was already black night; and all around him in the gloom the little red dog heard sibilant, mysterious whisperings—the eerie music of the sea winds sifting through acres of palmetto fronds. A chuck-will's-widow cried shrilly in the blackness;

another and another answered. Down from the air above the feathery pine tops floated the loud guttural "Quok-quok-quok" of a squadron of black-crowned night herons going forth to their fishing, and presently a homing blue heron sent down his harsh hoarse call.

Then, as the breeze lulled, fell silence, deep and absolute; and in the grim clutch of it, with the blackness growing ever blacker, fear came into Rusty's heart again—fear and a great longing for Mat Norman, his master.

The longing abode with him, but the fear passed. It was not in his nature to be afraid; and the hunger, which the willet eggs had only temporarily appeased, would not let him lie idle in the darkness, appalled by the jungle's dreadful silences, startled by its inexplicable sounds. Soon his nose gave him tidings which made him forget all other matters in a new quest for food—a quest to which he could bring a ripe experience.

His nose told him that there were rabbits about and Rusty was an old hand at rabbit hunting. It mattered little that these dwellers in the jungle morasses were short-legged, dark-tailed marsh rabbits and not the cottontails with which he was familiar. Indeed, it was fortunate for him that this was the case, for these marsh rabbits lacked both the wit and the speed of the cottontail. He bungled his first attempt, but the game was plentiful and a quarter of an hour later he had another chance. This time he stalked his prey more skillfully and soon had a supper suited to his needs.

Thus, at the very outset, Rusty solved the primary problem—the problem of food. If there had been nothing else, the sea birds' eggs on the sands—eggs of willet and plover, tern and skimmer—and the sluggish water-loving hares of the island-pond edges would have

kept him alive for weeks. But there were many other sources of food supply besides these; and little by little—sometimes by accident, sometimes by virtue of his keen nose and sharp wits—the terrier gained knowledge of them and skill in turning them to good account.

Walking the beach one moonlight night, he came upon a raccoon busily digging in the sand twenty feet or so above high-water mark. He tried to stalk the coon, but the latter saw him and, after debating the question for a moment, decided upon flight. Rusty treed him in a young live oak just within the edge of the jungle, then lost him as he made off along an aërial pathway passing from tree to tree. Returning to the spot where the coon had been digging, the terrier took up the work of excavation and in a few minutes unearthed a store of round white eggs, more than a hundred and fifty in all.

He did not know that they were the eggs of a great sea turtle which had come up out of the surf earlier that night and, after lumbering across the beach and laboriously digging a deep hole in the soft sand with her hind flippers, had deposited her treasures therein and waddled ponderously back to the ocean. But Rusty found that these eggs were exceedingly good to eat and, tearing open their tough skins with his teeth, he devoured more than a score of them at one sitting.

The discovery of this nest was a stroke of luck, but by using his wits Rusty improved upon it. He had noted the wide, plainly marked trail or crawl leading from the surf to the turtle nest and back to the surf again; and several times that spring and summer he found turtle nests for himself by digging in the sand where an upward trail and a downward trail came together above reach of the tides.

Once, just before dusk, he lay down for a nap at the edge of a dense myrtle thicket, covering perhaps an acre and separated by an open stretch of sand from the main body of the jungle. In the myrtles hundreds of herons had their nests—slender blue and white and brown Louisiana herons, bulky gray-and-black night herons, immaculate snowy egrets adorned with curving delicate plumes. Rusty prowled about in this thicket occasionally, because one day he had had the luck to find there a young night heron which had fallen from a nest; but on this occasion he had come to the place by accident and had gone to sleep there merely because it was as good a place for a snooze as any other.

When he awoke, an hour after dark, he was aware of strong pungent scents tickling his nostrils, scents which he distinguished easily amid the rank and pervasive odors characteristic of every heronry. For a few minutes he lay motionless, sniffing the air and listening. Then, rising stealthily, he went to work with the silence and patience which instinct and experience had taught him.

Ten minutes later a fat opossum, ambling about under the heron nests in quest of fish and frogs dropped by the parent birds in feeding their young, realized too late that certain faint sounds which he had heard behind him possessed a deadly significance. Rusty feasted sumptuously on the possum and found his meat the best that he had yet tasted on the island; and discovering that possums were in the habit of visiting the heronry nightly, he returned often to the place and seldom failed to make a kill.

In these and various other ways the little red dog made his living during the first weeks of his long exile. At first he searched often and hopefully for his master,

but little by little he realized that his search was vain. Slowly, too, realization came to him that he was a prisoner. On one side of his island lay the sea, on the other a wilderness of salt marsh, boggy and treacherous, an impassable barrier which Rusty tried only once to cross. A house, where an oyster planter had once lived, now stood deserted and desolate, half wrecked by a terrific hurricane. Rusty's ordeal in the storm had filled him with an enduring horror of the surf. For this reason he avoided the front beach as a rule and made no attempt to swim the deep inlet separating his barrier isle from the next island of the chain. But for his fear of the breakers his exile might have been shorter, for fishermen sometimes landed on the island and walked the front beach. But none of these rare human visitors entered the hot, almost impenetrable jungle behind the dunes, teeming with insects in the warm season and inhabited by many snakes.

The heat and the insects Rusty endured as best he could. Deep-seated instinct kept him safe from the ugly, thick-bodied, truculent moccasins. As time passed he grew wiser in the ways of the woods, stronger of body, keener of nose, fleeter of foot.

With the advancing summer the sea birds' eggs became fewer, no more turtle trails crossed the sands, the slow ungainly opossums ceased to frequent the heronry because the herons' breeding season had passed. But Rusty was so good a hunter now, so well versed in the essential arts of island life, that though he occasionally encountered lean periods when hunger almost drove him to raid the vast armies of the little fiddler crabs, these intervals of ill luck were of short duration. The marsh rabbits and the possums were his main reliance, both because of their great abundance and because

they were comparatively easily caught; but he varied his fare often enough to escape monotony.

Wood rats were an important source of food supply. Now and again he caught a cottontail. Several times he feasted on minks which abounded in the salt marshes behind the island. With surprising frequency he captured squirrels by taking advantage of their uncontrollable curiosity. The raccoons, however, which he often scented and not infrequently saw, were too much for him. Try as he would he could not get to close quarters with them—which was, perhaps, just as well. Some of the island coons were fully as big as he was, and, had he managed to close with them, they might have taught him a lesson. More than one big male ringtail seemed half inclined to accept his challenge. But on each of these occasions there happened to be a tree close at hand, and at the last moment the coon, perhaps impressed by the impetuousness of Rusty's attack, decided to avoid the issue.

There was one other island dweller whom Rusty scented sometimes, but for a long while never saw save only that once when he was so near to death—Longclaw, the big bay lynx, whose overlordship even the surliest of the old he-coons grudgingly admitted. Sometimes the red dog knew that his fierce-eyed, stealthy enemy was near; sometimes he saw the wildcat's rounded tracks; occasionally the wind brought him a scent which he recognized at once. But though Rusty often followed those tracks and sought to trace that well-remembered scent, for weeks it was Longclaw who hunted Rusty and not Rusty who hunted Longclaw.

An irresistible fascination drove the lynx to shadow the little dog, to trail him wherever he went about the

island, to keep him almost constantly under observation. Early in this strange game Longclaw realized that, in spite of its doglike smell, the small, stump-tailed, rough-coated beast which had suddenly appeared upon the island was nothing like so formidable as the big gaunt hounds which the lynx feared even more than he hated them. The little red dog's woodcraft was no match for that of Longclaw. He was a tyro, a bungler, whom the lynx could easily elude; and, bold though he was, he was of insignificant stature compared with the hunting dogs that Longclaw dreaded. Three times during those first weeks the big wildcat, discovering Rusty asleep, crept almost within leaping distance of him; and once he had all but nerved himself for the attack when the terrier awoke.

But gradually there came a change. More and more often Rusty caught the scent of Longclaw; more and more often he turned aside to follow that scent; more and more often and more and more quickly he forced his velvet-footed ghostly attendant to beat a hasty retreat. The little dog was learning woodcraft; his nose, his eyes and his ears were serving him better; experience was teaching him the ways and the stratagems of the wild folk of the woods.

A time came when the grim game of hide and seek was no longer a ludicrously unequal contest between a novice and a master. Still, the advantage rested with Longclaw, but he could not now venture to take liberties which formerly involved no risk. At last one day Rusty worked out a scent so quickly that he caught a glimpse of his foe; and a week later he not only saw the lynx again but actually treed him in a small isolated cedar and kept him there for an hour.

This marked the beginning of a new chapter. Thenceforward Rusty was no longer content to leave the initiative with his enemy. Whether he realized in some stange way that the contest between the lynx and himself had to be fought out to a conclusion, or whether he found in the excitement of that contest relief from his gnawing loneliness and his poignant longing for his master, the pursuit of Longclaw became his principal business in life next to the finding of food. He trailed the big wildcat in his sleep, fought with him in his dreams; and once, having driven him to take refuge in one of his dens, a leaning oak, hollow for a distance of twenty feet above the ground, Rusty stood guard within the entrance of the hollow for more than five hours before thirst finally compelled him to abandon his vigil.

Summer reached and passed its zenith. In the fierce August heats, when even the languid herons and the tall black-and-white wood ibises of the island ponds and meres seemed to droop and suffer, Rusty rested perforce. It was a struggle then to keep alive, to endure without madness the incessant attacks of the stinging and biting insects from which, when the breeze dropped, escape was all but impossible. Yet morning and evening often found the terrier on the trail again; and with brief interludes the long duel of wits and of nerve between dog and lynx, between the alien invader of the jungle and the big wildcat who had been the jungle's sovereign, continued and became more bitter and more deadly. It was an odd chance which brought the climax.

Two hours after sunrise of a crisp October morning Rusty followed a possum trail to the edge of a small open glade shaded by tall pines and ringed round by

a dense hedge of young live oaks. Almost in the center of the glade stood a large palmetto; and just as the terrier reached the inner margin of the live-oak hedge he saw the possum nosing something in the pine straw near the palmetto trunk. Rusty backed into the thicket, made a short detour, then darted noiselessly into the open, keeping out of sight behind the stout trunk, bristling with the stubs of cast-off lateral fronds. When he was within six feet of the tree he heard a scuffle just beyond it; and a moment later, peering around the trunk, he saw Longclaw standing upon the body of the possum.

The big cat's back was turned to the palmetto. Crouching low on the carcass of his prey, he seemed to be scanning the farther edge of the glade, perhaps trying to discover the meaning of some faint sound which had come from that direction. From behind the tree trunk, first the head, then the wiry, compact body of the little red dog emerged. Inch by inch he moved forward across the pine-straw carpet. Then, with a joyous yelp, he leaped straight for that tawny back.

The struggle was over almost before it had begun. Two seconds after Rusty made his leap he found himself lying against the palmetto trunk a foot above the ground, his bleeding body wedged amid the jagged sword-edged stubs of the broken fronds. Blood streamed across his face and blinded him; the red hair of his throat and chest was streaked and smeared with a more vivid red. A moment he hung dazed and helpless. Then, squirming and writhing, he got himself free and, falling sideways, sprawled for an instant on the pine straw. Scrambling to his feet, although the breath had been all but knocked out of him, he stood

swaying unsteadily, brushing his forepaw across his eyes to wipe away the blood.

Fifteen feet away, near the thicket's edge, crouched Longclaw the lynx, back arched, fierce eyes agleam, long teeth bared in a savage snarl. There was no fleck of blood on the fur of his back or flanks; but there was blood on his jaws and on his big hind feet, not his own blood, but that of his foe.

That tawny target at which Rusty had leaped had vanished as if by magic. The charging terrier had uttered his yelp of triumph a fraction of a second too soon. With incredible swiftness Longclaw had thrown himself on his back, and the little red dog had hurled himself into a battery of long, needle-pointed, slashing claws and punishing fangs.

Those fangs had seared Rusty's face above the eyes; those claws had torn long rips in the hide of his throat and chest. The terrier's teeth, seeking a hold, had closed upon empty air. Nearly twice as large as the dog and in the prime of his powers, the wildcat could have cut his antagonist to pieces in the first half minute of the battle; but in this first phase of the duel in the jungle glade no such purpose had formed itself in Longclaw's brain.

Taken utterly by surprise, he was trying not to kill, but to escape. A moment his claws had ripped and slashed, his fangs had stabbed and torn. Next moment his jaws relaxed their hold, the claws drew back into their sheaths and a mighty thrust of the long, powerful hind legs hurled the little dog upward and backward. In an instant the lynx was on his feet and halfway across the glade.

He halted there because for a half second it seemed that the dog was dead; and he held his ground, be-

cause even when Rusty had regained his feet his helplessness was obvious. In that moment the fear in Longclaw's heart faded and vanished and his pent-up hatred of the interloper who had invaded his kingdom took full possession of him. And mingled with this hatred was contempt.

Now at last he knew that this little stub-tailed dog was nothing to be afraid of, a weak and puny creature by comparison with himself, an opponent whose amazing boldness was out of all proportion to his physical strength. Outwardly, he gave no sign; but Longclaw the wildcat was transformed. For months he had fled from this presumptuous intruder, but that chapter was over. He had taken his enemy's measure at last and revenge was near at hand.

Perhaps Rusty, still dazed and half breathless, but steadier on his legs, his eyes freed in a measure from the blood that had blinded them, understood something of this. Possibly he was able to read the changed purpose of the lynx in those cold, steady eyes; possibly he realized, just as a man would have realized in like circumstances, the inevitable consequences of his defeat in this first encounter which was so decisive a revelation of the wildcat's overwhelming physical superiority. At all events, the dog seemed somehow aware that the headlong recklessness which had saved his life on one memorable occasion would not serve him now.

He did not charge Longclaw as he had charged him that first day on the beach. Instead, he lifted his nose high and sniffed the air. Then he began to bark, wildly, shrilly, rapidly—sharp stabs of sound, piercing, incessant, hysterical, as though a frenzy had him.

A woodsman wise in the ways of dogs might have suspected that when Rusty had tried the air with up-

lifted nose some strangely exciting odor, imperceptible to the lynx's duller sense, had come to him. The average man, looking on at the drama in the glade, would have said that the terrier was beside himself with fear. To Longclaw, apparently, the dog's behavior carried this latter meaning. Those mad shrill cries seemed to the lynx a confession of irresistible, overpowering terror, and they stiffened his resolution and fanned the flame of fury in his heart.

Yet for a while the clamor in the glade confused and worried him. His muscles were taut for the first of the series of bounds which would bring him to grips with his foe; but minute after minute he delayed his charge, exultant over his enemy's obvious panic, yet a trifle nonplused by the volleys of sharp, staccato sound which filled and bewildered his ears, accustomed to the jungle silences.

At last the tumult of barking slackened and ceased. Rusty's nose was testing the air again; his ears were pricked as though to catch some longed-for, eagerly awaited answer to his summons. The big wildcat's head dropped lower, his long back bent like a bow, his four feet drew together under him. Next moment he shot forward, bounding lightly over the soft carpet of the pine straw.

Five feet from the dog he halted, turned sideways to his foe, uttered a strange, wild, long-drawn, indescribably savage cry. Then, as though his legs were steel springs, he bounced high into the air, passed clear over the dog and, closing upon him with the swiftness of light, grappled him from behind.

Rusty Roustabout II, the light of battle in his eyes, the stubby tail which was his battle flag erect and defiant to the last, whirled as he went down under that

tawny bulk and clamped his jaws upon a furry forefoot. Then, as long teeth dug into his neck and trenchant claws raked and ripped his back, he released his grip on the wildcat's paw and, writhing and twisting desperately, strove for the throat hold which alone might save him. The weight of the wildcat crushed his body to the ground. After a moment, the little red dog, redder than ever now, had almost ceased to struggle.

Mat Norman, when he landed on the island, told himself for the hundredth time that he was engaged on a fool's errand. The chances were at least ten to one that Rusty had perished in the storm. Over and over again Norman had reviewed the events of that morning, and he knew that the same current which had swept him parallel with the island beach and on into the treacherous bay had probably carried the dog to his death.

An exceptionally strong swimmer, Norman had somehow kept himself afloat, and a big seagoing rum-runner, riding out the gale in the lee of the long sand bar at the island's northern end, had taken him from the water more dead than alive. The rum-runner's business was urgent. She put to sea hours before the half-dead man in her captain's bunk had recovered from his stupor. Norman, when he came on deck, learned that he would not see land again until the first of the Bahamas lifted above the horizon.

It happened that for months he had yearned to see the tropics. Fate, it appeared, had given him a free passage in that direction. He had no close kin to bother about and he knew that his dog was dead. From Nassau he wrote home to apprise his friends

of his whereabouts. Then for some five months he knocked about the Indies and the Leewards, working his way on various sorts of craft. Presently he had enough of it, and the end of the sixth month found him at home again on the plantation of his birth, whence he could see, far away across a wilderness of marsh, the purple woods on the barrier island off which he had parted from the doomed Sea Swallow.

Those woods beckoned him. He could not rid himself of the thought that some cross-current might have washed Rusty ashore on the island beach; and he reflected that the dog, provided he could kill game enough to subsist on, might remain for months undiscovered by any human being, because, except in the hunting season, the few persons who visited the island seldom entered the woods. Knowing that he would be laughed at, he said nothing to any one; but on the third day he borrowed a small boat and set out on the long row down the winding marsh creeks. He camped that night amid low sand dunes close to the surf and by sunrise he was in the island thickets.

Another man engaged in such a quest might have whooped and hallooed, hoping that the dog might hear him. But no sooner had Norman entered the jungle than his hopes died utterly. He told himself again that he had been a fool and he tried to banish Rusty from his mind. He still pushed on; but he went quietly, as was his custom in the woods, thinking thus to renew his acquaintance with some of the island wild folk, scanning the moist places for tracks of raccoon, deer and mink, searching especially for the rounded footprints of the big bay lynx that he had named Longclaw.

He thrilled with pleasure when in a sandy swale un-

der ancient palmettos he found those footprints. It was good to know that Longclaw still lived and ruled his island kingdom; that his shadowy form still moved ghostlike and mysterious through the jungle glooms at night. Norman followed the trail eagerly. Where the sandy area ended he lost it, but he pushed on in the direction in which the tracks had led, moving as quietly as possible, searching the sun-dappled vistas ahead. Scores of times he had followed Longclaw's trail, and only once had he been rewarded with a glimpse of the big wildcat whose presence lent enchantment to those woods. But always Norman was ready to try again on the chance that luck would favor him.

An outburst of sound, straight ahead and near at hand, stopped him in his tracks. He knew instantly that it was Rusty's voice. In the utter unexpectedness of the event there was something shocking and frightening, something deeply uncanny, something which smacked of the supernatural. For an instant Norman was obsessed by the grotesque notion that his dead dog was calling him, and for another half second he thought himself the victim of some fantastic trick of the imagination. Then, as common sense reasserted itself, he listened eagerly, studying the sounds.

It was Rusty's bark, he knew, but never before had he heard Rusty bark like that. He choked off the shout which rose to his lips and ran forward at full speed, ducking under the palmetto fronds, thankful for the pine-straw carpet which deadened the noise of his footfalls.

A dense hedge of young live oaks barred his way. He dropped on hands and knees and began to burrow through. Dead sticks and leaves crackled under him; but the dog's frantic, incessant barking came from just

beyond the oak thicket, and Norman hoped that in the clamor the slight sounds of his approach would pass unnoticed. He was halfway through the thicket when the barking ceased. The man halted, every nerve tingling.

A wild, long-drawn cry, unmistakably feline, indescribably savage, galvanized him into action. Head down to shield his eyes from the stiff oak twigs, he wormed his way through the barricade to the thicket's edge.

One glance sufficed. He had no weapon, but as he raced across the glade he snatched a half-rotten stick from the ground. Longclaw the lynx, growling and mauling, his fangs red with the sweetest blood that his lips had ever tasted, saw the man when he was scarcely a dozen feet away.

For a fraction of a second the lynx seemed paralyzed. Then like a ghost he was gone. Norman sensed rather than saw a tawny streak flashing into the thicket. Then he dropped on his knees beside the torn and bleeding form at his feet.

Brown eyes, immeasurably happy, looked up into his face. A stump tail wagged feebly. A small red tongue licked his hand. Norman knew that by a margin of seconds he had come in time.

TELL IT TO THE DOG

BY

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Gouverneur Morris' position as one of the finest of American writers is due largely to his skill with the short story. A developer of unusual themes, odd conceits, he has few equals in the realm of fantasy. "Tell It to the Dog" is an instance of his manner of suffusing a narrative with that luminous quality peculiarly his own.

TELL IT TO THE DOG[1]

On close view, the Traveler would never have been mistaken for a man of that region. It wasn't that the region and its widely scattered inhabitants were below par. And it wasn't that the Traveler was very much above par to the eye. It wasn't that he was handsomer or better set up than the men among whom he had, as a matter of fact, been bred and raised. It was none of these things. But it was nothing indefinable, either. No man of that region, experienced as they were in such matters, could have broken camp so nonchalantly or easily, or could so deftly and inexorably, as if the thing could be done in no other way, have put a pack together and set it on his shoulders, or marched off so lightly under it. Other men of that region, of course, would come home from France and Flanders to show how these things were done in the army, but the Traveler was the first to arrive.

Since he carried only what he had carried as an American soldier, it was natural that he should be able to put his things together in the quickest way and in the most compact form. And it seemed equally natural that he should be able to march off under the load with the utmost lightness and freedom. For, to the eye, he was tall and powerful. But, as a matter of fact, it was only the courage bred in him and carefully nurtured and inspired in Pershing's army that enabled him to go on at all.

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He had been pretty well shot to pieces and invalided home. But that was not the worst of it. What hurt him was not his wounds and his physical handicaps. Half a man can face things like that. What hurt was the fact that home had changed so.

His mother was dead. The two Liberty Bonds into which she had changed her savings were his. She had left them on deposit in the county bank at Updyke. And there, with the interest accumulated, he would be sure to find them if ever there should arise in his life some time of urgent need. She had been a good mother always, not only when he was young and needed her but when she was old and needed him. He had knelt beside her grave and put some flowers on it. His mother was not the only person he had lost. But that comes later.

Ordinarily, he could have made the hike to the home that he had built in a day. But there had been some unforeseen trifles to be gone into with the lawyer, and he had made a late start. That was why he had camped among some cottonwoods by a little creek and spent the night. He had not slept. That grove of trees contained very poignant memories for him. He was a fool to camp in such a place. It was there that he had camped on the first night of his honeymoon. What a good supper she had cooked for them—flapjacks with molasses and bacon and tea and more flapjacks! They had washed the dishes together, and not long after that they had made their bed together. And their spirits had passed almost up to the bright stars which could be seen through the tops of the cottonwoods.

He had been a fool to camp in such a place; but he had said to himself, "I must begin right off by facing

things." The trouble was that he had only faced them. They had hurt him too much.

Before the sun was well up, he came to the house that he had made for her—a little house, four-square to the winds of the prairie, well anchored, and staunch. It contained a kitchen, a parlor, a larder, a loft, and their bedroom. How she had exclaimed over the wall-papers and curtains and all the surprises that he had arranged for her! And how loyally and lovingly, with a kind of simple splendor, she had rolled up her sleeves clear to the shoulders of her round, firm arms and started at once to turn that bandbox into a home!

There were some scrubby bushes, thought to be ornamentals, in the front yard (which you entered direct from the prairie). From beneath them, at the near approach of the Traveler, there crawled and cringed a little dog.

It was a dog of no breed which the Traveler had ever seen (and he had traveled some—all the way to France and back, and a certain two miles of pretty tough going, at the end of which he had received his wounds and his medals). It was just a dog, a little dog. It was half starved, and half dead with thirst. Its eyes were frightened eyes, but eyes that were willing to look trustful and loving. They suggested also the eyes of a being that is slightly and temporarily delirious.

The Traveler stood still. The little dog crawled to the Traveler's feet, and rolled over on his curly black back and displayed his *café-au-lait* stomach and paws to the best advantage.

"If you must strike," he seemed to say, "strike where I am tenderest and let us get this fever called 'living' over with."

But the Traveler said, "Glad enough to see you, pup," and knelt and caressed the little animal with his big, gentle hand. The little dog tried very hard not to shrink and cower. At length, the warm and sure tenderness of the hand reached his understanding, and he turned his head and licked it.

The Traveler forthwith lifted the little dog in his arms, and all at once something in its size and helplessness and growing trustfulness touched the deeply hidden faucet in a certain spring.

The Traveler made a noise: "Wff—wff," and tears began to dribble down his cheeks with a frequency that soon turned them into streams.

When the Traveler felt that the dog was trying to lick the tears from his face, he was moved to make other noises. They were noises that started deep down in his diaphragm and came tearing up through him so that he shook and shook with them, and rocked backward and forward, and was in awful torment. Sometimes the sobs were mixed with peals of wild and wilder laughter, and all the while he tried to comfort the little dog and say how glad he was that he had *something* in the world, anyway. "Diggunt know's I hag a thing, bud dow I gog you."

After a while the storm grew less, and, still holding the little dog tenderly in his arms, the Traveler rose to his feet and went into the house. He only sniffed and snuffled occasionally now and then, and he explained to the little dog why it had been merely necessary to turn the knob of the front door and walk in. "What's the use, pup," he said, "of lockin' the door after the horses have gone?"

Then he gave the little dog some water and then some condensed milk, and then he gave him a nap.

When the little dog waked, he felt like a new dog. And the first thing he did was to rush round and round his new master in a joyous circle, and then he became less mad, and began to investigate—his master's shoes, the chairs, everything that his nose could reach. Sometimes, in his eagerness, he whined. After he had smelled all that was to be smelled in all the four small rooms of the house, he trotted to the front door and woofed and beat a tattoo with his front paws.

The Traveler sighed.

"Sick of it already?" he asked. But he opened the door.

The little dog, however, didn't want to go out; he merely wanted to look out. He looked out across the little yard for a while and across the flat plains spiked down at regular intervals with the four-year-old apple trees that were to make the Traveler's future secure, clear to the rim of the world. And then he looked up in the Traveler's face. One ear drooped. One ear was cocked. His little head was bent a little to one side. He was asking a question. He looked out again to the rim of the world.

"What you lookin' for, pup?" asked the Traveler. "The missus? She ain't comin'."

II

Bit by bit, he told it all to the dog. At first, he merely talked, or ejaculated, for his own benefit, and, because solitude breeds soliloquy, "O my God!" he might cry suddenly, after many hours of silence. "How could she?" There was an appreciation, a sympathy, and tenderness, if I may say so, in the little dog's suddenly arrested tail, cocked ear, and melting eye, the

comforting quality of which was not long lost upon the Traveler. Having once perceived how greatly the little dog was interested in all he had to say, he began at once the habit of addressing him directly. And thereafter, whatever his thoughts might be or his choice of words, he spoke with more gentleness. One dusk, he said:

"Pup, there was once a lovin' couple. The husband went off to the big war. He wanted to go some; but mostly he went because there was more in it than he was gettin'. And he thought every able man ought to go that could. They had a baby and everything. Well, after about a year, the husband he got shot up and sent home. Pup, he was a hero. He misheard an order, and he stood up when he ought to have kept on lyin' down, and, because it was a hot corner, the sight of him standin' up among them bullets like a cornfield scarecrow in a hail-storm, made the rest of the boys feel like lions. It seems it was just when they most needed to feel that way. Well, the man stood up when he oughtn't, the way you'll see a stranger do in church, and then he was shot down. He got a medal for that. No sooner down, than he starts to travel for the nearest shell-hole. He didn't care where it was so's it was the nearest. The nearest one was right in front of him, straight toward the Hun machine guns. And he made for it. So happened the word to go forward came at the same second. So it may have looked as if the husband, shot up as he was, was trying to charge with the rest. He only charged as far as the bottom of the shell-hole; but they gave him another medal for that. He was kind of ashamed to take those medals, and tried to explain, but they only told

him that modesty was all right, but lyin' was all wrong. Pup, when the husband came home, the wife he loved so was gone. She was gone. The baby was gone. The home was empty. Pup, the husband had done her no wrong. Sometimes he drank a little more than was good for him—but not so awful often. And when he was lyin' out there in the shell-hole, he thought about her all the time, and he made up his mind he'd never hurt her with liquor again. She'd never smell it on him no more. One day, pup, a man came ridin' by the house, and, through the window, he sees her light, curly head and her two round white arms. She was kneadin' bread. He gets down and asks for a drink of water. After that he makes a point of ridin' by that way often. Pup, that man was a bachelor. He had no dependent. He was of military age. He was a strong man. He was a dead shot. His country was at war. The lonely woman's husband was at the war. But this man, he wouldn't keep off. He was soft-spoken and pleasant-mannered. She slipped into love with him without meanin' to, before she knowed it like. Pup, they went away together. He has long brown mustaches and high forehead. He has shiny lips. One of his eyes is blue and one is gray. Little pup, what do you think of a man like that? He was a slacker, mind you, and the husband, he was in the war, and had done no real wrong, and was all shot up, and lovin' her so!" There was a note of intense self-pity in the Traveler's voice. He repeated his question in another form: "What do you call a man that would do a thing like that? What?"

But although the little dog had heard distinctly, his attention had been attracted to something else. He

sniffed at it, and whined with an eager and bellicose dogginess at it. His tiny mane stood up upon his little neck at it. It was a smell.

The Traveler sniffed, too, and presently his more blunted senses received, in their turn, the fateful and ominous pungency of that smell.

He tiptoed to the corner of the room in which the Springfield stood. By good fortune a window in the front of the house was open. Through it could be seen quite clearly, in spite of the failing light, an animal which moved with a kind of slow-rolling cock-sureness up the front walk from the gate. It was not a large animal. A dweller in cities might have mistaken it for a black and white cat, sleek, self-centered, pampered, and fat. But it was not a cat. It wore upon its head a jaunty and becoming crest. It was one of the handsomest and most insolent of beasts.

The Traveler aimed carefully and blew its head off. The sharp "wherang" of the high-powered rifle was almost instantly drowned in the illimitable silence of the plains.

The little dog barked furiously for a time; but the Traveler smiled. For the first time, his face wore an expression akin to peacefulness.

"You've *said* it, pup," he remarked, when the little dog had stopped barking. "And you never spoke a truer word. But, just the same, you don't move a step out of this house till that thing's buried. See? The smile faded, and the Traveler's brows knotted. "Yes, sir," he said; "a man that does a thing like that *is* a skunk."

III

The life they lived was dreary enough for the Traveler, but filled with delights for the little dog. Since the Traveler could not bear to sleep in the bedroom after what had happened, he made up a bed in the parlor, and moved most of the gaudy, stuffy things out of the parlor and stowed them in the bedroom. But he left the deep armchair. He turned it so that it faced the head of the bed, and he put a fat cushion on it. This was the little dog's bed.

Now, the Traveler, such was his mental condition, soon formed some bad habits; but these were a great pleasure to the little dog. Within easy reach of the Traveler's left hand, where he lay in bed, stood a kitchen chair. Upon the seat each night he put a candle in a candlestick, matches, tobacco, cigarette-papers, and a white saucer for ashes. Some time during the night, and especially toward morning, he might light the candle half a dozen times and smoke as many cigarettes or more.

Between the lighting of the candle, or, indeed, between the sound of an arm reaching in the dark and the little dog's tail, there seemed to be a kind of wireless connection. The signal that passed over it did more than start the tail wagging; it opened the little dog's eyes wide, and it cocked both of his ears, one higher than the other.

"Just like I used to wake up," the Traveler might remark. "All she had to do was to stir, and I'd be up on one elbow, ears and eyes wide to know if anything was the matter. And there wouldn't be, mostly. Pup, you wouldn't know what it was to wake up alongside the girl you loved, and be afraid something was

wrong and find out all was well and kind of sigh off to sleep again. And you'll never know, pup, what it is to think in your sleep that she is there and to wake up and find she isn't. But *you* said it. A skunk that's what *he* is!"

The Traveler's thoughts at such times, though usually communicated to the dog, are not communicable to the reader. Of all the passions, jealousy has the most wonderful and hideous power of visualization.

Sometimes, in his waking moments, the cigarette pointing toward the ceiling like a tiny smoke-stack painted white, the Traveler told the little dog what he would do to the man who had one eye blue and the other gray if ever he caught him. And he ran the whole gamut of vengeful thoughts—for vengeance is also one of the powerful visualizers, balking at nothing. And sometimes he complained of the law.

"Suppose, pup, Smith breaks into my house and steals all my money. What do I do? I run to the court and say, 'Smith, he broke into my house and took all my money.' And the court writes an order, and apprehends Smith by the back of the neck, and puts him in prison. But if I say: 'Jedge, a skunk's broke into my house and took everything I had that made life worth livin', the eyes that kept me believin' in God, the lips that kept my heart beatin', the bosom that, if you was once to lay your head on it, would draw the pain out of a man's thoughts quicker'n if he had a pain in his back and was to put a mustard plaster on it. And he's took from me the wish that I had to live and get on and provide, and he's took the proof I had that up to then I had lived and had got on and had provided. He's broke in and took my playfellow,

my bunkie and my sweetheart, my care and my providence—' "

The little dog's tail would wag faster and faster. He knew well the gorgeous rolling, growling sounds that would come as a climax to those steadily rising inflections. He loved savage cuss-words, the little dog did, and vivid descriptions of rapid descents into hell.

"And what does the jedge say to me, pup? He says the law don't offer no protection to married men, and that if they wants protection, there's enough of them to make any kind of a law they want. And he turns to the next man and says, 'Next.'

"There ain't a thing I can do except shoot. No, sir; there ought to be a law, though, and if ever I get to be President Wilson or even God Almighty, I'll see that there is one. I wouldn't crowd that law with sentiment. My girl was worth a whole Liberty Loan to me, while some men's wives ain't worth shucks to 'em; but I'd put it this way; I'd reckon a wife's value to her husband as the exact amount of money he'd earned for her by the sweat of his brow, and paid over for her up-keep to date. And I'd have the law punish the skunk that had took her away accordin' as to whether his act was a crime or a misdemeanor. And I'd multiply the term he'd get in jail if the thefts had been actual money by the number of days he'd had the stolen goods in his possession. O' course I'd work the law t'other way to protect wives. It's a funny world, pup, that sees more value in a man's money than in his heaven on earth."

But gradually the Traveler's loneliness began to play tricks with his nerves and to embitter his judgments. His loving memories began to be mingled with contempt for the woman who had permitted this thing

to be done to him, who, indeed, had perhaps invited the doing of it. And the Traveler, who had come home full of a resolution so strong and so golden that it had, for many weeks, survived the calamitous tragedy of his home-coming, discovered, one day, a case of whisky in the cellar of his house and fell off the wagon.

After that, the little dog's tail did not wag so freely; there were not so many pleasant awakenings and candle-lightings in the night. And in those accounts of his sufferings and of the injustice which had been done him, with which the Traveler, even more frequently now, regaled the attentive ears of the dog, there was more of the savage and less of the man.

The Traveler's eyes became bloodshot, and he snored in his sleep. That masterful neatness which he had learned in the army ceased to be a habit and changed into an occasional impulse. Often his hair went unbrushed until late in the day, and the dishes went unwashed until it was time to use them again.

But it takes more than one case of Bourbon to get the better of a good man, and the Traveler had no sooner drained the last drop in the last bottle than he set out for Updyke, the county seat, to obtain a fresh supply. The little dog went with him; but they did not pass the night among the cottonwoods where the Traveler had camped with his bride upon their honeymoon.

They remained three days in Updyke, during which the little dog learned the smell of sawdust and liquor spillings. On the morning of the third day, the Traveler, who had made a number of major purchases, sold one of the Liberty Bonds which his mother had bequeathed to pay for them. One of his purchases was a horse and buggy, the horse heavy enough to

till the orchards which the Traveler and his wife had laboriously planted, and the buggy eminently suited to rough going and heavy loads, such as whisky in the case.

IV

The next generation will know nothing of the satisfactions and the dissatisfactions of the man who, for one reason or another, was driven to drink. By the people whose business it is to have no business whatever except the minding of other people's business, it has been decreed that the American of the near future must have no opportunity to find out whether he is a good man or not. When liquor is abolished, we shall no longer know whether Brown can use liquor without abusing it or whether Smith can't. (I don't think he can, between you and me.) Smith and Brown will be celebrated or not, as the case may be, for the exact equality of dubiety that exists as to their respective capacities for self-control. Tobacco will go next, probably followed by a segregation of the sexes and a law to prohibit propagation. But that will be for the generation after the next, and that generation, finding the world altogether too much like heaven, will rediscover the gentle art of turning cider into applejack, and the world will soon forget that it ever tried to stop being human.

I shall not go into particulars anent how much satisfaction the Traveler got out of his bottle, or how much suffering. The more he emptied, however, the less he got of the latter and the more of the former, and the harder he tried to get more of the former, the less he succeeded. Anyway, when he had only enough Bour-

bon left to last him the journey, he hitched his new horse to his new buggy and started for Updyke to lay in a fresh supply.

Half-way to Updyke, four bright lines of metal have been laid across the prairies east and west, and upon a pair of these a transcontinental express had (owing, perhaps, to government control) come to rest.

When the Traveler felt that he was close enough to the train, he said "Whoa!" to his horse, and the horse (who had also, perhaps, sensed a sufficient proximity) heard and obeyed.

In the windows of the train, faces bored with miles and miles of prairie evinced some show of interest in the Traveler and his little dog. But the Traveler showed no interest in the faces. He was in an introspective mood. With the little dog, it was the other way. The faces interested him, one in particular. His eyes rested upon it. He whined with a strong excitement. Then, as if the brightness of the face or the country about it hurt his eyes, he turned them upward and upward till his *café-au-lait* snout pointed almost at the keystone of heaven's arch, and then he howled and he howled.

Somebody was rapping with a ring upon a pane of glass; somebody was pounding with two fists upon a pane of glass. The train had begun to roll forward.

The Traveler had come out of his introspective mood. He saw the fists that beat on the glass, and he saw the face between them.

She was at one of the end windows, a stateroom window. It seemed as if she wanted to break it, to get through it, to get to the Traveler. Suddenly an arm with a dark sleeve was passed round her neck

from behind, and she was quietly removed from the window.

The train had gathered momentum. But the two hands that had fluttered, as it seemed, in an agony of despair, like wild doves in a cage, brought a cry of love and rage and anguish from the Traveler's throat. He flung his dust-cloth to the left and himself to the right, and, landing on his feet, ran after the train. For a time he gained. Seeing this, two small boys on the rear platform of the observation-car cheered him on and encouraged him; but when they saw that his burst of speed was doomed to failure, their heartening cries turned into catcalls, and they thumbed their blunt noses in derision.

The Traveler caught his toe against a tie and fell heavily. After a long time he got slowly to his feet. The train was only a dot now—way off toward the rim of the world. He watched it until it vanished. Then he returned to the buggy. Blood ran down his face, and he limped; but when he spoke, there was no pain in his voice—only a great gentleness of sorrow mingled with wistfulness and a shining streak of hope.

"Lil' pup," he said, "I never would 'a' seed her if it hadn't been for you. I never would have known she was sorry and unhappy and wanted to come home."

He took the little dog in his arms and caressed him and praised him. Then he climbed back into the buggy. But he did not drive on across the tracks toward Updyke. He sat in deep thought. After a while, he reached into his pocket and drew out his flask. It was nearly half full. He began to unscrew the top. Then it was that the little dog pressed in under his arm, pried itself into his lap, and stood upon its hind legs and licked his face.

"*This,*" said the Traveler, "is a little *too* good to be true."

He laughed, gave the flask a long toss, and heard it smash and jingle on the ballast of the rail-bed. Then he turned about and drove home.

From that day onward, the Traveler was a new man. He started like one possessed to put his house in order, and the far-spread four-year-old orchard that was hereafter to keep the wolf away from an annually painted door. And he took to sleeping well, almost from the first, and to say, when he turned in at night:

"She's comin' home, pup. She wants to come, and she'll find out the way."

V

The little dog had risen suddenly to his feet and was whimpering. He leaped to the floor then and rushed to the door of the room. He pawed at it and barked to have it opened. The Traveler opened it for him, and they passed into the little ice-cold hall, the dog in the lead. Something was slipping down the outer side of the door, slipping and trying not to slip. There was then a dull, bumping sound, and then silence. The Traveler leaped suddenly upon the door as if it had been his enemy and tore it open. At the same time he cried, in a voice of love and anguish:

"Mary! Mary!"

Face down on the narrow porch there lay a man.

The Traveler carried him into the light. He wished that he had whisky in the house, for the man had collapsed from cold and exposure. His eyes were tight closed.

The Traveler undressed the man and put him in his

own bed and heaped blankets upon him. He pressed hot tea between his locked jaws and furiously chafed his hands and feet.

After a long while, the man's breathing became audible and his pulse less doubtful; but he showed no other sign of life. He was haggard and unkempt; his beard—a blue-black beard of the story-book gambler—had not been shaved for days. He might have been handsome in a cheap, domineering way if he had been clean and prosperous.

The Traveler sat for an hour watching the man's face. The little dog watched the Traveler. At the end of an hour the man groaned, the dead, dark line between his eyelids gleamed, and he said,

"I can't bear the light."

The Traveler leaped for the lamp, and placed it so that the man's face was in shadow. Then the man opened his eyes.

"I promised that I would come," said the man.

A shiver went down the Traveler's backbone, and he began to tremble.

"Who'd you promise?" he asked, in a painfully quiet voice.

"Her."

"Mary?"

"Mary."

"She is dead?"

"Dead."

The man closed his eyes. And the Traveler stood and looked at him.

"She made me promise to tell you," said the man, "to tell you myself. I wouldn't have kept that promise except she was dying, and she said she would curse

me if I didn't keep it. Writing wouldn't do. I was to come myself."

The Traveler fetched the lamp and held it so that it shone in the man's face.

"Open your eyes," he said.

The man opened them.

"I thought so," said the Traveler.

One of the man's eyes was blue and one was gray.

"I was wearing my country's uniform," said the Traveler.

"I know."

"I was under fire. When was the first time you kissed her?"

"It was on the first Sunday in June. I remember, because—"

"That was the day I got my wounds. All of them. The shots in front and the stabs in the back."

He laughed bitterly, and there was a long silence. The Traveler broke it.

"Are you pretty healthy as a general rule?" he said.

"Yep."

"Nothing wrong with you but hunger and cold?"

"That's all."

"Then I guess you'd better be fed."

"Don't trouble."

"It's no trouble."

Half an hour later, the man had eaten heartily and drunk several cups of red-hot tea.

"Could you sleep?" asked the Traveler.

"I guess yes."

"Then sleep."

The man slept like a log. His lower jaw fell, and he snored horribly. He slept on his back, but toward morning he tried to turn over and could not. His

hands were tied to the upper corners of the bed and his feet to the lower.

The unsuccessful effort to turn over waked him. When he realized what had been done to him, the sweat began to pour off his face. But he managed to ask what the Traveler intended to do.

"I've an iron heatin' in the stove," said the Traveler.

Then he caught up the bedclothes, which covered the man, and threw them to the floor.

"It's snowin'," he said. "Your tracks will all be wiped out. Two or three days from now, if I can't keep you alive any longer than that, I'll bury what is left of you in the cellar."

He drew the poker out from among the coals, and instantly the whole room seemed lighter and warmer. The white-hot iron in his right hand, the Traveler seated himself easily on the edge of the bed.

"It's goin' to be fun while my blood's up," he said, "but I wonder if I'll ever have any regrets."

His hands were wonderfully steady.

The man watched the approach of the white-hot point until his eyes could no longer bear the heat and the brightness.

Suddenly the little dog barked. The Traveler drew back the iron and listened. The little dog was at the door of the room, pawing at it.

"Somebody is there," said the Traveler. He laid the poker on the square of zinc under the stove, and started for the door. But he paused and spoke to the man. "You're in luck," he said. "I'm afraid to see who's outside. That proves to me that what I was goin' to do was wrong."

Once more the Traveler flung open the door. But there was no one there. The little dog rushed out into

the thickly falling snow and vanished. The Traveler whistled and called, but the little dog did not come back. Five minutes passed.

"Come back, pup!" called the Traveler. "I'm not goin' to hurt him. Here, boy! He-re, boy!"

He stepped from the shelter of the porch, and, at that moment, the snow, banked a foot and a half thick on the roof, came loose with a roar, struck the Traveler on the head and shoulders, threw him face down and buried him. His nerves, strained to the breaking-point, broke, and, as he fell, he gave voice to a terrific scream—

How warm and pleasant it was under all that snow after all the trouble and all the heartaches! It was like lying in bed, with all the clothes arranged just right. Breathing was easy, too. All he had to do was to wait till spring. But something had seized his shoulder and was shaking him. It was the little dog, of course. He had come back, and he had dug down through all that mountain of snow—

"Wake *up!*"

The Traveler opened his eyes and blinked rapidly. But the dream did not fade as quickly as dreams should. Much of it remained vivid and horrible. For that reason, he took the face that smiled down on him between his two hands and kissed it hard.

"You must have had an awful nightmare, Jim. You let one *yell.*" He nodded. "And now get up. It's late."

"It couldn't be. I only got home last night. Just let's cuddle close for one minute—just because it's *so* good to be back. Say, Mary—are you glad I'm back?"

She kissed him squarely and loudly.

"You bet I am!" she said.

He considered, for a moment, the bliss and luxuriousness, and, while considering, he held her very tight.

"Do you know," he said, "I think I'd be absolutely happy if it wasn't for my poor mother."

"She'll be all right when we get the addition built you was talking about last night. Meanwhile, the parlor sofa's just as good as a bed."

The Traveler was really waking up. He remembered with satisfaction that his dear mother was not in the least dead. She had, as a matter of fact, been most particularly her lively wise self during the day of his return, lively, wise, loving, and tactful.

"Baby all right?" he asked.

"I bet you!"

Even much cold water, followed by breakfast, a talk with his mother, and a romp with the baby did not altogether dispel the illusions of the night. The Traveler could not get it out of his head that there ought to be a little black dog with pale-brown underpinnings somewhere about the premises.

At dinner, which came in the middle of the day, he discoursed upon dreams, soldier's dreams mostly. How a friend had dreamed that he was going to be shot on a certain day, and how he actually had been shot on that day. How another friend had learned of certain events that took place simultaneously in his home city four thousand miles away. And then he told them of still another friend who had had the oddest kind of an experience.

"He dreamed he had a dog," said the Traveler. "A little black dog with tan legs and underneaths, the cutest, faithfulest little bag of tricks there ever was. He didn't dream about that dog just once, but over

and over, until he got as fond of it as ever a man got of a sure-enough live dog. Well, he dreamed it died, and it broke him all up. And his dreams after that was all about missing the dog and wantin' it back."

"Lucky 'twere a dog," said the Traveler's mother, "and not some young woman."

During the afternoon, the Traveler pottered about among the little orchard-trees nearest the house, performing delicate prunings here and there with a very sharp knife. He was very happy, but he missed the little dog. That much of his dream remained real, just as certain characters in certain books always remain alive and real to us, even after we have forgotten just what it was that they did and said.

Mary, her firm young arms bare almost to the shoulder, could be seen at work in the kitchen. His mother was tending the baby in the shade. He had everything that a man could possibly want in this world but a dog.

About sunset, his wife came out to him for a few minutes. She did not speak until he had finished the operation which was engaging him.

"Jim," she said, "I got something to tell you. There was another man with the same name as you in the army, down to the middle initial. He was killed. For two months I thought you was dead."

"Oh, you poor little kid!" exclaimed the Traveler.

"I tried to keep things going," she said, "the way I knew you'd want me to; but after a while it seemed as if I just couldn't. Your mother was sick and couldn't come to be with me. I had nobody, and no money. One day, a man stopped and asked for a drink of water. We got real friendly, Jim. He wanted to marry me and take care of me. And I was that heart-

broken and lonely—I didn't love him one bit, Jim, but after a time I said I would. And I let him kiss me. That's all, Jim. I had to tell you. Right after that, we heard that you wasn't dead at all—only hurt and coming home as soon as you were well enough. He was fine about it, Jim. He said it was just the best thing that could have happened. And he went right away for good. And he cared a whole lot, Jim. And I'm sorry for him. Now I got to finish getting supper ready."

But before she went, the Traveler wrapped his big arms about her and held her very close, so that she would be sure to know that all was understood.

"Mary," he said, "did you have nightmares last night?"

She nodded.

"I dreamed I went away with him before I found out about you. And I was trying to get to you to explain."

"I gathered something of the sort," said the Traveler. "You talked in your sleep, I guess, and I kind of half heard you. Did he have one eye blue and one gray?"

"Yes, Jim."

The Traveler laughed.

"You run along and get supper ready," he said. "And, oh, Mary, I wanted to tell you that I'm on the wagon for good. You don't need to have any fear of *that* any more."

He turned hurriedly to the tree upon which he had been working.

Through supper, the women beamed upon him and stuffed him. He ate everything in sight. Seeing which, his mother said,

"We got another o' them mince pies in the larder."

But Jim held up his hand as if he was trying to stop the Empire State Express.

"I had powerful nightmares last night," he said. "And I don't want no more."

That night, the Traveler waked after a dreamless sleep, and lay a long time thinking about the things that he had to make him happy—a wife, a baby, a mother, a home. It seemed as if nothing were lacking. But something was lacking. There are moments in every man's life when no human being can help him, divert him, and stimulate him, and he needs the oldest and most faithful friend that he has in the world.

It *must* have been the wind, for, when he had slipped stealthily out of bed and tip-toed to the front door and opened it, there stood without no joyous little black wriggling whimperer begging for admission.

"I'm a-goin' to miss that pup like hell," mused the Traveler. He closed the door very softly and a little sadly and started back to bed. Midway, he hesitated. Hesitation became resolve. He marched with quiet firmness into the kitchen. His face wore a smile. He wondered if perhaps—oh, perhaps—

"Mebbe," he said, "if I was to tuck away about half of that mince pie—"

A VERY SHY GENTLEMAN

BY

P. G. WODEHOUSE

PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE is an effective refutation of the weary conception that Englishmen are lacking in a sense of humor. In fact, few have exploited it more skillfully, the characters which he pictures moving so naïvely through the bewildering maze of social life having established enthusiastic publics for his work on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Wodehouse's humor is without rancor, without spite. His methods are happy, rather than bitter—as with the usual satirist—and by their very gentleness does he succeed.

A VERY SHY GENTLEMAN[1]

LOOKING back, I always consider that my career as a dog proper really started when I was bought for the sum of one dollar by the Shy Man. That event marked the end of my puppyhood. The knowledge that I was worth actual cash to somebody filled me with a sense of new responsibilities. It sobered me. Besides, it was only after that dollar changed hands that I went out into the great world; and, however interesting life may be in an Eighth Avenue saloon, it is only when you go out into the world that you really broaden your mind and begin to see things.

Within its limitations, my life had been singularly full and vivid. I was born, as I say, in a saloon on Eighth Avenue, and, however lacking a saloon may be in refinement and the true culture, it certainly provides plenty of excitement. Before I was six weeks old, I had upset three policemen by getting between their legs when they came round to the side-door, thinking they had heard suspicious noises; and I can still recall the interesting sensation of being chased seventeen times round the yard with a broom-handle after a well-planned and completely successful raid on the free-lunch counter.

These and other happenings of a like nature soothed for the moment but could not cure the restlessness which has always been so marked a trait in my character. I have always been restless, unable to settle down in one place and anxious to get on to the next

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thing. This may be due to a gypsy strain in my ancestry—one of my uncles having traveled with a circus—or it may be the artistic temperament, acquired from a grandfather who, before dying of surfeit of paste in the property-room of the Brunswick (Pa.) Coliseum, which he was visiting in the course of a professional tour, had an established reputation in vaudeville as one of Professor Pond's Performing Poodles.

I owe the fullness and variety of my life to this restlessness of mine, for I have repeatedly left comfortable homes in order to follow some perfect stranger who looked as if he were on his way to somewhere interesting. Sometimes I think I must have cat blood in me.

The Shy Man came into our yard one afternoon in April, while I was sleeping with Mother in the sun on an old sweater which we had borrowed from Fred, one of the bartenders. I heard Mother growl, but I didn't take any notice. Mother is what they call a good watch-dog, and she growls at everybody except Master. At first, when she used to do it, I would get up and bark my head off, but not now. Life's too short to bark at everybody who comes into our yard. It is behind the saloon, and they keep empty bottles and things there, so people are always coming and going.

Besides, I was tired. I had had a very busy morning, helping the men bring in a lot of cases of beer and running into the saloon to talk to Fred and generally look after things. So I was just dozing off again, when I heard a voice say, "Well, he's ugly enough!" Then I knew that they were talking about me.

I have never disguised it from myself, and nobody has ever disguised it from me, that I am not a hand-

some dog. Even Mother never thought me beautiful. She was no prize-winning beauty herself, but she never hesitated to criticise my appearance. In fact, I have yet to meet any one who did. The first thing strangers say about me is, "What an ugly dog!"

I don't know what I am. The most of me is terrier. I have a long tail which sticks straight up in the air. My hair is wiry. My eyes are brown. I am jet black, with a white chest. I once overheard Fred say that I was a Swiss-cheese-hound, and I have generally found Fred reliable in his statements.

When I found that I was under discussion, I opened my eyes. Master was standing there, looking down at me, and by his side the man who had just said I was ugly enough. The Man was a thin man, about the age of a bartender and smaller than a policeman. He had patched brown shoes and black trousers.

"But he's got a lovely disposition," said Master.

This was true, luckily for me. Mother always said: "A dog without influence or private means, if he is to make his way in the world, must have either good looks or amiability." But, according to her, I overdid it. "A dog," she used to say, "can have a good heart without chumming with every Tom, Dick and Harry he meets. Your behavior is sometimes quite undoglike." Mother prided herself on being a one-man dog. She kept herself to herself, and wouldn't kiss anybody except Master—not even Fred.

Now, I am a mixer. I can't help it. It's my nature. I like men. I like the taste of their shoes, the smell of their legs, and the sound of their voices. It may be weak of me, but a man has only to speak to me, and a sort of thrill goes right down my spine and sets my tail wagging.

I wagged it now. The Man looked at me rather distantly. He didn't pat me. I suspected—what I afterwards found to be the case—that he was shy; so I jumped up at him, to put him at his ease. Mother growled again. I felt that she did not approve.

"Why, he's took quite a fancy to you already," said Master.

The Man didn't say a word. He was chewing gum, and seemed to be brooding on something. He was one of those silent men. He reminded me of Joe, the old dog down the street at the delicatessen store, who lies at the door all day, blinking and not speaking to anybody.

Master began to talk about me. It surprised me, the way he boosted me. I hadn't a suspicion he admired me so much. From what he said, you would have thought I had won prizes and ribbons down among the swells at the Garden. But the Man didn't seem to be impressed. He kept on chewing gum and saying nothing.

When Master had finished telling him what a wonderful dog I was till I blushed, the Man shifted the gum to one side and spoke.

"Nix on the hot air," he said. "One plunk is my bid, and if he was an angel from on high you couldn't work me for a cent more. What about it?"

A thrill went down my spine and out at my tail, for of course I saw now what was happening. The Man wanted to buy me and take me away. I looked at Master hopefully.

"He's more like a son to me than a dog," said Master, sort of wistful.

"It's his face that makes you feel that way," said the Man, unsympathetically. "If you had a son, that's

just how he would look. One plunk is my offer, and I'm in a hurry. What's the answer?"

"You're on," said Master, with a sigh, "though it's giving him away, a valuable dog like that. Where's your dollar?"

The Man got a bit of rope, and tied it round my neck.

I could hear Mother barking advice, and telling me to be a credit to the family, but I was too excited to listen.

"Good-by, Mother," I said. "Good-by, Master. Good-by, Fred. Good-by, everybody. I'm off to see life. The Shy Man has bought me for a dollar. *Wow!*"

I kept running round in circles and shouting, till the Man gave me a kick and told me to quit.

"Cut it out!" he said.

So I did.

I don't know where we went, but it was a mighty long way. I had never been out of our ward before in my life, and I didn't know the whole world was half as big as that. We walked on and on, the Man jerking at my rope whenever I wanted to stop and look at anything. He wouldn't even let me pass the time of day with the dogs we met.

When we had gone about a hundred miles, and were just going to turn in at a dark doorway, a policeman suddenly stopped the Man. I could feel by the way the Man pulled at my rope and tried to hurry on that he didn't want to speak to the policeman. The more I saw of the Man, the more I saw how shy he was.

"Hey!" said the policeman, and we had to stop.

"Say, I got a message for you, cully," said the policeman. "It's from the Health Commissioner. He told me to tell you you needed a change of air. See?"

"I get you," said the Man.

"And take it as soon as you like. Else you'll find you'll get it given to you. See?"

I looked at the Man with a good deal of respect. He was evidently some one very important, if they worried so about his health.

"I'm going down to the country to-night," said the Man.

The policeman seemed pleased.

"That's a bit of luck for the country," he said. "Don't go changing your mind."

And he walked on, and we went in at the dark doorway, and climbed about a million stairs and went into a room that smelt of rats. The Man sat down, and swore a little, and chewed his gum, and I sat and looked at him.

Presently I couldn't keep it in any longer.

"Do we live here? Is it true we're going to the country? Wasn't that policeman a good sort? Don't you like policemen? I knew lots of policemen at the saloon. Are there any other dogs here? What is there for dinner? What's in that closet? When are you going to take me out for another run? May I go on the fire-escape and see if I can find a cat?"

"Quit that yelping," he said.

"When we go to the country, where shall we live? Are you going to be a caretaker at a house? Fred's father is a caretaker at a big house on Long Island. I've heard Fred talk about it. You didn't meet Fred when you came to the saloon, did you? You would like Fred. I like Fred. Mother likes Fred. We all like Fred."

I was going on to tell him a lot more about Fred, who had always been one of my warmest friends, when

he suddenly got hold of a stick and walloped me with it.

"You keep quiet when you're told," he said.

He really was the shyest man I had ever met. It seemed to hurt him to be spoken to. However, he was the boss, and I had to humor him, so I didn't say any more.

We went down to the country that night, just as the Man had told the policeman we would. I was all worked up, for I had heard so much about the country from Fred that I had always wanted to go there. Fred used to go off on a motorcycle sometimes to spend the night with his father on Long Island, and once he brought back a squirrel with him, which I thought was for me to eat, but Mother said no. "The first thing a dog has to learn," Mother used often to say, "is that the whole darned world wasn't created for him to eat."

It was quite dark when we got to the country, but the Man seemed to know where to go, He pulled at my rope, and we began to walk along a road with no people in it at all. We walked on and on, but it was all so new to me that I forgot how tired I was. I could feel my mind broadening with every step.

Every now and then we would pass a very big house, which looked as if it was empty, but I knew there was a caretaker inside, because of Fred's father. These big houses belong to very rich people, but they don't want to live in them till summer, so they put in caretakers, and the caretakers have a dog to keep off burglars. I wondered if that was what I had been brought here for.

"Are you going to be a caretaker?" I asked the Man. "Where are we going? When do we eat?"

"Shut up," he said.

So I shut up.

After we had been walking a long time, we came to a cottage. A man came out. My Man seemed to know him, for he called him Bill. I was quite surprised to see that the Man was not at all shy with Bill. They seemed to be very friendly.

"Is that him?" said Bill, looking at me.

"Bought him this morning," said the man.

"He's ugly enough," said Bill. "He looks fierce. I guess, if you want a dog, he's the sort of dog you want. But what do you want one for? It seems to me it's a lot of trouble to take, when there's no need of any trouble at all. What's your kick against doing what I've always wanted to do? What's wrong with just fixing the dog, same as it's always done, and walking in and helping yourself?"

"I'll tell you what's wrong," said the Man. "To start with, you can't get at the dog to fix him except by day, when they let him out. At night he's shut up inside the house. And suppose you fix him during the day, what happens then? Either the guy gets another before night, or else he sits up all night with a gun. It isn't like as if these guys were ordinary ginks. They're down here to look after the house. That's their job, and they aren't taking any chances."

It was the longest speech I had ever heard the Man make, and it seemed to impress Bill. He was quite humble.

"I didn't think of that," he said. "We'd best start in to train this mutt right away."

Mother often used to say, when I went on about wanting to go out into the world and see life, "You'll be sorry when you do. The world isn't all bones and

liver." And I hadn't been living with the Man and Bill in their cottage long before I found out how right she was.

It was the Man's shyness that made all the trouble. It seemed as if he hated to be taken notice of.

It started on my very first night at the cottage. I had fallen asleep in the kitchen, tired out after all the excitement of the day and the long walks I had had, when something woke me with a start. It was somebody scratching at the window, trying to get in.

Well, I ask you, I ask any dog, what would you have done in my place? Ever since I was old enough to listen, Mother had told me over and over again what I must do in a case like this. It is the A.B.C. of a dog's education. "If you are in a room, and you hear any one trying to get in," Mother used to say, "bark. It may be some one who has business there, or it may not. Bark first, and inquire afterwards. Dogs were made to be heard and not seen."

I lifted my head and yelled. I have a good, deep voice, due to a hound strain in my pedigree, and, back on Eighth Avenue when there was a full moon, I have often had people leaning out of the windows and saying things for a dozen blocks and more. I took a deep breath and let it go.

"Man!" I shouted. "Bill! Man! Come quick! Here's a burglar getting in!"

Then somebody struck a light, and it was the Man himself. He had come in through the window.

He picked up a stick, and he walloped me. I couldn't understand it. I couldn't see where I had done the wrong thing. But he was the boss, so there was nothing to be said.

If you'll believe me, that same thing happened every night. Every single night! And sometimes twice or three times before morning. And every time I would bark my loudest, and the Man would strike a light and wallop me. The thing was baffling.

I thought it out till my head ached, and finally I got it right. I began to see that Mother's outlook was narrow. No doubt, living with a man like Master at the saloon, a man without a trace of shyness in his composition, barking was all right. But Eighth Avenue is not the world. Circumstances alter cases. I belonged to a man who was a mass of nerves, who went up in the air if you spoke to him. It was up to me to forget the training I had had from Mother, sound as it no doubt was as a general thing, and to adapt myself to the needs of the particular man who had happened to buy me.

So next night, when I heard the window go, I lay there without a word, though it went against all my better feelings. I didn't even growl. Some one came in and moved about in the dark with a lantern, but, though I smelt that it was the Man, I didn't ask him a single question. And presently the Man lit the gas, and came over to me and gave me a pat, which was a thing he had never done before.

"Getting wise, are you?" he said. "Just for that you can have this."

And he let me lick out the saucepan in which the dinner had been cooked.

After that, we got on well. Whenever I heard any one at the window I just kept curled up and took no notice, and every time I got a bone or something good. It was soft, once you had got the hang of things.

It was about a week after that that the Man took me out one morning, and we walked a long way till we turned in at some big gates, and went along a very smooth road till we came to a great house, standing all by itself in the middle of a whole lot of country.

The Man rang a bell, and the door opened, and an old man came out.

"Well?" he said, not very cordially.

"I thought you might want to buy a good watch-dog," said the Man.

"Well, that's darned queer, your saying that," said the caretaker. "It's a coincidence. That's exactly what I do want to buy. I was just thinking of going along and trying to get one. My old dog picked up something this morning that he oughtn't to have, and he's dead, poor feller."

"Poor feller," said the Man. "Found an old bone with phosphorus on it, I guess."

"Maybe. What do you want for this one?"

"Two dollars."

"Is he a good watch-dog?"

"Sure he's a good watch-dog."

"He looks fierce enough."

"Bet your life."

So the caretaker gave the Man two dollars, and the Man went off and left me.

At first the newness of everything and the unaccustomed smells and getting to know the caretaker, who was a nice old man, prevented my missing the Man, but as the day went on and I began to realize that he had gone and would never come back, I got depressed. I pattered all over the house, whining. It was a most interesting house, bigger than I thought a house could possibly be, but it couldn't cheer me up. You

may think it strange that I should pine for the Man, after all the wallopings he had given me, and it is odd, when you come to think of it. But dogs are built like that.

It's a funny thing, but it seems as if it always happened that just when you are feeling most miserable something nice happens. As I sat there I heard a motorcycle, and somebody shouted.

It was dear old Fred, my old pal Fred, the best old scout that ever stepped! I recognized his voice in a second, and I was scratching at the door before the old man had time to get up out of his chair.

Well, well, well! That was a pleasant surprise! I ran five times round the lawn without stopping, and then I came back and jumped up at him.

"What are you doing down here, Fred?" I said. "Is this caretaker your father? How's Mother? I'm living here now. Your father gave two dollars for me. That's twice as much as I was worth when I saw you last."

"Why, it's young Nigger!" That was what they called me at the saloon. "What are you doing here? Where did you get this mutt, Dad?"

"A man sold him to me this morning. Poor old Bob got poisoned. I guess this one ought to be just as good a watch-dog. He barks loud enough."

"He should be. His mother is the best watch-dog in New York. This cheese-hound used to belong to the boss. Funny, him getting down here."

We went into the house, and had supper. And after supper we sat and talked. Fred was only down for the night, he said, because the boss wanted him back next day.

"And I'd sooner have my job than yours, Dad," he

said. "Of all the lonesome joints! I wonder you aren't scared of burglars."

"I've my shotgun, and there's the dog. I might be scared if it wasn't for him, but he kind of gives me confidence. Old Bob was the same. Dogs are a comfort in the country."

"Get many tramps here?"

"I've only seen one in two months, and that's the feller who sold me the dog here."

As they were talking about the Man, I asked Fred if he knew him. They might have met at the saloon, when the Man was buying me from the boss.

"You would like him," I said. "I wish you could have met."

They both looked at me.

"What's he growling at?" said Fred. "Think he heard something?"

The old man laughed.

"He wasn't growling. He was talking in his sleep. You're nervous, Fred. It comes of living in the city."

"I guess I am. I like this place in the daytime, but it gives me the Willies at night. It's so darned quiet."

His father laughed.

"If you feel that way, Fred, I guess you had best take the gun to bed with you. I shall be quite happy without it."

"You bet I will," said Fred. "I'll take six if you've got them."

And after that they went upstairs. I had a basket in the hall, which had belonged to Bob, the dog who had got poisoned. It was a comfortable basket, but I was so excited at having met Fred again that I couldn't sleep. Besides, there was a smell of mice somewhere, and I had to look around for them.

I was just sniffing at a place in the wall, when I heard a scratching noise. At first I thought it was the mice working in a different place, but when I listened I found that the sound came from the window. Somebody was doing something to it from outside.

If it had been Mother, she would have lifted the roof off right there, and so should I, if it hadn't been for what the Man had taught me. I didn't think it possible that this could be the Man come back, for he had gone away and said nothing about ever seeing me again. But I didn't bark. I stopped where I was and listened. And presently the window came open, and somebody began to climb in.

I gave a good sniff, and I knew it was the Man.

I was so delighted that for a moment I nearly forgot myself and shouted with joy, but I remembered in time how shy he was, and stopped myself. But I ran to him and jumped up quite quietly, and he told me to lie down. I was disappointed that he didn't seem more pleased to see me. I lay down.

It was very dark, but he had brought his lantern with him, and I could see him moving about the room, picking things up and putting them in a bag which he had brought with him. Every now and then he would stop and listen, and then he would start moving round again. He was very quick about it, but very quiet. It was plain that he didn't want Fred or his father to come down and find him.

I kept thinking about this peculiarity of his, while I watched him. I suppose, being a mixer myself, I find it hard to understand that everybody else in the world isn't a mixer too. Of course, my experience at the saloon had taught me that men are just as different

from each other as dogs. If I chewed Master's shoe, for instance, he used to kick me; but if I chewed Fred's, Fred would tickle me under the ear. And, similarly, some men are shy, and some men are mixers. I quite appreciated that, but I couldn't help feeling that the Man carried shyness to a point where it became morbid. And he didn't give himself a chance to cure himself of it. That was the point. Imagine a man hating to meet people so much that he never visited their houses till the middle of the night, when they were in bed and asleep. It was silly.

As I sat and watched the Man creep about the room, it came to me that here was a chance of doing him a real good turn in spite of himself. Fred was upstairs, and Fred, as I knew by experience, was the easiest man to get along with in the world. Nobody could be shy with Fred. I felt that, if only I could bring him and the Man together, they would get along splendidly, and it would teach the Man not to be silly and avoid people. It would help to give him the confidence which he needed. I had seen him with Bill, and I knew that he could be perfectly natural and easy when he liked.

It was true that the Man might object at first, but after a while he would see that I had acted simply for his good, and would be grateful.

The difficulty was, how to get Fred down without scaring the Man. I knew that if I shouted he wouldn't wait, but would be out of the window and away before Fred could get there. What I had to do was to go to Fred's room, explain the whole situation quietly to him, and ask him to come down and make himself pleasant.

The Man was far too busy to pay any attention to

me. He was kneeling in a corner with his back to me, putting something in his bag. I seized the opportunity to steal softly from the room.

Fred's door was shut, and I could hear him snoring. I scratched gently, and then harder, till I heard the snores stop. He got out of bed and opened the door.

"Don't make a noise," I whispered. "Come on downstairs. I want you to meet a friend of mine."

At first he was quite peevish.

"What's the big idea?" he said, "coming and butting in on a man's beauty-sleep? Get out, you mutt."

He actually started to go back into the room.

"No, on the level, Fred," I said, "I'm not stringing you. There *is* a man downstairs. He got in through the window. I want you to meet him. He's very shy, and I think it will do him good to have a chat with you."

"What are you whining about?" Fred began, and then he broke off suddenly and listened. We could both hear the Man's footsteps as he moved about.

"Gee!" said Fred softly, and jumped back into the room. He came out, carrying something. He didn't say any more, but started to go downstairs, very quiet, and I went after him.

There was the Man, still putting things in his bag. I was just going to introduce Fred, when Fred, the chump, gave a great yell.

I could have bitten him.

"What did you want to do that for, you big boob?" I said. "I told you he was shy. Now you've scared him."

He certainly had. The Man was out of the window quicker than you would have believed possible. He just flew out. I called after him that it was only Fred

and me, but at that moment a gun went off with a tremendous bang, so he couldn't have heard me.

I was real angry. The whole thing had gone wrong. Fred seemed to have lost his head entirely. He was behaving like a perfect bone-head. Naturally the Man had been frightened, with him carrying on in that way. I jumped out of the window, to see if I could find the Man and explain, but he was gone. Fred jumped out after me, and nearly squashed me.

I knew the Man could not have gone far, or I should have heard him. I started to sniff around on the chance of picking up his trail. It wasn't long before I struck it.

Fred's father had come down now, and they were running about. The old man had a light. I followed the trail, and it ended at a large cedar tree not far from the house. I stood underneath it and looked up.

"Are you up there?" I shouted. "There's nothing to be scared at. It was only Fred. He's an old pal of mine. He works at the saloon where you bought me. His gun went off by accident. He won't hurt you."

There wasn't a sound. I began to think I must have made a mistake.

"He's got away," I heard Fred say to his father, and just as he said it I caught a faint sound of some one moving in the branches above me.

"No, he hasn't!" I shouted. "He's up this tree."

"I believe the dog's found him, Dad!"

"Yes, he's up here. Come along and get acquainted." Fred came to the foot of the tree.

"You up there," he said, "come along down." Not a sound from the tree.

"It's all right," I explained, "he *is* up there, but he's very shy. Ask him again."

"All right," said Fred, "stay there if you want to. But I'm going to shoot off this gun into the branches just for fun."

And then the Man started to come down. As soon as he touched the ground, I jumped up at him.

"Great!" I said. "Shake hands with my friend Fred. You'll like him."

But it wasn't any good. They didn't get along together at all. They hardly spoke. The Man went into the house and Fred went after him, carrying his gun. And when they got into the house it was just the same. The Man sat in one chair, and Fred sat in another, and after a long time some men came in an automobile, and the Man went away with them. He didn't say good-by to me.

When he had gone Fred and his father made a great fuss over me. I couldn't understand it. Men are so odd. The Man wasn't a bit pleased that I had brought him and Fred together, but Fred seemed as if he couldn't do enough for me for having introduced him to the Man. However, Fred's father produced some cold ham—my favorite dish—and gave me quite a lot of it, so I stopped worrying over the thing. As Mother used to say, "Don't bother your head about what doesn't concern you. The only thing a dog need concern himself with is the bill-of-fare. Eat your bun, and don't make yourself busy about other people's affairs." In some ways, Mother's was a narrow outlook, but she had a great fund of sterling common sense.

WHEN THE PRINCE CAME HOME

BY

GEORGE MARSH

THE decided vigor of George Marsh's interpretation of the North has given him a place among the more colorful of its novelists. His publications are not many, for with Hovey he protests:

I said in my heart, 'I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by."

WHEN THE PRINCE CAME HOME[1]

THE door of the trade-house at Rupert was thrown open, admitting a blast of biting air and a flurry of powdery snow, followed by the rugged figure of Bruce Cristy, son of the factor.

"The Queen of Sheba's pups have come, father," he cried, "and Michel says they're the likeliest-looking litter he's ever seen at Rupert House."

The factor, grinning with pleasure, reached for his fox-skin cap. "We'll have a look at 'em. It's time we had some good dogs at Rupert."

Now the Queen, an Ungava-bred husky, bought when a puppy from a Whale River Eskimo, was far and away the best sled-dog at the post, and the pride of the big Scotchman. Massive of bone and frame, with the stamina of a caribou, she had won, as a yearling, a place in the traces of the Hudson's Bay Company's winter packet that took the mail north up the east coast. Therefore, it was with high hope that Cristy floundered over the narrow dog-trail in the deep snow to an unoccupied shack behind the trade-house.

In the open door of the building stood two of the shaggy veterans of the mail-teams, peering curiously with wolfish eyes into the interior, while from a deep throat within a low, menacing rumble, like the muffled threats of a September northwester gathering on James Bay, held them at the threshold. For there was not a slant-eyed husky at Rupert house that had not felt the white fangs of the Queen, who long since had

[1] From "Toilers of the Trails," by George Marsh. Copyright, 1919, by The Penn Publishing Company.

asserted her sovereignty by right of the power that lay in the lunge and slash of her punishing jaws.

As the factor and his son entered the shack, the growl changed to a whine of recognition from the great dog, who lay on some old sacking in the corner, with six blind, whimpering balls of fur.

"Well, Queenie, old girl, you've sure done yourself proud," chuckled the delighted Cristy, patting the head that sought his hand. "Let's have a look at the family."

One after another he picked up the squealing puppies, his practised fingers sensing the bone and build of each as if he were fit already for the collar and traces of the winter trails.

"Hello! Here's one that's the picture of the old lady herself," he continued, lifting a squirming puppy for inspection.

"Look! He's got the same white star on his chest, and the four white socks," cried Bruce.

"Yes, and in bone and build he's the best of the lot," added his father. "I guess we'll name him Prince right here, for he's got the right to the title. Some day he'll lead the winter packet a day ahead of time into Whale River, and Mackay'll have to find a new joke. We'll have some sled-dogs worth their whitefish at Rupert, yet, lad.

That year the spring came early to Rupert Land. The melting snow of April brought to the huskies a swift release from the winter's thraldom to collar and traces, and snow-shoes were discarded by the little colony for the slush-proof sealskin boot. Then the ice began to boom and churn and grind day after day past the post to the salt bay. The great river, swollen by the floods from far Mistassini, crept foot by foot up the

high shores until it seethed and hissed almost at the level from which, for two centuries, the brave little fort had hurled a mute defiance at the sullen north. Bound for the marshes of the west coast, long lines of gray geese, led by veteran couriers of the air, crossed like caravans the blue desert of the sky. White hosts of wavies, their snowy wings flapping in the sun's rays like huge banners, passed high overhead to their nesting-place in nameless arctic islands. In the wake of the gray and white squadrons came the little brothers of the air, duck and yellow-legs, warbler and thrush. And soon, from the neighboring forest, piped the heralds of soft days in Rupert Land.

With the waxing of the spring the sons and daughters of the Queen grew into hulking, leggy puppies, always in the way of every one, including themselves. But reckless indeed of the safety of his throat would have been the half-breed who kicked them from his path while the restless, narrow eyes of the Queen kept vigilant watch. And it was not long before the puppy with the white socks and star-emblazoned chest began to realize the promise of his earliest youth. Soon his fiercer spirit, aided by the might of his sturdier build, brought his kinsmen into subjection, and he became the acknowledged leader in every puppy plot and misadventure about the trade-house and factor's quarters.

It was the Prince who was found under the trade-house endeavoring to bolt Cristy's best pair of seal-skin boots. It was the Prince who, unobserved, gnawed into a bag of flour, and on appearing before his family, an apparition in white, was set upon fiercely by his kinsmen in a body, who failed to recognize him in his new rôle of purity. Not until he had administered to them a sound drubbing, in the course of which

activity he lost his disguise, was he readmitted to membership in the family circle. Again, it was the Prince who, at the tender age of three months, demonstrated to the half-wild tomcat of the Cristy's that a husky pup with a star on his chest and the teeth of an otter was not to be cuffed with impunity. Thereafter, Lynx curled a tail somewhat shorter than he formerly wore, and affected a decided hitch in his gait.

But though the Prince soon acquired a reputation for a peppery temper and the love of a brawl, Bruce Cristy early discovered that he, alone, of the children of the Queen, not even momentarily could be lured from the side of his master by coaxing or bribery. Early he acquired the trick of rushing full-tilt at Bruce, in his lumbering puppy gait, yelping as he ran, only, on reaching him, to seize a hand in his open jaws, and raising his slant eyes, to wait with fiercely wagging tail for the other hand to grasp his nose and roll him on his wriggling back.

So the northern summer passed, and with the first bite in the air came the gray and the white squadrons from the north to feed on the succulent goose-grass of the south coast marshes. Under Bruce the Company Indians manned the goose-boats and left for the annual hunt on Hannah Bay for the winter's supply. With the exception of Cristy and some of the older post Crees, Rupert House was devoid of men.

It was a soft, lazy afternoon at the end of September—weather which always precedes the cold storm that ushers in the Indian summer on the bay. A week of the latter and the stinging winds would sweep down from the north, bringing the brant and the first flurry of snow. The dogs of the factor's mail-teams were sprawled around the trade-house, asleep in the sun.

But sleep this golden afternoon was not for the offspring of the Queen. Vainly, under the lead of the Prince, master of sports, they had romped from trade-house to river shore, and back to the spruce forest in the rear in search of adventure. They had pawed and pulled at the inert anatomy of the Queen, only to be met with dire threats of chastisement in the form of low growls and lazy exposure of white canines as her head fell again in sleep. At last, in desperation, the hulking Prince picked up a bleached caribou shin-bone, and shaking it as he would a rabbit, challenged his comrades to take it.

With yelps of delight the pursuit began. Pell-mell around the trade-house went the pack at the heels of the big puppy. Back again they came, scrambling over each other in wild confusion as they slid down the steep river bank in full cry. Then up again and over to the forest raced the squealing huskies, hard in pursuit of one too fleet to be overtaken. Soon, out of the forest galloped the Prince, and headed for the trade-house. Arriving there, he stopped and allowed his nearest pursuers to come almost within reach, then, shaking his bone in their faces, he fled up the river shore toward the mission and the cabins of the post Indians a few hundred yards off.

The puppy had not covered half the distance when from the grass back of the mission-house rose a big white husky, opening his red mouth in a wide yawn as he stretched. For a moment he surveyed the authors of the bedlam which had awakened him; then, with ears erect and hair on neck bristling, began to walk slowly through the long grass toward the oncoming puppies. Farther away, near the Indian shacks, other huskies rose, shook themselves, and turned in quest

of the cause of this ruthless interference of their slumbers.

When the Prince and his pursuers had covered half the distance to the mission-house, the white sentinel watching them threw back his head and roused the post with the long-drawn call to arms of the half-wild descendants of the timber-wolves.

The challenge of the white husky stopped the romping puppies in their tracks. Young as they were, they already knew the meaning of the slogan. Sensing the peril into which their heedless crossing of the post dead-line had placed them, they turned and fled for the safety of the trade-house. At the same time the Prince, far in front of his pursuing comrades, stopped, dropped his bone, and, with ears pricked and hair on neck and back stiffly erect, stood for an instant watching the white husky, who, as he trotted toward him, repeated the long howl of battle.

Immediately from the Indian shacks came the answer of the supporting columns. Then realizing the fate in store for a half-grown husky from the factor's quarters, caught alone near the mission-house, he lifted his head with a yelp of defiance and turned back. But the delay due to this momentary act of bravado cost him dear. As they raced, the white dog, followed at a distance by his comrades, gained on the puppy at every bound. Now he crossed the frontier, but the trade-house still lay two hundred yards away. On came the big husky, yelping as he ran, until hardly a hundred feet separated them. Then, aware of the hopelessness of his attempt to escape, the puppy gave poignant proof of the blood royal that raced in his veins. Suddenly swerving, he checked himself, and, crouching with head lowered and feet braced widely

apart, the fighting rage of a hundred wolfish forebears blazing in his narrow eyes, he awaited the rush of the white husky with a snarl.

The big dog, surprised at being met jaw-to-jaw by his quarry, whom he anticipated pulling down from behind, and unable to stop himself, leaped as he reached the puppy, while the Prince, springing forward at the same instant, slashed with his sharp teeth a deep gash in the white body as it passed over him.

Gathering himself like a flash, the big dog turned and jumped back, sinking his long fangs into the shoulder of the infuriated son of the Queen. But no yelp of fear or pain left the throat of the puppy as he closed in what would have been a death-grapple with his heavier and more skilful adversary, had not, at the instant that the white husky's superior weight bore him down, a gray streak shot through the air from behind, and a great slate-gray body catapulted into the white one, rolling it over and over, while punishing fangs slashed again and again into the white shoulders and chest, seeking the throat. Then, over the three, like tides on a reef, the yelping pack from the Cree cabins, and the sled-dogs of the mail-teams, hurrying to support the Queen, met. Instantly there arose over Rupert House the wild din of two-score huskies, mad with the lust for blood, battling to the death.

Leaving the white husky gasping out his life through a ripped throat, the Queen, infuriated with the sight of the blood of her own body welling from the wounds of her puppy, stood over him, fighting like a demon. Lunging, slashing right and left with her knife-like fangs, she battled with her comrades against overwhelming odds, for the life of her son. But, though the dogs of the mail-teams were far out-numbered, they

were picked animals, chosen for strength and endurance, veterans of a score of similar frays, and fighting together, as is their custom, they were more than holding their own, when the big factor, striking right and left with an axe-helve in each hand, sprang into the middle of the yelping, blood-smeared riot of enraged huskies. Yet not until reinforced by the Crees left at the post, and after a merciless use of the club, did Cristy finally separate the maddened brutes and stop the fight. Snarling their smothered rage as they limped, at times stopping to lick their wounds, slowly the dogs of the Crees were driven to their quarters. And behind them in the grass they left the stiffening bodies of five of their number that never again would mingle in fur-post brawl.

The battle over, Cristy turned anxiously to the Queen, who lay, oblivious to her own wounds, beside the limp body of her son, washing with her healing tongue the ugly slashes in chest and shoulder.

"How did this thing start, Antoine? I wouldn't lose this puppy for a dozen black-fox skins," he asked his half-breed clerk as he carried the torn body of the Prince to the trade-house.

"First tam I hear de husky shout, I look and I see de white dog chase de Prince pup. De oders run, but de pup he stop and mak' fight. Den de Queen, she travel lak timber-wolf for de white husky. Dat Prince, he ver' cross for a pup. I tink he mak' some beeg fight w'en he grow up; pull de sled lak bull-moose."

"So it was the Queen who killed the white husky?"

"Ah-hah! She keel heem lak he was snow-shore rabbit."

When they had washed and dressed the wounds of the Prince, they placed him on the sacking in the shack

where he had come into the world. There the Queen, hurt but superficially, kept guard night and day. Then the goose-boats returned from the Bay with their feathered freight of gray geese, wavy and brant.

On hearing the news, Bruce hurried to his hurt puppy. In the doorway of the shack stood the Queen, who put her great paws on his chest in an endeavor to lick his face; then led him to the sacking in the corner of the room. At the sound of Bruce's voice, the fevered puppy raised his head with a feeble yelp, struggling to get to his feet, but his bandaged chest and shoulders held him helpless, so he lay with wrinkling nose extended toward his master, his bushy tail beating the floor.

The stalwart young Scot, with more than a suspicion of mist in his eyes, kneeling, pressed his bronzed face against that of the overjoyed puppy.

"So they chewed up my Prince pup, did they?" he whispered into a pointed ear. "Well, they got what they deserved. He fought the white husky with the red eyes, didn't he? Yes, he did. Another year and they won't bother this pup much, I guess not."

Under the careful nursing of Bruce the wounds of the Prince soon healed, but the November snows had whitened the wastes of Rupert Land before he had regained his strength, and the winter was far advanced when his chest could bear the pull and drag of his first collar and harness.

With June returned the red fur-hunters from the upper Rupert and Nottaway river country to trade at the post. Tepees now dotted the cleared ground, while bark canoes like mushrooms covered the shore; and the buoys of nets set for the whitefish then came

in with the flood-tide, floated in lines on the river's surface. Rupert House had suddenly awakened with life and color. By day the swarthy children of the forest traded their winter's hunt of fur for the supplies of the Great Company, or lounged around the trade-house, smoking and exchanging the gossip of the north. At twilight the laughter of women and the voices of children at play filled the air, for the dread moons of the long snow, with their cold and famine, were passed and the days of plenty at hand.

One evening two French half-breeds, lean from privation, with clothes and moccasins worn to ribbons, turned a shattered Peterborough canoe into the post. The strangers said that in the previous summer they had crossed the Height-of-Land from the Lake St. John country, by way of the Roberval River and the Sinking Lakes, on the Labrador border, where they had trapped their furs. It was the most valuable winter's hunt that two men had brought to the post in the memory of the oldest Indian, and the suspicions of Cristy were aroused.

Part of their furs the breeds traded for a canoe, provisions, and ammunition, but refused to barter the fox-skins. This convinced the factor that they intended to return to Lake St. John, where the free traders would pay them cash.

One morning Rupert House waked to find the strangers gone. That night when Bruce fed the sled-dogs the Prince was missing. Then he knew that the husky had been taken from Rupert in the canoe of the half-breeds.

Quickly the post was aroused. Gathering his best voyageurs in the trade-room, Cristy addressed them in Cree.

"The last sleep the strangers from the south left Rupert House. With them they took the light of my eyes. And the heart of my son is sad. They journeyed far to trade their furs at the Big Water. This they did because they feared the heavy hands of the fathers at Ottawa, for they have broken the law. To-night a canoe takes the river trail to Mistassini, another follows the coast to Moose, and a third journeys up the Big Water to East Main Fort, to bring back these men and the dog, which I prize. There is much flour and tea for the canoe that brings back the dog, and the Company debt of the crew shall be forgotten."

The voyageurs launched the canoes, with supplies for the pursuit, and disappeared in the dusk.

Far into the night the factor and his son sat speculating as to how the thieves had managed to overpower the great puppy and spirit him away without arousing the camp; while at intervals, outside, where the dogs slept in the grass, the deep throat of the Queen voiced her grief at the absence of her son, in a long mournful howl.

Early in August a packet from Moose Factory, with government despatches from Ottawa, told the story. The posts on the east coast were ordered to arrest two French half-breeds, accused of the murder, on the upper Roberval, of a Montagnais, and the wounding of several others, in a successful attempt to rob a party of trappers of their winter's hunt.

Then the fur brigade arrived from Mistassini, and with it Michel and his tattered voyageurs. They had searched the length of the Rupert and the Marten Lakes trail to the south, but only once had found signs of the dog and the fleeing thieves. The factor at

Mistassini wrote that he was crippled with rheumatism, and asked for an assistant.

"Well, here's where you get your chance to see some of the Height-of-Land country," said his father, handing Bruce the letter.

Three days later Bruce Cristy bade his family good-bye, and started with the returning fur brigade for the great lake in whose half-mythical waters the white man's paddle had seldom dipped. Stepping into a birch-bark manned by four Crees, he placed his Winchester in its skin case at his feet, and turned grimly to his father, who stood on the shore.

"If they are hunting in the Mistassini country this winter and we don't get them, it won't be because I have hugged the fire at the post; and if I'm ever within rifle-shot and don't burn some powder, it won't be because I've forgotten my dog."

"Good-bye, lad! Take care of yourself! We'll see you in the summer," called his father as the stalwart youth seized his paddle and gave the signal to start.

The five blades, driven by the toil-hardened backs and shoulders of the crew, churned the water in the wake of the brigade, and the long craft, followed by cries of "Bo'-jo'! Bo'-jo'!" from the little group of Crees on the shore, shot forward on its three-hundred-mile journey.

On arriving at Mistassini in September, Bruce found the factor Craig unable to walk, so he took active charge of the post. While most of the Crees were as yet in their summer camps on the lakes, curing fish for the winter, he sent canoes warning them to keep a sharp lookout for the renegades from Lake St. John,

and promised a reward for the dog. But the couriers returned with no news of the Prince.

In October the stinging winds brought the snow to the lonely post far on the Height-of-Land, and the thoroughfares began to close with the early ice. Then for a month the little settlement was marooned in the snow-swept solitudes, while the ice was making on the wide lakes and swift rivers, strong enough for men and dog-teams to travel. With the coming of the freezing November moon Bruce Cristy left the post with two dog-teams for the Sinking Lakes. Christmas found him still in the forests of the Labrador border, travelling from camp to camp of the Cree and Montagnais trappers who traded at Mistassini, searching for news of two half-breed strangers, and a big husky with star-emblazoned chest. Finally, disheartened after two months' fruitless wandering, he turned back on the Mistassini trail.

It was a bitter January day on the wind-harried level of the great lake, with the air filled with powdery snow that cut the faces of the men like whip-lashes. Gradually the travelled trail, ice-hardened at Christmas by the friction of many feet and runners, filled with drift, and the brisk trot of the dogs slowed to a walk as the light waned and the early dusk crept out from the deeply shadowed spruce shores. Jean, the French Cree driver at the gee-pole of the slowly moving sled, was searching the neighboring forest for a place to camp, while behind him walked Cristy, occupied with his thoughts.

Suddenly the lead-dog yelped, starting the team forward on a trot. Looking up, Bruce saw a dog-team far ahead on the trail.

"It must be our boys," he said. "Stir up those huskies, Jean. Peter may have some news."

The driver cracked his whip at the leader's ears, and the pursuit began. From the first they gained rapidly. Soon hardly a mile separated the teams. Then catching a side view where the trail turned at right angles to round a point of the shore, Cristy's heart leaped, for the sled ahead, on which the driver rode, was drawn by a lone husky.

Bruce gripped the arm of the Cree. "There's only one dog on that sled, Jean! Come on!" Springing in front of the team, he ran up the trail.

At Cristy's approach the huddled figure on the sled gave no sign. At intervals an arm rose and fell, lashing the dog forward to the unequal task. Hardly a rifle-shot separated them when the exhausted dog, after repeated attempts to drag the sled through a drift, lay down on the trail. Again the whip rose and fell, rose and fell, but the husky did not move. Slowly the driver got up from the sled, and reeling forward struck the dog savagely on the head with the butt of the whip, then, carried off his balance by the blow, fell headlong to the snow at the dog's side. Like a flash the husky turned, and before the man could regain his feet lunged at his throat, forcing him, struggling, backward upon the trail. Once, twice, three times the fangs of the maddened brute tore at the throat of the helpless driver. Then, while the infuriated beast still worried the crumpled figure in the snow, Bruce reached them.

The gaunt husky, baring his white fangs with a snarl, turned from the lifeless body. Raising his massive head, across which, from nose to ears, ran great welts left by the dog-whip, he glared with narrow, bloodshot eyes at the new enemy. And on the shaggy chest the

frozen ooze from a harness-sore stained with a crimson smear a large white star.

"Prince! Prince! Don't you know me, boy?" cried his master, dropping his fur mittens, and reaching out with palms upward toward the angered dog, whose blood was still hot with the rage of battle.

The husky, expecting a blow from a dog-whip, and receiving no attack, stood for an instant confused. But the approach of the yelping team again aroused his fighting blood, and he faced around in his traces to defend himself, hair on back bristling.

"Good old Prince! Don't you remember me, boy? Don't you remember the Queen, the Queen, your old mother, Prince?"

Gradually, as Bruce repeated the words once so familiar to the wanderer, the bared fangs were covered. The pointed ears of the husky, laid back against the skull, slowly righted themselves as the soothing tones of the voice he once loved stirred the ghosts of vague memories of other days, blurred by months of cruelty and starvation.

As his lost master continued to talk, the dog thrust forward his bruised muzzle and, with ear pricked, sniffed at Bruce's hand.

"Good old Prince! We've found him at last!" Bruce continued, his fingers now touching the extended nose of the puzzled dog. Then with a long whiff memory returned, and the husky recognized the beloved hand of his master of the happy days.

With a yelp, the starved Prince, fore feet uplifted, threw himself at Bruce. A pair of strong arms circled the shaggy neck, and a wind-burnt face sought the scarred head, while into a furry ear, amid whines of

delight, were poured the things a man says only to his dog.

A slash of the knife freed the Prince from the harness. Kneeling on his snow-shoes, Cristy ran his fingers over the lumps and bruises on the great emaciated body that told the story of long months of slavery under brutal masters. Finding no broken bones, he turned to the dead man in the snow who had paid so dearly for every welt. For a moment, as Bruce gazed at the face, distorted in death, with glazed, sunken eyes staring sightless into the bitter night, pity held him; until the touch of a battered nose seeking his hand again hardened his heart.

"When their grub gave out," said Bruce, "suppose he knifed the other one and started for the post."

They buried the murderer in the deep snow of the shore and left him to the tender mercies of his kind, the furred assassins of the forest. Then they made camp and fed the famished dog.

When the Prince had regained his strength, back at the post, Bruce decided not to wait until the thoroughfares cleared for canoe travel in May, but to leave for home on the first crust.

So one March afternoon found the Prince leading the dog-team slowly over the lump ice marking the long stretch of the Kettle Rapids, far down the Rupert River. Whirlpools, shoots, and cross-currents, defying the inexorable cold long after the swift river closes elsewhere, keep the Rupert House trail broken here until January. Then, succumbing to the fierce temperature of the midwinter nights, the rapids freeze throughout their length in irregular mounds and ridges.

For an hour they had been hugging the shore, avoiding the treacherous footing of midstream. At last, on

turning a bend, the white shell of the Rupert again stretched level before them.

With a cheery "Marche, Prince!" Cristy broke into the snow-shore swing, half-walk, half-trot, which eats up the miles as does no gait on bare ground. In answer to the command, the willing leader started the team at a fast trot. Out into mid-river, where the going was good on the hard crust, swung Cristy, followed by his dogs. Then, as they left the foot of the rapids, without warning the ice sank under them, plunging driver and yelping dogs into the water.

With a few powerful strokes Cristy fought his way to the sound ice. Behind him, the Prince and the second dog struggled desperately against the drag of the sinking sled, holding the rear dogs under. Supporting himself with one arm, Bruce called to the panting husky, straining every nerve to reach his master. "Come on, Prince! Come on, Prince!" he cried, working desperately with numbed fingers to get at his knife. Then the swift current carried sled and helpless huskies downstream under the struggling Prince, momentarily easing the strain on the traces which bound him to them, and he reached and got his fore feet on the ice at his master's side. At the same instant Cristy freed his knife from its sheath. And as sled and drowning dogs were sucked under the ice, and the nails of the Prince's clinging fore feet slipped slowly toward the edge, while the doomed dog voiced his despair in a smothered whine, the traces were slashed.

Freed from the deadly weight, with a heave of his shoulders the husky raised himself half out of water, when the body of his master at his side furnished a foothold for a hind leg, and the dog was out.

Stiffening under the paralyzing chill and hampered

by skin capote and snow-shoes, Cristy was weakening rapidly, when the Prince, sensing his master's peril, braced himself at the slippery edge of the firm ice and seized an arm in his strong teeth. Then as he strained for a foothold, with fore legs planted wide apart and nails biting deep in the treacherous surface, the thick back of the great husky bowed slowly into an arc, and the freezing man was dragged to safety.

The dazed Cristy got to his feet and staggered to the shore, where he stood for a while staring helplessly at the grave of his faithful huskies. At length he turned to the dog at his side, who held in his half-open jaws his master's unmittened hand, begging with beating tail for recognition.

Silently the man knelt and, seizing in his arms the shaggy neck, crushed his face against the great head.

"We're square now, boy. I won't forget and you won't forget," he said hoarsely, as the happy Prince sat motionless. "But we're a hundred miles from home, boy, and not an ounce of grub, or a blanket, and the wind's risin', and it'll go twenty below before daylight. It's travel day and night for us if we ever see Rupert again, and there'll be no whitefish and tea and bannocks on the way."

For answer, a cold nose and a hot red tongue sought the man's face, while the shivering Cristy threw off his ice-caked capote and squeezed the water as best he could from his freezing clothes.

Then man and dog, side by side, started down the desolate river guarded by the pitiless hills, in the race against cold and starvation. Somewhere below, he knew there was an old Company cache. The bitter wind, drawing up-stream between the ridges, was strengthening. No man might face its stinging drive

that night and save his face and hands. Already the blood was leaving his fingers in the frozen mittens. So he hurried to make the cache before the dusk.

White mile after mile the man and the dog left behind them, but no sign of the cache. Cristy wondered if he had passed it, buried in the snow. It had been there in the fall, not far below the Kettle Rapids, and he must find it soon. He was travelling head down to avoid the sting of the wind, but his fingers might go at any time, and he thought of what that would mean.

Finally, he decided to plunge into the first timbered hollow and make camp. What a mockery that would be for man and dog—without food! Still, a roaring fire would help. But without an axe? Unless he found down timber, he couldn't hope for much of a fire without an axe, and the night would be bitter. The heart of the half-frozen youth sank. He thought of the family at Rupert that would not know his fate until the spring canoe from Mistassini reached the post with the news that he had left the lake in March. Or possibly the sled with the dogs would be washed ashore and found by the Nemiskau Crees on their way to the spring trade. So he mused as his snow-shoes crunched the brittle crust.

Then he pulled himself together. Men had travelled in the north farther without food, and in midwinter, too, when the wind was worse, and the nights forty and fifty below. Out of the wind it wouldn't be so bad. A thaw was due any time, and the wind never blows long in March in the north. But they must get into the first thick spruce soon, or— Then, half buried in the snow on the shore, he saw the cache.

"Come on, boy!" he cried, and shortly was shovelling an entrance through the low door. Inside, some snow

had drifted through chinks in the walls, but the roof was wind-proofed by the crust; and his spirits rose, for there at the end of the shack stood a rusty tent stove.

When he had gathered birch-bark and dry spruce sticks, his stiffened fingers fumbled for his match-box. With an exclamation of fear he swiftly searched each of his pockets. As he did, the lean face went pale under the weather-tanned skin. Turning to the dog, he cried:

"The matches went down with the sled, boy! We're done for! We'll never see Rupert now!"

As a last resort, he carefully explored the shack, but it had been unused for years, and he found no matches, but stumbled upon what the wood-mice had left of an old Company blanket. Again he searched the room for that which meant warmth and life, but in vain.

Then the desperate youth set to work banking in the walls of the cache with snow to make it wind-proof. This accomplished, he sealed the low doorway and prepared to fight through the bitter hours for his life. His woolen clothes, thanks to the severe exercise, were partially dry; so were the socks he wore next his feet. The outer ones he took off, kneaded until they were soft, wrung out what moisture he could, and put on again.

Scraping and pounding the ice from the heavy coat of the Prince, who, owing to the thick under-fur of soft hair and the hardihood of his breed, was immune to cold, Cristy made the dog lie down, and wrapping the blanket around them, clasped the great body closely to his own. Through the bitter hours the warmth of the dog's body alone kept the heart of his master beating and the blood moving in his feet and hands.

At last the blue March dawn broke over the cache on the Rupert, and with it the wind fell. Later the rising sun overtook on the river trail a traveller with a ragged blanket slung on his back, and a slate-gray husky. Once the dog ran ahead, and turning, rushed yelping back to take in his jaws a mittened hand, and march, swishing a bushy tail, beside the man as if urging him to a faster pace. But the traveller, with head down and haggard eyes, swung stiffly on at the same stride, for Rupert House lay ninety white miles away, and one who starves must save his strength.

Three days later old Michel opened the door of the trade-house at Rupert, stepped into the caribou thongs of his snow-shoes, and shuffled up the high river shore toward his cabin. At last the winter was breaking. The strong March sun, reflected from the sparkling white level of river and bay, fairly blinded the eyes. The tough old breed had not deigned to slip on the rabbit-skin mitts that hung from his neck by a cord, and in the sun his cap of cross-fox with its bushy tail dangling jauntily behind seemed too warm. Yet lately the night had been bitter, with much wind. In a week, perhaps, the snow would melt a little each day at noon, to freeze hard again at sunset. Then in a few sleeps would come the big March thaw, and the trails would close for a moon. So he mused as his snow-shoes lazily creaked on the crust.

Suddenly the tall figure stopped in its tracks, a lean hand shading the keen eyes.

"Ah-hah!"

The exclamation was followed by a long silence as he stood, motionless, gazing up the river.

"Cree comin'!" he muttered after a time, and shortly

added, "De rabbit, he give out in hees countree for sure."

With narrowed eyes still shaded, the watcher followed the moving spots on the snow far up the river trail.

"Ver' strange ting!" he finally said aloud. "He travel all over de riviere lak' he seek wid 'mal de tête!" The old man slowly shook his head. "De husky, why he jump de trail? Ver' strange ting!"

Presently the approaching objects on the wide river further enlightened the keen eyes.

"Ah-hah!" This time with more vehemence, for the black spots were beginning to assume shape. "Dere ees no sled. De Cree starve out for sure."

Nearer came the one seeking the succor of Rupert House from the pitiless north. Then the old man expelled his breath with a long "Hah!" The mystery of the uncertain course of the stranger was solved.

"Snow-blind!" he said, and turned back to the trade-house, to reappear with the factor and two Company men.

"A snow-blind Cree, with a lone husky, you say, Michel?" inquired Cristy, his eyes following the pointing finger.

"Snow-blind, right enough, and starved, poor devil! There he goes off the trail now. Why, the dog's pulling him back; he's leading him. He's hitched to the husky."

For a moment, in silence, they watched the uncertain progress of man and dog. Then the factor exclaimed:

"There, he's gone down! Michel, harness a team to the cariole! We'll go and get him."

Stunned, or too weak to rise, the snow-blind stranger

lay where he fell, while the dog nosed the prostrate form. Then the husky threw back his head and roused the dogs of Rupert House with a long howl.

Cristy and a post half-breed were rapidly approaching when the fallen man, with an effort, got to his feet and, clinging to a trace that circled the dog's neck, again staggered forward. The big husky, excited by the answering howls of the post dogs appearing from all directions, dragged his reeling master up the trail. On came the strange pair, striken voyageur and faithful dog, but as Cristy reached them, the legs of the man doubled under him and he lurched forward on the snow. With a whine the husky turned to the motionless figure. Then he faced the strangers with a warning growl, and the astonished Cristy saw on his broad chest a large white star.

"Prince! By heaven, it's the pup!" cried the amazed factor.

On guard, over the body of his master, whose face was invisible, the huge husky, narrow eyes blazing, held the two men in their tracks.

"Don't y'know me, Prince? Good old Prince!" coaxed Cristy, reaching a hand toward the dog, who stood perplexed by the voice of the factor and the familiar white buildings grouped on the shore ahead.

With a moan the one in the snow turned and raised himself on an elbow. Across the lean, bearded face a strip of torn shirt was bound, to shield the inflamed eyes from the sun-glare on the crust. A mittenless hand, blue from frost-bite, reached up and touched the dog. Then the wanderer said weakly:

"I hear the huskies—Prince. We must be home—at last!"

"Bruce! Bruce! my lad!" cried his father, rushing to his stricken son.

With a bound the dog met the factor half-way, but the great fangs did not strike, for he had recognized his old friend.

Tenderly the starved and half-delirious youth was placed in the cariole sled and brought to the post.

Huskies, hurrying from far and near at the challenge from the river, already had been driven away when the Queen appeared. They were climbing the shore trail when she came trotting up to the great dog, who marched beside the cariole sled within reach of his master's hand. The Prince pricked up his ears, whined uncertainly, and saluted her with a loud bark. With a low rumble of resentment in her throat at the presence at Rupert House of a strange husky whose shoulders topped her own by inches, she gingerly approached nearer. For a moment slant eyes looked into slant eyes, as mother and son stood motionless. Then, yelping wildly, the Prince sprang toward her. Surprised, the Queen stood on the defensive, when her bulky puppy carromed into her shoulders, rolling her over and over; but as they met, her nose, like a flash, caught the glad news. Then there followed a medley of yelps, leaps, caresses, and acrobatic expressions of unbounded canine delight such as Rupert House had witnessed in the memory of no living man. Bereft of their senses, mother and son raced up the high shores, round the trade-house, over the factor's quarters and return, barking like mad.

When Bruce Cristy's mother took him into her arms at the factor's door, there happened to the proud Queen, in the presence of the post, that which no husky before had had either the strength or daring to attempt.

Running at her side, the joy-maddened Prince, weakened by three days' fast though he was, suddenly seized the Queen by the back of her great neck, and, with a wrench, threw her on the snow. And to the amazement of the onlookers, instead of the swift punishment which they anticipated would be meted out to him for audacity, his cold nose felt the swift lick of a hot tongue as she gained her feet, and again joined him in a mad frolic.

So did the Queen welcome her lost son.

That night Bruce Cristy lay in bed with snow compresses cooling the inflamed eyes and aching head. While, at intervals, his mother fed him nourishing broth, he briefly told the story of the finding of the Prince, his fight for life at the Kettle Rapids, and the long struggle home without fire or food.

Later, as his worn-out son slept, Cristy tiptoed to the door, and, slipping into his snow-shoes, sought the shack behind the trade-house. Softly entering on moccasined feet, he smiled at the picture that the light from the low moon shining through the door revealed. For there, lying sprawled upon the sacking in the corner where he came into the world, lay the wanderer, sleeping deeply after a bountiful supper, while at his side, with her nose resting on the big-boned, hairy fore paws of her son, the Queen kept guard. At times as she slept her deep chest swelled and then contracted as she heaved a contented sigh in her dreams, which were sweet, for at last the Prince had come home.

PRAYER FOR A PUP

BY

WALTER A. DYER

With "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," Walter Dyer entered the front rank of the interpreters of the ways of the dog. He has retained his place through a knowledge of them, and a sympathy for them, that shines through every line he writes in their behalf.

PRAYER FOR A PUP[1]

GREAT GOD OF DOGS:

Seated on thy regal throne in the high heavens, where ruddy Sirius flames; with all thy angel pack about thee, running to do thy bidding—St. Bernards and all the other canine saints, collies, setters, mastiffs, and Great Danes, dogs who gained heaven through much loving and profound devotion, a noble brood, heroes of flame and flood—

Great God of Dogs, look down and hear my humble prayer.

Outside thy portals this gray morn a little stranger waits, an Airedale terrier, nine months old, big-footed, awkward-limbed, rough-coated, with stubby tail held upright, wagging rapidly, ears cocked, and brown eyes full of innocent inquiry and pained surprise at his strange plight, pleading humbly for admittance.

That's Dusty Rhodes. He died last night in undeserved pain. His little spirit passed beyond our ken. No more our door is opened to his plaintive whine. Great God of Dogs, I pray thee, let him in.

And if he cannot read his title clear to kennels in the skies, I pray thee grant him mercy. If in his record thou dost read much mischief and some disobedience, forget not his unsullied heart, his sweet and gentle disposition: no trace of viciousness did darken his young life, no evil mood, nor any least resentment. He teased our cat, but it was only play; he would have

[1] From "Gulliver the Great and Other Dog Stories," by Walter A. Dyer. Copyright, 1916, by The Century Company.

loved him like a brother if he could. And if on such and such a day he misbehaved and heeded not the bidding of his mistress, on the same day he licked the chastising hand, and all was soon forgiven and forgot.

There be no deeds of valor to record; but he was young. He came of noble lineage; his little heart was true. Be merciful, I pray, and let him in.

His little collar hangs upon a nail, and e'en the lit whip, the sight of which chastises us to-day. He h no home. We cannot bear that he should wander there in outer darkness, unpatted and unloved. Is there no place in all wide heaven for him? Is there no loving hand to take his proffered paw? I pray thee, let him in.

And if there be an angel child or two whose tin may well be spared, some cherub who can understand a dog, who loves to play, I pray thee to entrust him to his keeping. He will repay the care. Across the Elysian fields he'll romp and run; and if some angel stops and smiles and speaks his name, as neighbors did on earth, then there will sound the bark of pure delight that we shall hear no more; and heaven will hear a joyful noise that day.

Great God of Dogs, outside thy pearly gates this little stranger stands and begs the simplest boon. He only asks for some one he may love. Great God of Dogs, wilt thou not take him in?

THE END

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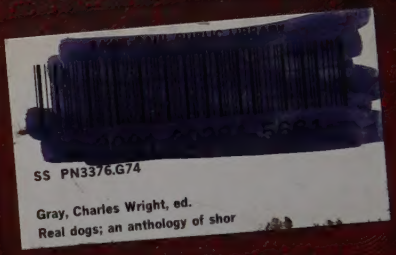
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